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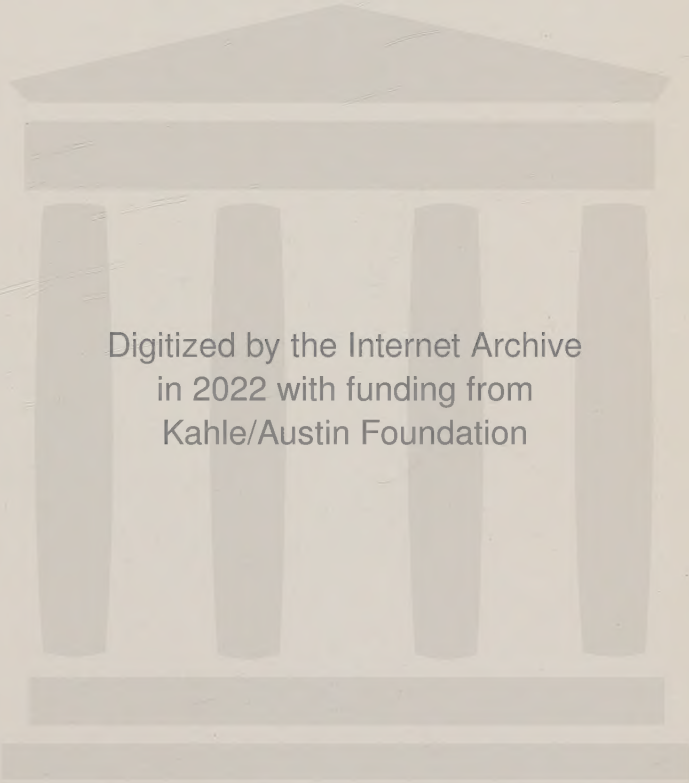
1834-1864

DEVONSHIRE CHARACTERS

CORNISH CHARACTERS

THE LAND OF TECK

THE BODLEY HEAD



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S. BARING-GOULD

From a Photograph

FURTHER REMINISCENCES

1864-1894

BY S. BARING-GOULD

Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo

TERENCE, *Eun.* I. 2

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PREFACE

THIS book is the continuation of my *Early Reminiscences*. As Paul Scarron says in *Le Roman Comique* : “ Si le lecteur bénévole est scandalisé de toutes les badineries qu’il a vues jusqu’ici dans mon récit, il sera fort bien de n’en lire pas davantage ; car, en conscience, il n’y verra pas d’autres choses, et si, par ce qu’il a déjà vu, il a de la peine à se douter de ce qu’il verra, peut-être que j’en suis logé là aussi bien que lui ; qu’un chapitre attire l’autre, et que je fais dans mon livre comme ceux qui mettent la bride sur le col de leurs chevaux, et les laissent aller sur leur bonne foi. Peut-être aussi que j’ai un dessin arrêté, j’instruirai en divertissant.”

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FURTHER REMINISCENCES

1864-1894

FURTHER REMINISCENCES

1864-94

CHAPTER I

HORBURY-BRIG

1864-66

I WAS ordained by the Bishop of Ripon upon Whit Sunday, 1864, a memorable day in my life ; and the following day went to Horbury to enter on my curacy.

Horbury is a township near Wakefield, from which it is distant three miles. Formerly, it was a mere chapelry in the parish of Wakefield, but it is now independent of its mother, has a large church of its own, and two filial churches as well. That latter phase, however, is subsequent to my time. The town, if so it may be called, occupies a ridge of high ground, above the River Calder, the name of which is Scandinavian, and signifies the Cold-River. At the present day it would qualify as the Warm or Lukewarm river, on account of the amount of hot waste water injected into it from the factories.

At the time when I went thither, when my clerical life was initiated, in 1864, Horbury was in the condition of one who had ceased to be a boy, but had not as yet attained to manhood. It was in the hobbledehoy period of existence. No longer a large village, it had not then attained the size and acquired the dignity that would entitle it to be called a town.

Horbury stands upon a height composed of sandstone, that flakes into slabs, and which overlies the coal-measures ; accordingly a portion of the population is composed of colliers.

The valley of the Calder is deep in rubble brought down from the western hills that divide Yorkshire from Lancashire. In

this valley, and on the slope of the sandstone hill, were situated manufactories of yarn, of cloth and of devil's dust or shoddy. A few more lie on the further side of Horbury on the road to Wakefield, and also in the township of Ossett to the west.

The manufacture of shoddy consists in the tearing to pieces of old cloth, and reducing it to dust. This dust is disposed of to the cloth manufacturers, and is dribbled into the material that is woven during the process of textile work. The adulteration may be overdone. Whilst I was at Horbury, a large order for blankets came from New York, and the order when executed was consigned to its destination. On discharge at New York, all the blankets had to be carried away in wheelbarrows, resolved into their original constituents, dust, with a limited amount of fibre to retain the particles in place. The demand for old worn-out coats, waistcoats and trousers, however tattered and torn, to supply the shoddy mills was great. Whether, since I was in Horbury, it has been discovered that adulteration, if excessive, is inexpedient, and this discovery has led to rectification in the process of cloth weaving, I am unable to say. I write of matters about sixty years ago.

I generally meet with shoddy now in the sermons of clergy who neither read nor think.

On the further side of the Calder dale the character of the country is totally different: there is clay there with brick works; but the population is for the most part agricultural and the intelligence of the people is below that of the inhabitants of the manufacturing districts.

To the east the height declines gradually towards the station of Horbury Junction. On the way thither is California, a spring of water so charged with gas that, if a match be applied to it, the gas bubbles explode in flame. The water of this spring is so soft that it wants "no-but a kettle" to hold it to make strong tea, though no leaves have been infused.

I have given a very graphic description of Horbury and the Calder vale in my novel, *The Pennycomequicks*, and I will not here repeat what is there said.

The factories are gaunt brick structures, standing in their "folds" or yards, and many of the cottages of the artisans open into these folds.

A pretty sight it is, on Monday morning, to see the troops of lasses going to the mills, in their clean white pinafores, arms bare, and over their heads scarlet, or pink, or blue kerchiefs tied under the chin. Many a joke passes between these lasses and the lads bound to the factories on their several ways. In the evening the "buzzer" having sounded to "loose" work, the lads and lasses swarm out on their way to their respective homes, carrying in hand the bright tin can in which their midday meal had been contained, filled in the morning, empty to the last crumb in the evening. The white pinafore has lost some of its purity, and by Saturday evening has become besmirched and dirty.

Later I picked up a pretty ballad, from an itinerant blacksmith who went by the name of Ginger Jack. Although a Devonshire man, he had wandered over a large portion of Great Britain and Wales, and had collected a wondrous store of ballads with their tunes. I presume that the following was gathered in Yorkshire, but I do not know. Ginger Jack professed not to be able to recall where he learned it. I may add that this wandering blacksmith had made the acquaintance of the inside of several of our jails, on the charge of wife and children desertion. The melody of the song is as fresh as the words.

"I saw a sweet lassie trip over the lea,
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me.
Her cheeks were the roses that Cupid lurks in,
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

'O where are you going, my fair pretty maid ?
O whither so swift through the dewdrops ?' I said.
'I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin,'
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin !

To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin.
'O, nay sir !' she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin.'
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin.

'Why wear a blue kerchief, sweet lassie ?' I said.
'Because the blue colour is not one to fade.
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the King,
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

The love that I value is certain to last,
 Not fading and changing, but ever set fast.
 That only the colour my love, sir, to win.'
 So good-bye from the kerchief tied under the chin." ¹

I may add that whilst at Horbury I collected several folk-songs, carols and folk-tales.

The parish church of Horbury stands in the middle of the townlet. It was erected by a Mr. Carr, an architect, at his own expense, in the eighteenth century, and possesses a respectable tower and spire. Internally it has no aisles, and is apsidal at each end. This construction has its disadvantage, for every sound produced at the west end rings in the ears of the clergy within the altar-rails. Thus, when a mother, sitting under the organ loft at the further extremity of the church, admonishes her son: "Blow your nose, and don't snuffle!" the priest at the altar receives this injunction in a distinct whisper, as though thus personally rebuked.

The vicarage was on the north side of the church, which cut off the sun from all the windows on the south side. It possessed a small walled garden to the east, the grass, the shrubs and the flowers, so begrimed with soot as to dirty the fingers that touched them. There was an old mulberry tree in it, but the fruit tasted of smoke.

Mr. John Sharp, the vicar, was unmarried, a peculiarly fine specimen of one of the old Tractarian movement, courteous, cultured, and tender-hearted. It always struck me that in appearance he resembled an Italian priest of the highest type. Although he was a ready extempore preacher, he was not eloquent, nor was he original in what he said. I must have heard over one hundred of his sermons, but cannot recall that I ever acquired an *idea* from them. But if not a great preacher, he was a most assiduous visitor, and the people were warmly attached to him. He was nominated to the Vicarage of Horbury by his father, who was Vicar of Wakefield in 1834.² He was quite a young man, but he had very definite Church views. His great-grandfather was Archbishop Sharp of York, a notable Churchman in the reign of Queen Anne, who laboured along with Archbishop Wake

¹ Published with the original music in my *Songs of the West*, Methuen & Co., 1891.

² Born 1810, retired 1899, died 1903.



REV. JOHN SHARP
From a Photograph

of Canterbury to effect an union between the Gallican and the Anglican Churches. When John Sharp became vicar, he found the interior of the parish church pewed up from the one end to the other. The "horse-boxes" were of various sizes, and were turned in diverse directions. They were possessed by the "respectables" of the parish, the mill-owners, the doctors, the lawyers, and the retired gentlefolks; and none of these were assiduous in church attendance. They might or might not put in an appearance in the morning, but never in the evening, when they were too seriously and vigorously engaged upon their dinners or suppers. As to the factory hands, no provision had been made for them.

Accordingly, the first attempt at innovation made by Mr. Sharp was to get rid of the pews. He had been left a small income by his father. This he expended in legal and other expenses in attaining his purpose. Happily none of the pew-holders had considered it necessary or expedient to obtain "faculties" for their pews; nevertheless they managed to obstruct him in various ways as suggested by the lawyers, in the expectation of exhausting his finances or his patience. However, he persisted. The horse-boxes were swept away, and replaced by open benches. Then, and not till then, ensued an influx of the factory hands, middle-aged and young, and the vicar found himself surrounded by a band of zealous young men ready to help in the choir, in the savings bank and in the various benefit clubs that he had instituted. It was noticed, and not forgotten, that disaster had come upon all those who had been the vicar's most strenuous and persistent opponents. Although the struggle over the pews had occurred thirty years before I came to Horbury, this fact was still recorded, and among those who had resisted his efforts with the greatest vehemence not one remained in the place.

There was something peculiar in my first arrival at Horbury.

I had left Ripon by a morning train and arrived in due time at Horbury main station, having changed trains at Wakefield, where I had my lunch.

On reaching Horbury Station I found that the place provided no cabs, and possessed no omnibus. No porter was available for my portmanteau. So I shouldered it and walked up the hill towards the houses surmounted by the spire. I heard a brass

band playing, and soon fell in with a procession of men. On inquiry I ascertained that this was the School Festival. So I deposited my portmanteau in a little shop, and joined the procession. What caused me some surprise was the halting, and partial dissolution of the procession at the door of the public-house. But I understood that the instrumentalists, what with the ascent of the hill with the sun on their backs, and their exertion upon horns and pipes and drums, needed refreshment, and called for pots of beer. I could appreciate as well the sympathy exhibited by the processionists, in that they as well called for pots of beer, to show brotherhood with the orchestra.

When, after a while, refreshed and reinvigorated, the band reformed and after a brazen flourish, blew lustily "See the Conquering Hero comes!" I concluded that this was a delicate allusion to myself, who along with another man brought up the tail of the procession. But when the band and all who followed it passed the church and vicarage, without entering or noticing either, I began to entertain suspicions, and, turning to the man with whom I walked, I inquired as to the nature of the school in which he was, as he had confided to me, a teacher. Then only did I learn that this was a Dissenting demonstration. I dropped from the tail, flew back, got my portmanteau, and stole very crestfallen into the house of the Rev. John Sharp, where I was heartily laughed at for my novel entry upon my duties.

I, myself, being a Devonshire man, and familiar with the minds, habits of thought, and prejudices of the agricultural and artisan class of my native county, found myself transported into a surrounding of people of a totally different mental and social complexion, and it took me some time to orientate myself towards them. I recall the shock given to me, in the very first cottage I entered. A mother was engaged at the stove over some cooking. Her infant was seated in a tall child's chair with a knife in its hand, smearing a piece of bread with treacle. I suppose that my sudden entrance startled it, for it fell headlong upon the stone floor out of the chair. It was not seriously hurt. I remonstrated with the mother at furnishing the child with a knife, and putting it on a tall chair unstrapped in. "The poor child might have fallen on the knife and have transfixed itself." "Eh! so she might," said she composedly, "but she wouldn't ha' done it

again." That was the way in which a Yorkshire woman taught me to mind my own business. We remained very good friends, and when I was married she made me a wedding present of a nutmeg-grater.

The dialect and expressions employed were to me at first puzzling. A little girl meeting me in the street stopped me and, looking up in my face, inquired : " When is the next potation ? " It was explained to me that " potation " meant a public tea.

A funeral feast was a great function. The table was spread with plum-cake, " parkin " or pepper cake, and jugs of ale. Along with the cake were served junks of cheese. If there were, as often was the case, apple-pie, then cheese was eaten in large slices with the apple.

After a while, during which I acted simply as curate of Horbury, my proper sphere was delimited for me by the vicar. This proper sphere was at Horbury-Brig, beyond the station and a mile and a half from the parish church. I was to work among the people who had been wholly neglected, even by the Dissenters, and to do what I could to raise money for the building of a school-chapel there.

Horbury-Brig was a very different place in the 'sixties from what it is now. By means of a canal that drained off most of the water of the Calder, it had become a lively *entrepôt* for coal, and there was great demand for house accommodation. Consequently I had a mighty difficulty in obtaining a *pied à terre* there. Eventually I secured a very small cottage, one in a row, and consisting of a single room on the ground-floor, with a very small back-kitchen. This room was styled " t' house," and it was kitchen and parlour. Out of it was taken a staircase that led to a single bedroom above, and under the stairs was the coal-closet.

The " house " I appropriated for a night school, and the bedroom over it I converted into a chapel.

I began with night school every evening in the winter, and with service every Sunday evening in the chapel. I had to stand on a stool before the chimney-piece, on which stood a cross and a pair of candlesticks. I wore no surplice, only a cassock. Very soon a congregation was formed, that grew till it not only filled the upper room, but occupied the stairs as well, and the kitchen below. Hymns were performed somewhat laggingly, as

the singing had to bump down the stairs, fill the kitchen, and one strain of the tune after another came up irregularly through the chinks in the floor, to interfere with the smoothness and sequence of the melody as sung above. The notes from the stairs also jostled.

Staunch friends were made among the mill-hands, and I experienced the utmost kindness from them. I went to tea in one of their cottages every Sunday evening. My helpers were two nice young women, named Rushworth, somewhat superior to the rest ; they also worked in the mills. I was helped as well by an old muffin-man, who had been a Romanist, but had settled very happily into the Church of England. He helped to teach the boys. At intervals a waft of tobacco smoke passed through the room. I found that the old man had his pipe in his pocket, and that every now and then he drew it forth and refreshed himself with a whiff.

There was some opposition at first from the rowdy element, but that died away, and all went on smoothly. I had an excellent assistant, though not a teacher, in a stout, bald-headed wool-comber named Scholey, who would stand no nonsense, and if any roughs approached my door during school hours he would sally forth, crack a couple of walnuts in his fist, and shout like the bellow of a bull : “ If you don’t take care and be peaceable, I’ll crack your heads as I do these here nuts.” He said to me at the outstart : “ Let’s have no back reckonings.” What he meant was : “ Begin as you propose to continue, and do not retreat from a position once assumed.”

There was a tun of a woman with a blazing red face, named Cardwell, who kept a little shop. The key of my cottage was left with her.

One Saturday I was in a revolutionary condition in my insides, and I had to go down to the Brig to carry on the Savings Bank there for an hour. Seeing how unwell I was, my fellow-curate, Davies, gave me a couple of pilules from his homœopathic chest. Thus fortified I went on my way, and called at Mrs. Cardwell’s for the key. She saw that I was unwell and bleached, so said : “ Bless your heart ! I have a fine medicine for English cholera. Take some of that.” So she administered a dose. Then I went to serve at the Savings Bank. On my return to surrender the

key, she wore a look of concern, "Lord!" said she, "whatever have I done? I'm so sorry. I mistook the bottle, and gave you a cow-drench. Now I've found the proper stuff. Have a dose of that." I did so.

When I arrived at the Vicarage, I told Mr. Sharp that I was concerned for the morrow, which would be one of hard work for me; and expressed my wish that I could have what is called a "chalk mixture."

"Well," he observed, "I believe that I have half a bottle upstairs, that has been lying by on the top of my cupboard for the last twelve years, and I do not know whether at present it is good for anything. You can but try it." Try it I did. I drained the bottle.

After supper that evening a longing came over me for hot spiced beer, and I asked the cook to brew some for me. Davies, the curate, was indignant. "You'll be dead to-morrow," he protested, "and then Sharp will send me down to that confounded Brig." But, to the amazement of Davies and Sharp, and of myself also, I was well next day. What cured me; whether the globules, or the cow-drench, or the "right stuff," or the twelve-year-old chalk mixture, or the spiced ale, to this present day I am not able to decide.

Sometimes at night when the weather was stormy, and the rain plashed down, instead of climbing the hill to reach the Vicarage where I lodged, I slept in the cottage, on a folding bed I kept there.

Then I could hear in the early morning, while it was still dark, the patter of the wooden clogs worn by the mill-girls as they came from Netherton or Ossett, to their early work at the mills.

Every night after the school "loosed" the scholars expected me to tell them a story. As one says, who still lives, and loves to record old reminiscences, "The boys and girls used to get on Baring-Gould's coat-laps to keep him prisoner, and sing out in chorus, 'You mun tell us a tale afore you go.' Then he would begin, 'Once upon a time,' and he made it up as he went along, and it was always something that suited us." Another says: "Baring-Gould often stayed with us for tea on Sundays and wet week-days. Sometimes he would tell us about Iceland and its geysers, its wonderful scenery and interesting people. You see,

he'd been there, and in many other countries as well, and he used to tell us all about them."

My connexion with the parish church gradually grew less and less as I became more engrossed in my work at "the Brig."

There were about seven hundred people in my district, but across the bridge over the Calder there were more in the parish of Thornhill, two miles distant from the parish church, forming two hamlets, Upperton and Netherton. The rector was a man of the old school, a port-wine drinking, easy-going man, very good company at the dinner table if you were not nice as to the quality of his anecdotes and jests; doing nothing whatever for the spiritual welfare of his people; doing nothing because he did not know how to do anything, and not at all desirous of doing anything that would give him trouble.

I had great assistance from a gentleman who lived half-way between Horbury and the Brig, Fred Knowles, who played the little American organ, and helped in school and practice. Without him I should have been without my right hand. He died a few years after I left Horbury. The Lord remember him for his services, at the Last Day.

Almost every Sunday, as already said, I had tea with some one or other of the cottagers, all engaged in the factories, warm-hearted, kindly people, who could not do enough for one. It was a puzzle to me to explain their existence—utterly untouched by religious influences till the Mission was founded, and then unfolding as a closed flower to the sun's rays, and welcoming its warmth. The neglect in which they had been left was not due to remissness on the part of Mr. Sharp, but to the extent of his parish and the density of the population. He himself was a man of advanced age, and for long he could maintain but a single curate. But he had a number of zealous young men who helped him as much as they could in club and choir and savings bank, and some of the mill-lasses were excellent.

The cottage soon proved too small for our requirements, and I had to collect money by appeals in the *Church Times* and to my friends and relations. A singular subscription came to me, of half a sovereign, from a man in the mills who never went to church. Not till some time after did I learn how it came to me. He had been engaged with another in fighting their respective

dogs on Sunday morning, for a prize of ten shillings, and when he got it : " It shall go to the Brig Mission," said he, and gave it me.

Of the factories at Horbury Bridge, one was in Chancery, one belonged to the Dissenters, a third had been recently built, which the owner had strained his resources to the utmost to erect, and supply with machinery, and a fourth was burnt down whilst I was founding my Mission. We consequently found difficulty in obtaining money sufficient to build a school-chapel, though I received generous help from some of the Horbury people : and the vicar, the Rev. John Sharp, also pleaded for the Mission among his many friends and admirers. Mr. Knowles, already mentioned, was owner of a stone quarry, and he generously offered to supply from it, free of cost, sufficient building stone for the construction of a school-chapel. For the foundations we were obliged to employ large slabs of sandstone laid upon the gravel and sand that formed the basis of the Calder vale, and on which several of the factories had been erected. It was a precarious foundation, and some of the smoke chimneys of the manufactories leaned considerably. The school-chapel was opened, free of debt, on S. Katherine's Day, 1865. In later years, after I had left, a large church, dedicated to S. John the Divine, was built, also a day school, and my structure was retained as a parish room.

As already intimated, the Vicar of Horbury was no great, though he was a ready and voluble, preacher. However, he had curates who could *teach* ; and their teaching was valuable, and lasting in effect. I will but mention two of them. The first was Anthony Cass. He was a man of strong character, and very definite in his views ; he knew how to impart what he had to say in such a manner as to grave an impression on the hearts and minds of his hearers. He was also a man of considerable presence. He was further, by birth and parentage, a Yorkshireman, so that he knew the ins and outs of the minds of the West Riding people. He was well aware in what they were strong, as well as in what they were weak.

One very rare and peculiar faculty he possessed ; and that was, when in conversation with anyone, and the subject did not interest him, he would suddenly become aware of

what was actually passing in the mind of his interlocutor, and would abruptly interrupt the flow of common-place talk with the exclamation : “ You are thinking of—this or that—(mentioning it), and not of the subject of conversation.” The faculty or gift was no advantage to him, as it frightened many of those with whom he was acquainted. But this was due to his indiscretion. He should have been reticent, and not have revealed the fact that he could read the minds of those with whom he was in converse. I have known others possessed of the same gift, more or less, but they have been discreet or reserved. I feel convinced that to some extent dogs possess the same faculty.

Another curate was named Davies, a Welshman. He was a sound, practical individual, a good theologian, and had much influence, which he exercised over the factory lasses. He was not a good preacher, but he was a wise guide of souls, and as such was much esteemed.

He had his fads ; one of these was a belief in homœopathy, in which I had not a grain of faith. He was somewhat frail in health, stooped, and had a shuffling gait, and hesitation in his speech. In contrast with the vicar, Mr. Cass and myself, who all three were clean-shaven, Davies wore a considerable red beard and moustache, and sandy hair that grew in a tangle, and however much brushed would not lie smooth. He was after a while presented to the living of Onehouse in Suffolk, a rectory ; and I believe that he owed his nomination to the squire, a connexion of whom Davies married upon leaving Horbury. It is one of the misfortunes of the Church of England that the right men are frequently put into the wrong situations. Davies, unfortunately, was planted for the rest of his life in a situation quite other from one which by nature, by capacity, and by liking he was qualified to fill with success. For one thing, he was not of an optimistic nature, and work among the Suffolk rustics did not serve to cheer him after his experience among the quick-witted, straightforward, breezy and generous Yorkshire people. When a man loses heart, he spells failure.

I paid him a visit after he had been a few years in his rectory. The house was surrounded by a moat that was a breeding-place for mosquitoes, and his parlour had been invaded and occupied by a colony of red ants, that he endeavoured to expel by powdering

the floor with cayenne pepper. I think that eventually the ants retired to other quarters, but human visitors were unable to remain more than a minute in the parlour, owing to the cayenne pepper entering their eyes and nostrils. Eventually Davies died, as far as I could judge, of a broken heart. There are, and have been, and will be many such men, full of fervour, zeal, and a hunger after souls, who are exposed to discouragement and disappointment through lack of responsiveness. You cannot go on for years in succession playing upon a musical instrument in which the strings are unstrung, or broken, so that no music is evoked. But there are many who, like Davies, are calculated to do good work in a town, who have done so, and would continue so to do, but who, on translation to a country pastorate, feel discouragement within a year or two, and abandon all effort, give up visiting, and in place of cultivating the spiritual nature of their parishoners, a slow work, devote their energies to the growth of daffodils, French-beans, and choice apples.

Pope had said "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine." But the Palmerston-Shaftesbury bishops were neither "sound" nor were they "divines." They were good men acting up to their lights, but these lights were no more illuminating than are floating wicks in oil as night-lights.

Lord Palmerston was himself neither a moral nor a religious man. In such matters as concerned Christianity and the Church, he was a veritable Gallio. His great object in the nomination of bishops was to select characterless men, but plausible; and having nominated, to address them as Bombastes did his troops:

"Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row."

Usually he took the advice of Lord Shaftesbury, who had an awkward squad shambling at his heels. In one of his letters he likened himself to Falstaff leading his disreputable recruits through Coventry. "The villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had gyves on." But he had none but this fawning feeble crew out of whom to choose.

The Bishop of Ripon did not interfere with Mr. Sharp. The latter was vastly popular among such people as Lord Wharnccliffe, the Gaskells, and some of the wealthiest manufacturers in the West Riding. He had no difficulty in raising money for any object he liked, notably for his House of Mercy, a large and

stately structure in extensive grounds, under the management of a Sisterhood, presided over by Miss Goodenough, a cousin of his, daughter of Commander Goodenough. I do not recall her name in religion. She was a very capable Mother Superior as long as she had health and strength.

Lord Shaftesbury died October 1, 1885. His son, who succeeded him, was of a different cast, and was deeply in debt. His creditors seized Cranbourne, and the magnificent timber in the park was advertised for sale. The auctioneer was on the spot, and crowds of timber-merchants and spectators arrived to see the devastation of a glorious park of noble trees. However, just as the sale was about to commence, a messenger arrived from the post office fluttering an orange envelope. The auctioneer tore it open and read that the sale would not take place. Lord Shaftesbury had shot himself, April 13, 1886. He had been Earl in possession little over six months. I heard this from a timber-merchant who was present, and who came to purchase some beech trees from me.

A curious instance of superstition occurred whilst I was at Horbury-Brig. A man had been drowned in the Calder, and his body had not been recovered. It was not known where he had fallen in. So the people got a newly baked loaf, stuck a candle in it, lighted this, and set it afloat on the water, and where it rested stationary, there they dragged and, singularly enough, at this place brought up the body.

The people firmly believed in the Padfoot (foo-it), a monstrous supernatural dog with goggle eyes, that was supposed to haunt a lane between the Brig and Ossett. One evening I had been at the Brig and was returning to Horbury. The weather was stormy, and the wind caught my umbrella and wrenched it from my hands, and I lost it in the darkness. The umbrella had a white bone handle.

Several lasses returning to the Brig from Ossett saw a hulking black object restlessly moving in the lane, took fright and fled back to Ossett to make their way home by a circuitous road through Horbury.

That same night in the small hours, a man was returning to Ossett from the Brig, when, to his dismay, he saw a large dark object blocking the path, and having, as he supposed, a white

nose. The object wriggled, danced from one side to the other, and would not let him pass. He thought it was a large dog, so he addressed it : " Eh, lad ! thou'lt let me gang my way—there's a good dog, good dog ! "

The object made a move towards him, he took to his heels, and ran to the public-house at the Brig, into which he burst, exclaiming in breathless panic : " I say, the Padfuit is in th' lane."

The taverner sallied forth with lantern up the lane—and found—my umbrella.

One night some of the Horbury-Brig girls were returning from an entertainment at Ossett when they heard a male voice in a field on the other side of the hedge raised in expostulation. So they halted to listen.

Now it happened that this field had been sown with beans, and the owner had erected a " flay-crow," as a scare-crow is termed in Yorkshire, as a protection against birds. As it fell out, a tramp had been imbibing somewhat freely at the Brig tavern, and had made his way up the Ossett lane. Not having money in his pocket, he turned into the field on his right in quest of a shed in which he might sleep ; when, to his dismay, he saw before him the flay-crow with arms extended, and the full moon rising behind it. Down he fell in drunken terror, thinking he saw the Devil come to fetch him, and he was addressing the object when the girls overheard him : " Na' then, Mr. Beelzebub, I know thou art a gentleman. We are both gentlemen. I see you be one, for you've drawed on your clothes when you've come to Horbury. Down below 'tis hot and you don't want any—but above it's cold—and for decency sake you put 'em on. Now you behave like a gentleman to me. I shouldn't mind warmin' my fingers and toes at hell-fire, but I don't want to be throwed on like a bushel of coals. I've served you in many ways. You mind and treat me civilly also."

The lasses, vastly tickled, united in one loud howl behind the fallen tramp. This so scared him that, tumbling over on hands and knees, he crawled up to the scare-crow and clung to the central stake for protection.

I heard the whole story on the next evening from the girls, only broken by fits of laughter.

A fellow I knew was going to Wakefield by night, and I said, laughingly, to him : " Mind you are not robbed at the Sike." " Eh ! " was his reply. " It 'ud tak' two to rob me—one to put t' brass into my pocket, and t'other to tak' it out."

There was a butcher at Horbury, a very worthy man, named James Walker. He got married, and went for his honeymoon to Bolton Abbey. On his return to Horbury, he said to his wife : " Noo, lass, get thee into t' scales."

After some hesitation she complied. Then he pulled out his pencil, made a calculation and said : " Eh, lass ! thou'rt the dearest piece o' meat I ever bought. Thou hast cost me $10\frac{3}{4}$ d. a pound."

I had a white kitten and I stained it pink with one of Judson's dyes. Its mother repudiated it, set up her back, and hissed and spat whenever the kitten approached. The pink cat provoked considerable controversy in Horbury, but James Walker beat it down.

" I be sewer eno' you lass or you lad was a sight pinker once than the kitten : but you're gotten dirty since. Wait a bit. That kitten ain't a twelve-month old, and will get another sort colour in time. You took a sight longer to lose your roses."

James Walker possessed an old-fashioned barometer in a wooden case, 2 ft. 6 in. long. At a rainy time the glass persisted in standing at " Fair," then mounted to " Set Fair " on a pouring wet day. This was too much for James' patience. He unhooked the barometer from the wall, carried it to the window, and, holding it up there, said : " Look out yond, lass ! Dost thou see t'rain streamin' down ? And thou sayest ' Set Fair ' ! I'll teach thee to tell lees ! " And he smashed the glass on the window-sill.

A woman in Horbury was dying. She said to her husband, " Ah, lad ! I wonder whatever the puir bairns will do after I be gone."

" Get along wi' thy dying, lass," replied he soothingly, " I'll mind t'bairns."

Another wife was thought to be at her last gasp. She summoned her husband to her bedside and bade him sit down. There being no chair handy, he seated himself on the bed, and, so as to dispose of his legs without incommoding her, sat with his back to her. She then addressed him solemnly : " Eh ! lad ! I be that sorry for thee. Thou'lt be so lone wi'out me. None to cook thy dinner,

none to mend thy socks, none to sew on thy buttons. It duz weigh on my sperits." "Don't concern thyself about that," replied he. "I've already spoke to Marg'et Rhodes to take thy place, and she's quite agreeable."

"Thou hast!" exclaimed the expiring wife, starting up in bed and bringing the palm of her hand with a resounding smack on the man's bald head. "Then, I'll tell thee what, Joe, I won't dee." "Very well," answered the man, pulling out his kerchief and wiping his pate. "If thou'st made up thy mind not to dee, I'll speak to Marg'et, and put her off."

I left Horbury two years after this, and Marg'et was still waiting.

CHAPTER II

DALTON I' T' MUCK

1867-71

THE hamlet of Dalton (the divided *Tun*, so called because a brook ran athwart it) had been a portion of the parish of Topcliffe, which had also included Sessay on the east and Baldersby on the west. Sessay and Baldersby had already been cut off and formed into separate parishes, and now the Viscountess Downe had resolved to do the same for Dalton, which consisted of a few scattered farms and a cluster of cottages. The population did not much exceed a hundred. There was no church, but a barn had been converted into a temporary chapel and school, and a small brick house had been erected, designed eventually to be the schoolmaster's dwelling. It comprised one sitting-room on the ground floor, a kitchen and scullery, and upstairs three bedrooms.

Dalton went commonly by the designation of Dalton i' t' Muck, on account of the amount of mud in which the roads and lanes were deep in winter. It occupied a position in Swaledale, and the soil beside the clay was composed of rolled limestones from the western hills. Nowhere have I seen a place so profuse in wild flowers, orchids especially, and the brook that divided the village ran between banks of the most luxuriant forget-me-nots. To the east lay the range of the Hambledon hills, that had the town of Thirsk at their feet.

In the year 1867 I came to Dalton, succeeding the Rev. A. Clementi-Smith, who had plunged into the most advanced ritualism in a place which had known no Church teaching since the Reformation. That the people were not prepared for such teaching and practice did not occur to my predecessor. That they had to be built up in the faith, little by little, precept by

precept, here a little and there a little, did not occur to him. He regarded his work at Dalton as that of a missionary among nominal Christians, but practical heathen, and consequently they must accept Catholic doctrine and practice "full blown."

I speedily found that my position was one of extreme difficulty. I reduced the ritual as much as I could without breaking with the procedure of my predecessor too violently, and, for teaching, I began with the inculcation of first principles.

The East Riding rustics were very different from the lively, intelligent factory hands of the West Riding, and I felt that it would take me some years to understand them.

As I have said, the district abounded in wild flowers, but that was in the spring. The rage of the winds down Swaledale in the autumn and winter was indescribable, and often I had to get to the little temporary chapel, clinging to the railings of the adjoining field, and struggling on yard after yard against the blasts of the icy gale.

In such a small place, and with so few parishioners, I had plenty of time for thought and study; and I employed it in the composition of the *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, a book that at the present day is educationally valueless, but may have been of some utility at the time.

The village of Sessay, adjoining Dalton on the east, had been rebuilt by Lord Downe from designs by Butterfield, and the cottages were very picturesque. In like manner Butterfield had been called in to design the church, school-buildings, vicarage and cottages of Baldersby, which was a new parish taken out of Topcliffe.

Baldersby Park, the residence of Lady Downe, was a mansion of the Hanoverian period, the rooms lofty, but the house characterless.

For the first Lent I was at Dalton I arranged to have special preachers on Wednesday evenings. Some were very good. One who came was Richard Collins of S. Saviour's, Leeds, which he was about to leave. He was commonly known as "Dirty Dick." After tea, as we were going to the temporary church, he said casually, "I suppose I'll find a Bible there; I haven't had time to think of what to say."

"Oh, yes, you'll find one there, sure enough."

There was no pulpit; the addresses were made from the altar step. Dirty Dick was for a long time fumbling in the book for a text. At last he read out: "The wages of sin is death." He paused, and presently began: "Wages, you see, dearly beloved, is—well—wages, wages. Wages isn't a gift, it isn't a present, it's not a subscription, it's not a donation. It is—it is—well—well—wages. The wages, my text goes on to say, are of sin. Dearly beloved brethren, what is sin? It is a short word of three letters, *s* and *i* and *n*. And what does it mean? Sin is not Good Works, it's not Faith, it's not Hope, it's not Charity; it's not Righteousness; it's just the contrary to all this. It's—it's—it's just sin and nothing else. And the wages of sin is Death. Death is not life. It is not breathing, eating, drinking, thinking, reading, talking, it's——" And so on for twenty minutes. Not an idea in the whole outpour of twaddle. I leaned back in my stall, mopping my brow, I was so ashamed at the exhibition. But, curiously enough, I heard for weeks after about the "grand sermon Muster Collins preached. Eh! but he were a fine preacher and no mistake."

Viscountess Downe lived at Baldersby Park, beyond Topcliffe. After the death of Lord Downe, she married her cousin, a Mr. Lane. She was the daughter of Richard Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells. She was still a beautiful woman, with delicate features, full bright eyes and grey hair. My predecessor she had liked greatly, as he had consulted her on everything about the parish.

In Baldersby Church a clock was erected in the spandril of the arches opposite the pulpit and the Dawnay pew. So soon as the vicar mounted the pulpit, every Dawnay eye was directed upon the dial. The preacher was allowed only so many minutes for his allocution. Should he transgress the allotted term, there came to the Vicarage in the ensuing week no presents of game, salmon, grapes, apricots, etc. Lady Downe set the hymns on Saturday for the ensuing Sunday, but I do not think that she appointed to the preacher his texts. She desired to be consulted not only upon everything that went on in Baldersby, but also in Dalton, and my predecessor had studiously humoured this hobby of hers. She was, notwithstanding this dictatorship, a most kindly, generous, and religiously minded lady, and no sick

person in any of the parishes over which she reigned lacked any comfort and alleviation that could be afforded them. She was indeed the Lady Bountiful, and liked to be so esteemed.

I found at Dalton much unreality. A man would come diligently to church, in hopes thereby of having a pigsty built for him, and my predecessor rather lent himself to favouritism. I saw the ill-effects, and rigidly abstained from any interference with the tenantry and her ladyship.

I do not think that Lady Downe cared for me. I was wont on invitation to dine and sleep at Baldersby, and we got on together fairly well, but she was not sorry to lose me. Mallison, the rector of Baldersby, told me that it was not possible to remain there in such proximity to the Park and retain his self-respect. He was heartily glad to leave. His predecessor, a very able man, who made his mark in the Church afterwards, had means of his own, and was determined not to be ridden by a woman. She forced him to leave. A considerable number of livings were in her gift during the minority of Lord Downe, and afterwards he put all presentations into her hands.

A singular instance of localization of a myth occurred near Dalton. There was a farm, called New Mills,¹ before which was a long mound, named The Giant's Grave, and the story told was precisely that of Ulysses and Polyphemus, only Jack was the hero and not Ulysses. The giant was buried under the barrow, and in the stable was preserved a blade, which was traditionally held to have been that with which Jack had blinded the ogre.

Some curious customs lingered on till just before my arrival at Dalton. It was customary to put a candle and a coin into the coffin of a dead person to light him or her on the way to Paradise, and to pay the toll at the gate. One old woman was so interred while I was there. I heard of no other case at the time. On Christmas Eve it was still usual for the local grocer to send green wax candles to his customers, originally intended doubtless for the lantern that was carried to the Midnight Mass. On Christmas Eve also a bowl of furmity was eaten—boiled wheat

¹ New Mills is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.S.W. of Sessay Station. The present incumbent of Dalton writes 26 May, 1919, that the story is still told, and the grave is shown.

with currants. Parkin or Pepper cake was eaten at All Souls'-tide. When a child was born, those who came to see it brought it a present of a sixpence, an egg and some salt. We were much surprised when the villagers came to see my first-born, Mary, all bringing these contributions. At a wedding, the bride had many yards of coloured ribbon which were cut up, and the young men raced for them. This was a redemption of the garters that were formerly striven for and plucked off the bride's legs.

I went once, and once only, when at Dalton, to a Ruridecanal meeting, and that at the particular request of the clergyman of Sowerby-by-Thirsk, at whose house the gathering was, as the subject to be discussed was Clerical Reading. In those days Ruridecanal meetings took place by rotation in the various parsonages in the circuit and each wound up with a dinner.

When the conference took place at which I was present, the Rural Dean rose to his feet and expressed the need there was for the clergy to be studious.

Then up stood an unctuous Evangelical and said : " We have one Book, one Book that contains all we need. If we go outside the covers of our Bible, we err and go wrong, etc., etc."

Another suggested the advisability of the use of commentaries. " I allow a Scott's Commentary," said the first.

" And a Cornelius à Lapide," I suggested. No one at the meeting had heard of him or of it.

Then up rose another.

" I think," said he, " that a study of the monthly magazines may be of use. It puts one in touch with the great minds of the present day. For my part, I find great value in *Belgravia* and *Temple Bar*."

Then another stood up, and said : " I agree with the last speaker, but I would supplement the magazines with the daily papers. The police reports are especially valuable, as letting in light upon the spiritual condition of the—the—the masses."

Another struck an attitude, and said : " There is one book that has not been mentioned, a book that must be read, ay, and studied—the hearts of our parishioners."

This was perfectly true, but the man who said it was perhaps the last man in the world to study that book.

This meeting was enough for me. I did not attend another.

Nor were my impressions of the then Archbishop more favourable. Archbishop Thomson was born in 1819 at Whitehaven. He was the son of a draper and grandson of a Scottish Presbyterian minister, so that he had to depend on his wits to push his way. He won a scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford, and took a third class in *Lit. Hum.* in 1840, and in due time became a Fellow of his College. He was ordained in 1842, and in 1847 became Tutor of Queen's and Rector of All Souls', Langham Place.

He filled all the benefices in his gift with Low Churchmen, not that he had any Evangelical convictions, but that he could trust them. *Quieta non move.*

He possessed an autocratic and masterful temper, such as was naturally bred in a man rapidly advanced from a breeches-maker's shop in a small provincial town to positions of great authority, first as Provost of his College, then as Bishop of Gloucester, and finally as Archbishop of York; and, wherever he was, he managed to quarrel with those who would not eat humble pie. At Queen's he quarrelled with the Fellows over a petty point of precedence in the Common Room, and as he could not carry his point he sulked, and thenceforth never went there with the rest. At York he fell out with the Dean, a man of birth and courteous manners. He presented a very stately figure in the evenings when he wore his purple velvet coat, purple silk apron, and stockings of the same colour, with large silver buckles in his shoes. He looked like one of the prelates of the old régime in France or one of the Episcopal Electors on the Rhine, and every inch as secular and unspiritual as they.

Whilst I was at Dalton, a mitigated scandal circulated. At one time the bishops unblushingly presented their sons, sons-in-law and kinsmen to the best livings in their gift. But the appointment of Mr. Cheese, son-in-law of Bishop Villiers, to the rich living of Haughton-le-Skerne, worth £1300 per annum, had provoked a cartoon in *Punch*. A poor, needy parson is by a table, whereon stands a Stilton cheese, and the Bishop is decanting over it a bottle of port, labelled £1300, and saying: "I am exceedingly sorry, dear brother in the Church, but, you see, I have not a drop for you, I have poured it all into my Cheese."

This taught the bishops caution. Now William Ebor had some one, I cannot recall whether a relation or a toady, whom he was desirous of rewarding with a good living. So he arranged with a brother prelate in one of the Southern dioceses, to present his man to a fat living then vacant, he himself undertaking, in return, to give a satisfactory living in his hands to a son-in-law of the bishop who would so kindly accommodate him.

Before my marriage I had in the house an elderly widow as my housekeeper, and a Mr. Mills, who went by the name of Brother Augustine, a bequest from my predecessor, an account of whom I have given elsewhere.¹

But on my marriage both left, and for a little while we were without a domestic, and my wife had to do the cooking. I sat on a chair planted upon the kitchen table and read aloud Motley's *Revolt of the Netherlands* whilst she prepared the meals.

One day I was about to go into Thirsk, when my wife said to me : " I wish you would order some meat, there is none in the house."

I dare say she told me of what description it was to be, and how much as to quantity, but all that I forgot. I was busy at the time thinking out my book on *The Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs*. When I arrived at Thirsk I remembered no more than that I was to order some meat. So I went to the butcher and ordered some.

" Of what sort ? " he asked.

I considered. " Really, I do not know ; beef, I suppose."

" What joint ? "

" I do not know. Round of beef is said to be very good."

" How many pounds ? I suppose that you want a good piece ? Will forty pounds do ? "

" I dare say ; I have no doubt," without giving it a thought.

That evening, as I was busy writing, I heard an exclamation from the kitchen, and my wife burst in on me with a face of alarm, crying : " What have you done ? "

" What, my dear ? "

" Come and see."

I went into the kitchen, and saw the butcher's man labouring under a vast mass of beef, which he was glad to deposit on the

¹ *In a Quiet Village*, Isbister, 1900.

floor ; after which he proceeded to wipe his brow with the sleeve of his blue smock.

We were but three in the house, my wife, myself and a servant. That round of beef lasted us for weeks. We ate and ate till we came to loathe it as the Israelites loathed the manna. We had it sliced, cold, hashed, as toad-in-the-hole, as mince, as Bubble-and-Squeak—but could not finish it, till in despair I got in the choristers and set them on to it, and they completed the destruction of that Forty-pound Round of Beef.

A curious incident occurred whilst I was at Dalton. The surgeon at Topcliffe was a Mr. Carter Mitchel, whom I knew very well. He was called in to see the wife of a well-to-do farmer, named T——. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, but his wife was a mischievous woman, the terror of the neighbourhood, a strong and venomous dissenter, and one who invented and circulated the most abominable stories about any persons towards whom she bore a grudge.

Mitchel, having been called in to see her, was on his way for a drive in his dog-cart, with his wife and brother-in-law, and they had taken their long-haired terrier with them.

Mitchel drove up to the house and descended at the door, leaving his wife and her brother with the horse and trap. He was shown up to the sick-room and saw at a glance that the woman was dying. He sent instantly for the husband, and as this latter entered the room his wife expired. Next minute Mr. Mitchel descended the stairs and left the house, when he found his wife and brother-in-law in great agitation. The dog had been playing with a shaving of wood under the conveyance, when, a minute or two before, it had started, backed into the side of the road, its hair standing on end, and eyes starting out of its head, precisely as if it had seen some awful object that had scared it out of its wits. A moment later, the dog rushed off down the drive, uttering the wildest yelps and howls. Mr. Mitchel at once drove home, got a gun, and went back in search of the dog. He could not mistake the direction in which to go, as the yelps and howls continued. He finally discovered the beast crouched in a hedge, foaming at the mouth, with distended eyes and hair erect, reeking with sweat. He fired and killed it. Mr. Mitchel drove at once to Dalton and told us the circumstances,

I am conscious of an impression that horses and dogs possess a faculty of seeing things that are hidden from our eyes.

My grandmother was wont twice in the year, at Lady Day and Michaelmas, to send a covered waggon to Exeter to bring to Lew House the groceries needed for the half-year. The distance is thirty-three miles and the road is the old paved highway leading from Isca Dumnoniorum (Exeter) to the Tamar and thence into Cornwall. At one point upon this ancient road, the hills fold in on both sides and contract the valley to little more than a way for the Lew Water, which here consists of two branches. Here from the Roman period existed a bridge, of which all that remains is the name Point, i.e. *pont*. The high-road is commanded by two camps, one prehistoric, of vast size; and the other Saxon. This was the site of the great battle of Gavulford, fought by Egbert against the Britons, and the defeat of the latter previous to their complete rout at Hingesdon in 823.

The driver of the waggon was William Pengelly, who remained in the service of the family to his death at an advanced age. He has repeatedly told me how that on one occasion as he was driving the empty waggon on its way to Exeter, upon reaching Point, the two sturdy cart horses came to an abrupt standstill, and, although lashed with the whip, refused to proceed. Pengelly got out of the conveyance, and taking the lantern in hand, for the hour was early, about 4 a.m. and still dark, he examined the road, but could observe nothing unusual. The horses were standing, with their heads down, apparently staring at something, and were shivering with fear.

Pengelly now administered the whip to their sides with full force, whereupon, simultaneously, both horses made a leap, as if purposing to overcome some obstacle, and tore along the highway as fast as they could gallop, with the waggon bouncing at their heels. They were only stopped by a steep rise in the road, and when the driver caught them up, and recovered command over them, they were bathed in sweat, and were still shivering as with terror. What had caused their panic, Pengelly told me he could never learn.

It is quite possible that a keen sense of smell may be the cause of alarm or dislike to a horse, as in the case of proximity to a donkey or a goat, and that what repels and alarms the brute is



GRACE BARING-GOULD

not anything that it perceives with its eyes. But this explanation will not apply to dogs, which are occasionally affected with panic in a dining or bedroom.

The surgeon at Dalton was an old-fashioned, ignorant practitioner, with white hair, a very red face and watery eyes. When summoned to a case he would shake his head and say : " Bad, very bad, my man, it is a lucky thing that you have called me in. I, alone, can pull you through. But—but—I fear you have left it too long. Had you sent for me last week I could have saved you."

My father now allowed me £150 per annum, so that I had in all £300 ; but the expenses of the church, heating, lighting and of the choir fell on me, as the offertories were small. There was not a single person of means above the farmer class in the parish. The farmers were indifferent to religion and rarely came to church. Neither did they to chapel. There was a remarkable difference in this particular between the people of the West Riding and those of the East ; or, perhaps I may put it thus, between the manufacturing and the agricultural population.

CHAPTER III

A HONEYMOON TOUR

1868

ON May 25, 1868, I married Miss Grace Taylor, of Horbury. We decided to spend our honeymoon abroad and arrived at Interlaken on Whitsun Eve. The little church of Unterseen has its chancel cut off from the nave by a stone wall. The latter is given up to the Protestants, the choir is reserved for Catholic worship. We went to Mass there at 9 a.m. There was a little harmonium, but none to play it, so that the service was not sung. The congregation was reverent and devout. The priest preached a good sermon on "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." He pointed out the advantage of peace in the land, where was neither outer warfare nor inward broils. Then peace in the household, where husband and wife were united in love, and the children in obedience. Finally, the blessing of peace in the soul where reigns the love of God, and the will is subject to the Divine will. Not very original, perhaps, but very good. I preached the sermon at Dalton on my return, and I have preached it since at Lew. But here comes in something remarkable. Many years afterwards, I was at Brussels when the new dean who had been appointed to S. Gudule preached his initial sermon. It was a Sunday after Trinity, not Whit Sunday. He gave out his text: "My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." It was the same sermon, with only this difference, that it was delivered in French by a dean, and that at Unterseen had been delivered by a poor curate in German. Obviously in the seminaries throughout Latin Christendom the candidates for Orders must be given skeleton addresses which they commit to memory, and amplify as they find expedient. It is customary in Romanist Churches for the

clergy to leave the choir and sit together, occupying a pew opposite the pulpit from which harangues the preacher for the day. How they must weary of this order, knowing exactly what he is about to say. It is bad enough in the English Church, where Sunday after Sunday one has to listen to pious twaddle, without in it one original, one vivifying thought.

On Whit Sunday evening we walked up to see the grotto of S. Beatus, the apostle of this district. He came from Ireland or Britain in the seventh century, and made his home in a cave in the face of a precipice above the lake of Thun. A more lovely walk cannot be conceived. The path scrambled along the edge of cliffs overhanging the still green lake, which reflected the glow of the evening in the sky overhead. Tufts of pinks clung to the rock, and bunches of campanula dangled their blue bells at dizzy heights over the still water. Yellow cistus, golden potentilla, and spires of blue salvia made glorious harmonies of colour in the little dales that sank in grassy slopes to tiny coves, where nestled brown cottages and where, in one creek, a gaily painted boat was moored. The cave of the saint was screened by a fir wood, clinging to the rock ledges. Its wide entrance was formerly walled up, so as to leave only a door and window. But as this had constituted a chapel, to which the pious resorted once a year, when Mass was said, at the Reformation the Bernese authorities sent soldiers to destroy the chapel, overturn the altar, and with their pikes drive back the peasants when they ventured to approach. In 1868, when I was there, the cave was only visited by a few sight-seers ; but since then an hotel has been erected on the spot, where much ale is drunk, and green and yellow Chartreuse are sipped, but no prayers are poured forth.

At Lungern, on the nearest point of the Canton of Obwalden, where the Catholic faith still maintains its ground, loving hearts have built a little chapel dedicated to S. Beatus, and this is now visited by great crowds, who love to honour the memory of their apostle on the ninth of May, when a sermon is preached by one of the Capuchin friars of Sarnen.

The sun set as I sat at the door of the hermit's cave ; and as I walked back to Interlaken, its orange fires fell and touched with flame every white and heaven-aspiring peak ; and the spotless Jungfrau sat amidst a glorious company of mountain

forms, each with its flaming brow ; the sight called up a thought of the events of that first Whit Sunday, when :

“ The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every saintly head.”

I am not going to add an account of our tour. Suffice it that we went to Lucerne, to Meyringen, over the Grimsel, and into the Valais. And here I will insert one of my letters to my old friend Gatrill.

“ We walked down the Valais, and spent a night at Münster, where was an interesting old German carved wood reredos, painted and gilt-winged, and in very bad repair. Climbing up to a little chapel on a height I found a box of tickets promising indulgences for so many years to any who would say a number of *aves*, and pull a ticket out of a lottery box. Some poor creatures got only six months, some as many as fifty years—according to the number drawn. I forget which Pope it was who granted these indulgences.

“ At Sierre we stayed for the Sunday, and attended Mass in the parish church. The singing was wretched, the sermon poor stuff, and the congregation shockingly dirty.”

In the evening I climbed the mountain behind Sierre, through vineyards, and past them to much higher ground where was a little village or hamlet with a very poor church. I had a chat with the curé, who was sitting outside his house sipping wine and smoking. He had a very red nose.

“ Ah ! Herr Pfarrer ! ” said I. “ It is a long pull up the mountain side with a bottle of wine, I fear.”

“ *Eine Flasche, mein Gott !* that would never suffice. I must have a barrel. And these accursed peasants will not bring me up a barrel for the love of heaven ; they ask payment. It is bad living up here, but what can one do ? It is banishment to Siberia.”

“ But the Bishop !—surely he will not continue you here ? ”

He shook his head and tapped his red nose. “ Till this pales—here I stay.”

“ And have you many cretins in your flock ? ”

"They are all cretins, idiots ; not a man, woman, or child with sense enough to bring me up a keg of good wine, without taking toll of it on the way, and then asking of me a fee for bringing it."

The landlord at Sierre afterwards told me that the clergy who drank in the valley were sent up to cures near the snow to make it difficult for them to obtain wine. There were stages in altitude. The first for the moderate tippler. Two thousand feet higher for the immoderate drinkers ; then some six or eight thousand feet for those who had had a touch of delirium tremens.¹

An amusing incident occurred while I was at Sion. The town is built on two pinnacles of rock starting out of the Rhone Valley, crowned severally by the old cathedral and convent, and by the episcopal castle. The modern cathedral is in the lower town, and to it I went on SS. Peter and Paul's Day, June 29. The chancellor of the diocese, a short, stout and very ugly man, preached.

I was sitting directly in front of the pulpit. He discoursed on Papal Infallibility. The sermon was decidedly clever, but would not have been relished by an Ultramontane, because he based the claim on expediency, and not on a Divine Commission. He said that it was absolutely necessary in all organized societies that there should be an ultimate authority to which all disputants could refer. In a family when there arose a dispute reference was made to the father, and his decision was without appeal. In a Commune when controversy arose both parties addressed themselves to the mayor, and his decision was final. When there was a cantonal quarrel the matter went to Berne, and the judgment of the Federal Assembly was beyond appeal. So in the Church, etc. Then he went on to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. There might have been, perhaps there had been, doubts expressed as to this dogma, and such doubts were permissible till final judgment had been pronounced thereon, though in all ages the Fathers of the Church had been unanimous in declaring that OUR LADY conceived without sin : thus S. AUGUSTINE, S. GREGORY, and S. BERNARD. I raised my eyebrows slightly, perhaps involuntarily, shook my head, for I knew that it had been disputed, and that the doctrine

¹ An admirable sketch of one of these Pfarrers is in Ganghofer's *Hochwurden Herr Pfarrer*, 1882.

had never been ventilated by the two former. Instantly the preacher's eye caught mine, and a twinkle came into it. He abruptly changed his subject. "But," proceeded he, "what, we may ask, is the ultimate court of appeal for Protestants? The Bible. But on what authority do they receive the bundle of books that goes to make up the Bible? Let us take up the case of the Anglicans. I open the English Bible. What do I see next the title-page? 'The most high and mighty Prince JAMES'—on the authority of a Scotchman!" Very ready, very adroit, but unscrupulous. He knew, as well as did I, that this was a dedication, not an authorization. Next day, in the afternoon, I was walking up to Evolena, when I encountered a descending drift of priests coming from a clerical meeting. Among them was the CHANCELLOR; I took off my hat, so did he. After passing each other I turned to look. He had turned also, and was holding his sides, laughing, his jolly red face flashing with triumph. And I laughed also. It was the meeting of the two augurs.

From Martigny we journeyed down the valley to S. Maurice. The town is squeezed in between the limestone mountain precipice and the Rhone. The abbey is the oldest Christian foundation among the Alps, dating from the sixth century, and the tower in its lower parts may belong to that period. The church was much damaged by fire in the seventeenth century. Nothing can be worse than its modern restoration. The piers and walls are painted with vulgar carpet patterns. There is, however, a good painting of the founder, S. Sigismund, by Deschwanden; it is stronger in character than most of his work. "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint," seems to have been a doctrine before the times of Wesley. Sigismund was a great scoundrel. His first wife was Austrogotha or Amalberga, the daughter of Theodoric the Great, King of Italy, by whom he had a son named Sigeric. On her death he married her maid. The lad, Sigeric, bore his stepmother no warm love, and seeing her one day decked out in the garments of his own mother, burst forth into the angry exclamation, "Your mistress' clothes ill-become the back of her servant." This was never forgotten by his stepmother, and she schemed his death from that time forward. She gradually worked upon the feelings of her husband, awakening his fear of the ambition of Theodoric, and then

pretended to discover a plot of the King of Italy to dethrone Sigismund and set up Sigeric in his place. In a fit of fury the Burgundian king ordered the death of his son. A thong was slipped by two young men round the neck of Sigeric as he slept, and the prince was strangled. No sooner was the crime committed than the most agonizing remorse took possession of the king, and he hastened to Agaunum (now S. Maurice), and if he did not found the abbey, he at all events richly endowed it. He spent his time in a cave in the cliff, whence escaped a trickle of water. It is said that he prayed that God would punish him in this world rather than in the next. The prayer was heard. The storm that was to overwhelm him was already gathering. Clotildis, wife of Clovis I, King of the Franks, was a daughter of Chilperic, King of Burgundy, who had been put to death with his wife and two sons by Gundebald, the father of Sigismund. Blood revenge was a sacred duty among the Franks. So Clotildis instigated her sons to take up arms against Sigismund. He was made prisoner with his wife and her sons, and carried as captive to Orleans. Gundemar, the brother of Sigismund, collected an army and recovered Burgundy. The next year, 524, Chlodomer, son of Clotildis, marched against him; but before starting on the expedition he flung Sigismund, his wife and sons into a well saying, "I am not going to leave my enemy behind my back." So Sigismund figures as a saint and martyr. In good faith, saints must have been rare in the sixth century, when the Church was compelled to canonize such rotten apples as Sigismund! and Clotildis as well!

We climbed the steep path cut in the face of the rock at S. Maurice to Sigismund's cave, in front of which on a narrow terrace is a tiny chapel and hermitage, the latter occupied by a peasant, in courtesy styled hermit, but who wears no distinctive habit, not even a long-tailed coat to hide the fact that he has sat out the seat of his trousers. Him we found a nice and sensible man, very pleased to gather a bouquet of the larkspur growing in his tiny garden, and to present it to my wife. He was expecting an accession of pilgrims on the morrow, and so descended with me to the town in order to buy a score of mugs for the holy water flowing from S. Sigismund's spring, of which they would desire to drink.

I must tell a story I picked up here, or on my way hither, of Baron Bramwell.

He had been for a while out of health, and his family induced him to go abroad for a change. So after much difficulty he was persuaded to visit Switzerland, attended by two nieces. But when there his temper was not sweet as the honey, so-called, that they serve you at breakfast at the hotels, but which is actually pear juice and glycerine. He missed his English comforts and the English hours of meals. He had no eye for scenery, no admiration for Alpine flowers. Probably his liver was out of order. Leaving the Oberland the party went into the Valais ; but there matters were worse. He wanted his kidneys or bacon and eggs at breakfast. He disapproved of the bread. The wines were naught. There were flies everywhere.

At last they reached a remarkably bright, clean hostelry, and perhaps the Baron's liver being better, he expressed himself pleased with his surroundings. "Generally," said he, "there is no soap in the dish, and no dish for the tooth-brush. You pull out your own hoarded soap and find it stuck all over with the paper in which it has been wrapped, and which adheres to it like diachylon plaster to the back when one has lumbago. There is never a watch-pocket, and you wake up in the night and find your timepiece, which you placed under your pillow, lodged in the small of your back, and at every tick sending a shock up your spinal marrow. Here, I am thankful to say, I discovered both soap and a tooth-brush tray, and a decent-sized basin and a large ewer, so that one can wash in comfort. There is, too, a watch-pocket above the bed."

Lord Bramwell remained in an amiable mood all the evening, enjoyed his supper, kissed his nieces, and went to bed. The two girls next morning were congratulating themselves on the change in their uncle's temper, when they heard him come thundering down the stairs. He burst into the *salle à manger*, purple in the face, and, extending his gold repeater-watch before him at arm's length, he shouted, "What do you think? D—— the place and all in it. Here is my precious watch which has been sopping in a holy water stoup all night long and is utterly spoiled."

On our way to Ostend from Paris we were in a third-class compartment. At one of the stations, into the carriage bounced

a working man in a blouse, with wild eyes and a kerchief tied about his neck that was saturated with blood. He soon became disposed to be friendly, to exhibit his conversational powers, and to be particularly desirous to make acquaintance with my wife. I had to explain to him that she could not speak French. So then he pulled out a paper full of lump-sugar and cut off hunks with a knife that was stained with blood, and offered some of the pieces to her. She declined them. Then his eyes flared, he planted the end of his knife upon his knee, with the blade uppermost, quivering, and roared "*Comment ! vous méprisez mes choses ?*" "*Du tout,*" said I, intervening. "*Madame pense à ses enfants.*" "*Ah !*" exclaimed the man, placated at once, "*Ses petits ! les charmants enfants. Et combien y en-a-t'il ?*"

This was a startling question, put to me returning from my honeymoon. So I held up my left hand, and began counting my fingers. "*Un—deux—trois—quatre—cinq,*" then as the man did not seem satisfied, I began with my right hand, "*Six—sept—huit—neuf—dix. Il me manque d'autres doigts.*" "*Alors je verserai tout mon sucre sur les genoux de Madame.*"

At that moment the train drew up, and a couple of gendarmes entered the carriage and arrested the maniac. He was a labourer who had attempted to cut his throat, had escaped from his keeper, and dashed into the train without a ticket. I then turned to some frightened peasantesses who were in the same compartment, and said, "*Je ne suis que nouvellement marié, et je n'ai pas d'enfants, mais j'ai un œil qui perce l'avenir.*"

Arrived in London we put up at Whitacre's Family Hotel, opposite the gates of the British Museum. We rose next morning early, breakfasted at 8 a.m. and set off to make a day of it in London. When we got into Regent Street, "*Ah,*" said I, "*the Pantechnicon is the place for us, amusement combined with instruction.*" But the doors did not open till 10 o'clock, so we paced impatiently up and down till the clocks struck that hour, and then thirsting for instruction combined with amusement, we paid our entrance fee and plunged into the rotunda. We were the only visitors at the time, and we learned that the lectures and shows did not begin till four o'clock. So we sauntered about, saw glass-spinning, and bought a glass peacock with a tail

expanded of the same material, which broke before the lectures began. We received electric shocks, and looked into mirrors that distorted our faces either perpendicularly into long haggard objects, or laterally into bloated monsters. I endeavoured to get my wife to go down in the diving-bell, but she declined, not thinking that such a descent would be either amusing or instructive. At half-past twelve we had our lunch, but oh ! what lunches were provided at the Pantechnicon ! sandwiches, dry as boards, leathery old fowl, and wine on its way to transmutation into vinegar.

Then we looked at our hair magnified into gas-tubes, and were shown, if the glass were applied to the skin, that it came away covered with perspiration.

At four o'clock came a lecture on guns and pistols. That concluded, a bell rang, and we saw a series of dissolving views representing the experiences of Alice in Wonderland. Next ensued a lecture on the magnet ; and whether anything further in the way of instruction was to follow, I know not, for my wife urged departure. She had had enough for the day.

"What next ?" I asked.

"Amusement uncoupled with instruction," said she ; so we went to the Princess's Theatre in the evening and saw the play of *Leah*, in which Miss Bateman acted.

"I hope," said my wife, as we entered the train to take us to the North, "I do most sincerely hope that at Dalton I may be fed with only egg-spoonfuls of instruction, and be given amusement in soup ladles."

"My dear," said I, "you shall be fed as your constitution requires."

Alas ! There was not much amusement to be obtained in Dalton-i'-t'-Muck.

"You must be satisfied with what you can get, and profit by even that which is driest," said I.

"Like the sandwiches at the Pantechnicon," she observed.

CHAPTER IV

MERSEA

1871-72

WHILST I was at Dalton I wrote *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, as already mentioned. I also wrote *The Silver Store*. Longmans published it; and when the edition was exhausted they declined to issue a second, so I gave the book to Skeffingtons to do with it what they liked, and since then it has gone into four or five editions. I am no poet, but I can jingle rhymes, and the sole merit of the verses that make up the volume lies in the Talmudic and mediæval legends that I have run into metre and rattled out in rhyme.

On January 11, 1871, I received from Mr. Gladstone the offer of East Mersea Rectory.

I had become cramped at Dalton. My second daughter, Margaret, was born in August, 1870. In the red-brick house we occupied there were three bedrooms, one of which was occupied by the servant. Lady Downe declined to enlarge the house, so that we were in considerable straits.

Dr. Schweinfürth informs us that in Central Africa the natives erect domed huts of clay and straw on posts, with a vent hole at the top and a single door at the side. Into this structure all the babies are put at close of day, and are shut in for the night, so that their squeals in no way reach and affect the repose of their parents, who resume charge of the infants in the morning. We have not arrived at that pitch of comfort in England, but I considered the advisability of buying a van, into which I might myself retire for the night and leave the house to the mother, the babes and the maid. Nurse we had none. There was nowhere

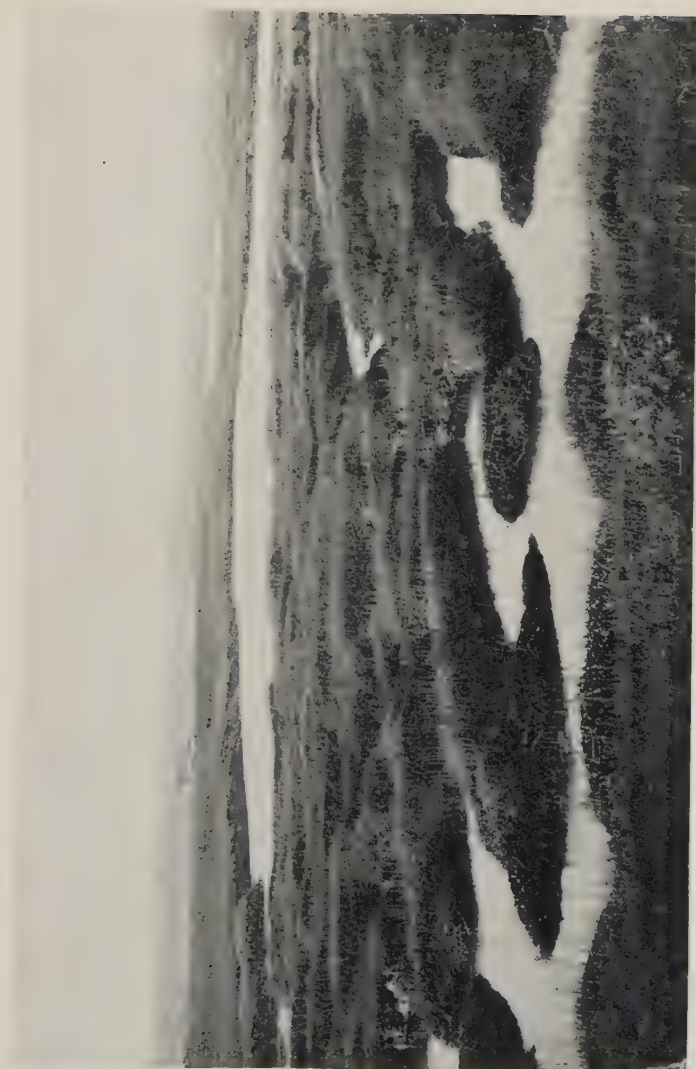
where she could be stowed. Consequently the offer of East Mersea was a veritable relief to my perplexity.

I accepted East Mersea, and went thither on March 21, 1871. I remained rector till 1881, in all, ten years. I cannot say that I either liked the place or became attached to the people. I had been accustomed to the genial, out-spoken and intelligent Yorkshire folk, and, of course, I knew the kind-hearted, impulsive Devonians, but the Essex peasants were dull, shy, reserved and suspicious. I never managed to understand them, nor they to understand me. There must have been at one time an infusion of Danish blood, as Mersea was made headquarters of the Danes when invading East Anglia, but there remained no trace of Scandinavian vigour or romance in the people.

Mersea is an island about three miles long between the mouths of the Blackwater and the Colne. Between it and the mainland to the north is a causeway that is overflowed at high tides. The island is divided into two parishes, East and West Mersea. At the latter, during the Roman occupation of Britain, was the residence of the Count of the Saxon shore. It has a "hard," or gravelly stretch, where boats can be drawn up and where is a copious spring of water that is, however, overflowed by high tides. East Mersea also possesses a "hard," a very scanty one, but thence alone can a person cross in a boat over the estuary of the Colne to Brightlingsea, where was a station to a branch line that conveyed a passenger to Colchester.

The island is extended seaward by mud flats for a mile, over which the tide flows. Towards the island the clay has been dug out so as to form a sea-wall on the land side, leaving a channel between the fields and the flats, and this channel is filled with decaying marine vegetable and animal matter, producing an intolerable stench that pervades the air when the tide goes out and forms a breeding place for myriads of mosquitoes. Between Mersea and the mainland is a dismal tract of marsh, with dykes and a channel or run of mud and water—a famous district for wild-fowl shooting and for the catching of ague.

At a former period wild-fowl shooting was largely practised by the islanders, who had their punts painted grey. In these shallow boats they lay for many hours at night, and contracted both ague and rheumatism. My impression was that generations



THE MARSHES, MERSEA

afflicted with these complaints, acquired in the marshes, had lowered the physique and the mental development of the islanders. When the east wind blew the wild ducks and geese came in flocks near the coast, where they were surrounded and shot. Herons frequented the marshes in considerable numbers. Gulls were not numerous, as there were no breeding places in rocks along the coast.

An industry exercised by the women and children of West Mersea was the collecting of winkles off the flats for the London market. In order to enable them to walk on the wet clay they wore flat boards cut into ovals under their soles, and braced tightly over the instep and about the ankles. Walking or gliding on these, they stooped to collect the molluscs into a basket held in the left hand. Woe to such as slipped and fell! The adhesive clay held him or her fast by the arms.

There was little of interest in the island except a huge tumulus, called Grim's hoe, which, since my time, has been explored and has revealed a glass vessel of the Roman period. At West Mersea the church and churchyard cover the remains of a Roman villa, and portions of mosaic are often turned up when the graves are excavated.

At the east end of the island on comparatively high ground are the remains of a camp which had been erected by the Parliamentary soldiery so as to command the mouth of the Colne, in 1648, and several cannon were planted there, forming a battery. The place was well chosen, for below it is a spring of pure water. Hard by there was formerly a cottage, which had almost totally disappeared, but the site was said to be haunted by a female figure. The only person whilst I was at Mersea who had seen her was Mrs. Baker, of whom anon, and then only when she was in her cups. No one in Mersea save she, on her return from the "Dog and Pheasant," ventured by the mysterious well and the site of the cottage under the old earthworks. I was not able to recover any further tradition of this woman, save that she had been killed whilst the soldiers of the Parliament were in the fort; but why was not known, or at all events told.

The apparition admits of a very prosaic explanation. The warm air charged with moisture, wafted up from the sea that

flows in summer over the sun-heated mud flats, was condensed into a column of vapour above the chill pool of the well, and wavered in the breeze, ever dissolving and reforming. A slight stretch of imagination converted this pillar of vapour into a spectral woman.

The formation of Mersea Island to me was an occasion for interesting speculation. It appeared to be a moraine of the glacial period when the Gog-Magogs were actual mountains. The island consisted of detritus lying upon the bed of old London clay. The springs in it can have been fed only by the rain falling on the surface, that worked its way in a tortuous manner till it met the underlying London clay, when it broke out in sources near the edge of the marshes or the beach.

Some curious circumstances connected with the Siege of Colchester are related by François Raguenet in his *Histoire d'Olivier Cromwel*, Paris, 1691 ; which he took from the Manuscript Memoirs of M. de Brosse, a French Protestant Doctor of the Faculty of Paris, who was in England at the time. "C'est du même endroit, que j'ay emprunté plusieurs circonstances de l'intrigue de Cromwel avec la femme du Major Lamberth, de la vérité de laquelle je ne doute nullement, parceque j'en trouve des traces dans presque tous les ouvrages dont je viens de faire la liste."

According to De Brosse, Cromwell kept Mrs. Lambert as his mistress, and to get rid of the husband sent him to command the Parliamentary forces in the North. But Mrs. Lambert transferred her affections to the Earl of Holland, who, after having been in the Parliamentary army, went over to the service of the king. Still, however, she kept up her intrigue with Cromwell, in order to extort from him military secrets, but he, having discovered her double game, supplied her with false information. This comes out with reference to the Siege of Colchester.

De Brosse further relates how that Fairfax, having been unable to reduce the town, sent to London for the son of Lord Capel, who was in command in Colchester, and negotiated a meeting between the lines, when he presented the boy, who was aged seventeen, stripped to his waist, to the father, and threatened to shoot him unless Lord Capel capitulated. The lad urged his father to do his duty regardless of himself, and Lord Capel bade

his son go and suffer in defence of his God and his King. Eventually Fairfax sent back the lad unmolested to London.

Mersea was very inaccessible. It was nine miles from Colchester, and the road, as there was no stone wherewith to metal it, was excruciatingly bad in winter. The great distances from the villages on the mainland made calling difficult ; and as far as I could see there were not many persons of value, as readers and thinkers, with whom to make friends. Add to that the causeway and its being occasionally overwhelmed by the tide. Our nearest neighbour was Mr. Musselwhite, Vicar of West Mersea, a kindly man, but not possessed of many interests or of much information.

The most intelligent of the farmers was Cant, a strong Dissenter. There were two others a little above the average, and the rest were addicted to eating and drinking and little else. Curiously enough several of them were unmarried. That did not conduce to refinement of manner.

There was, seaward of the church, a sort of landing-stage built ; and a channel had been excavated in the clay flat so that a vessel of small draught could be brought up to it. This was for the purpose of bringing coal in barges to the island, and " London muck," that is to say, the sweepings of the London streets, which was largely used as a manure for the fields, and then the stench was horrible. Another dressing employed was one of sprats. On such occasion gulls arrived in great flocks, and boys were employed to scare them away with rattles, horns and drums. The smell when a field was fertilized with sprats was not enjoyable ; but the odour was superior to that of London muck. From the landing-stage the barges carried away hay and straw, piled up high on deck, for London. When the mosquitoes were out in autumn they swarmed about the trees, that looked as if they were on fire and smoking. We had always to drive the pests out of the bedrooms in the evening by burning laurel leaves on red-hot coals.

The floor of the channel for the barges was gravel, and in this channel we were wont to bathe. One summer evening by moonlight my wife and a friend were bathing in this channel and had gone out a considerable distance when a boat came coasting along, and the crew suddenly seeing two white draped, diving and upspringing female figures at a distance from land, sped away as fast as they could row, to tell in Brightlingsea how they had seen

a couple of mermaids. Mrs. Baker, of whom mention has already been made, came to the Rectory full of the news. "Nonsense," said my wife. "What they saw was Miss Deason and myself bathing." "No! nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Baker, "the men asserted that the mermaids had fish's tails, they could swear to the fact. And as neither you nor Miss Deason wind up below the waist with scaly terminations, you see, Ma'am, it could not possibly have been yourselves."

The church was moated on all sides but the south, and was constructed of *streenite*, nodules of indurated clay dug out of the mud, like the lumps one encounters in badly boiled porridge; but, unless plastered over, these clots are liable to scale off in wet weather. The whole church, which was in second and third pointed styles, had unquestionably been so protected from the day of its construction, but the plaster had flaked from the tower and left it in a condition of degradation. The interior of the nave and north aisle was boxed up with deal pews. The chancel had been fitted by my predecessor, Hayter, with an oak altar-table, furnished with brass cross, candlesticks and flower vases, and with stalls. A simple, rudimentary screen of deal with quatrefoils backed with red flannel had been erected, bearing the inscription "Holy, Holy, Holy."

There was a harmonium, wheezy and uncertain in its temper, in the chancel, played by our governess, Miss Biggs, who could pick out a simple tune, but add no embellishments. The first Sunday I was at the church the wind was blowing strongly, and when I gave out the hymn the cowl to the stove flue began its musical gyrations. The principal farmer's wife, Mrs. Cockrell, living at the Hall, blanched, but gave a sigh of relief when Miss Biggs began to prance on the pedals and touched some notes, more or less correctly, on the harmonium. Mrs. Cockrell told me afterwards that when the cowl groaned and squeaked she thought it was the tuning up of the old orchestra, which she feared I had introduced after its dismissal by Mr. Hayter in favour of the American organ.

The pews formed quite an interesting picture gallery, as the fisher boys, when they attended Divine worship, occupied themselves in drawing ships upon the sides of the pews. Occasionally the illustrations assumed a more personal character. Attempts

had been made to take the portrait of my predecessor, and when I left there remained pictorial efforts to represent me, my nose being given undue prominence.

There were no resident gentry on the island. The squiress, Mrs. George Round, did not visit the place, to my knowledge, in all the ten years I was at Mersea. Previous to Mr. Hayter, who had been rector for fourteen years, the parson had been an old fellow, more of a farmer than anything else, who served three churches, giving one service only at East Mersea on the Sunday.

A neighbour on the mainland had daughters whom he was desperately desirous of disposing of in marriage, and was warmly seconded by the damsels themselves. His time was spent in husband-hunting among the officers in Colchester. He drove a high waggonette with a pair of big horses harnessed into it. In the body of the conveyance sat his four tall, stiff-backed daughters, on the *Braut-schau*. Lord Dufferin had a native servant who was asked one day how his master had shot. "Famously," was the reply; "only God was very merciful to the birds." And so it was with this gentleman. He hunted vigorously, but Heaven was very merciful to the officers.

I had no adult son, game for these Maypoles, so we were called on once only and then dropped as unprofitable.

We had, however, on the further side of the Colne estuary, the Rev. A. Pertwee, unmarried, a vigorous and devoted parish priest, greatly loved by his people; but to reach him was not easy, entailing a row, and when one arrived at the Vicarage, two miles from Brightlingsea "hard," there were ten chances to one that he was out parishing.

To reach Brightlingsea we had to descend a mile and a half to the "hard," where lived a man named Baker with his wife in an old hulk drawn up on the shingle and there anchored. Baker or his wife rowed one across, and when the tide was out, carried the passenger pick-a-back through the mud. We went often to Baker's boat and had tea with him. Whilst tea was brewing he would set a pail of shrimps before us, on the deck, and bid us fall to until the tea was ready in the cabin. Baker himself was a sober man, but his wife was often tipsy. When she returned late from Brightlingsea, overcome with liquor,

Baker had hauled up the ladder. He emptied a pail of water over her head, as she stood shouting below for admittance, and left her to scold, swear and shiver till he considered her to be sufficiently sober to be admitted. Mrs. Baker wore an old red military coat over her back, shoulders and arms. I used her in my story *Mehalah*.

Elijah Rebow in that same novel was sketched from a leading Dissenter at West Mersea, who had rented the glebe of a previous non-resident rector.

When Mr. Musselwhite came to West Mersea he took the glebe away from Elijah Rebow, who had hitherto rented it at a sum far below its value, purposing to farm it himself. The churchwarden earnestly entreated the vicar to insure his harvest recently gathered in. Musselwhite drove into Colchester, after seeing that his ricks were thatched. On his way he passed the churchwarden's house. The man called to him : " Have you insured ? "

" No."

" Then do so at once, to full value."

Musselwhite arrived in Colchester a quarter of an hour before the office closed. He went in precisely five minutes before it shut and insured for the total amount.

As he drove home in the evening, he saw his churchwarden awaiting him, standing at the garden gate.

" Have you insured ? "

" Yes."

" To full value ? "

" Yes."

" That is well. Your ricks are on fire."

So they were. It was a curious case, the ricks had been insured five minutes before the match had been applied to them by the man, as an act of revenge for not being allowed to retain the glebe. The insurance office tried hard to obtain evidence against Elijah Rebow, but failed. He was too subtle to be caught. He had chosen a time for setting fire to the ricks when no one was about, and all residents in West Mersea were too much afraid of the man to give evidence against him, even if they had seen him strike a light and apply the match. There was not a person in the island who was not convinced that Elijah had fired the ricks.

An amusing incident occurred whilst we were at Mersea.

S. Paul's is a small modern church at the bottom of the hill upon which Colchester is built, and is near the railway station. The parishioners are all lower middle-class persons, and the churchwarden was the station-master. The perpetual curate was the Rev. W. H. E. R. Jervis. The magnates of Colchester knew him not, nor did the incumbents of the other churches invite him to their tables. Their wives were especially sniffy towards Mrs. Jervis. I preached occasionally in S. Paul's to a congregation of railway porters, small tradesmen and artisans. The clergy of Colchester kept aloof from Jervis and did not demean themselves so far as to invite him to occupy their pulpits.

But all of a sudden the aspect of affairs changed. Mr. Jervis, of the four Christian names, put in his claim to the Viscountship of S. Vincent. If the marriage of his grandmother to the first Lord S. Vincent could be established he had an undoubted right to the title. His lawyers offered three hundred pounds for an authenticated copy of the marriage entry. A clergyman in Hampshire demanded the reward, and forwarded a duly certified copy from the parish register.

At once Jervis assumed the title of Viscount S. Vincent, and his wife figured as Viscountess; as such they had their cards lettered. Down the hill in streams came the carriages of the aristocracy of Colchester, the horses and carriages blazing with armorial bearings, and the faces of those issuing from the carriages beamed with smiles, and their lips gushed with protestations of affection. The clergy also regretted their previous aloofness and begged his lordship to preach in their churches. The ultra-Protestants were the most urgent.

A fortnight later it was discovered that the entry in the register had been forged, and the parson who had forged it, in place of receiving three hundred pounds, got a term of imprisonment. At once my lord and my lady dropped back into plain Mr. and Mrs. Jervis, and were regarded by the great folk, and such as imagined themselves to be great, as hot coppers, not to be touched. The town clergy no longer recognized Mr. Jervis when they passed him in the street, and their wives plucked back their skirts to avoid contact with Mrs. Jervis should they encounter her in Tabrum and Jones's grocery shop, or in that of the fishmonger.

An interesting and perplexing feature of the fringe of the Essex

marshes is the existence on it, at irregular intervals, of "Red Hills," mounds of various heights and dimensions composed of burnt clay. Where they occur in ground that is under cultivation, they have been ploughed down, but their former presence is revealed by the brick-red colour of the soil around ; and as they fertilize, the farmers are glad enough to level them. Nevertheless, a good many remain intact. I dug into one or two, but found nothing indicative of the period of their erection. A prevalent notion is that they had something to do with salt works, but no traces of salt pans have been discovered in connexion with them. Possibly they belong to various periods. Dr. Schweinfürt informs us that in marshy districts of Central Africa similar mounds of burnt clay are reared to form the base of the hovels, as they serve as a protection against ague and marsh fevers. In my opinion the Essex Red Hills were cast up for a like purpose, and sustained the huts of those who fished and caught wild fowl in the marshes. That some may go back to a prehistoric period is possible enough, for near one I recovered two magnificent polished chert celts, some of the finest I have seen. They are now in the Colchester Museum. I cannot, however, say that the Red Hill near which they were found belonged to their period.

My parish clerk, Ellis by name, was a frequenter of the tavern, the "Dog and Pheasant," adjoining his own cottage. His ideal of a rector was Foster, who had preceded Mr. Hayter, and who, as already intimated, gave but a single service on Sunday, and then mounted his horse and rode full gallop to some church on the mainland, to earn a guinea by taking the service there. "Ah!" said Ellis, "he wor the passon for us, as we liked. He grew wery good taters, and he left us gloriously alone."

On Christmas Day, when I gave out the Proper Psalms, the clerk shouted: "All wrong, 'tis the twenty-fifth day." He was in liquor. Sometimes he would walk about the nave with a cane in his hand and whack the fisher boys and school children, if he found them inattentive and whispering. He was the survival of the old dog-nawper, the official employed to drive the dogs out of church and the sleep out of the heads of the congregation. The old dog-nawping implement was a rod with a blue knob at the end. I heard of a case where the squire, who was a very zealous churchman, told the clerk who, like Ellis, acted as dog-nawper,

that he would give him half a crown for every sleeper he awakened during the sermon, hoping thereby to keep the clerk wakeful. One Sunday the weather was sultry. The squire had eaten an abundant lunch and had imbibed a corresponding amount of ale. In the afternoon, during the sermon, the squire began to nod. The clerk had his eye on him and saw the occasional bob of the head, bald and smooth as a billiard ball. So he stepped out of his desk with the nawping staff in hand, walked up to the manorial pew, and as the bald head rose above the side, whack upon it came the blue knob, so loudly as to resound through the church, and with such startling effect that the squire was fully awake in a moment and was staring indignantly at the clerk, who thrust his hand over the pew door and said : " Half a crown if you please, sir ! "

The children of the parish were uncouth, and some of the parents were very poor. It was usual for these latter to buy discarded military uniforms and cut them to the sizes required. Very often small boys had their feet protruding out of soldiers' trousers that had been cut above the knee. Boys and girls wore military red coats fitting more or less badly. When we had a school-treat one day in the autumn, my wife noticed a girl scantily dressed, her garment hanging about her in a manner that in no way disguised her person. Distressed at this, she said to the girl : " Hannah ! you have not much clothes on, and the weather is cold."

" Oh ! " replied the maiden, aged about fifteen, " I've got my frock, and then comes Oi." Literally she wore nothing save a thin cotton dress.

The Essex dialect is markedly vulgar. The letter *v* is sounded as *w*. The clerk would read the verse in the psalm : " I vowed a vow," as " I wowed a wow "; and one was informed that wines grew well against the wooden walls of the cottages. The letter *i* becomes *oi*. A violet is pronounced woiiolet, and a line is a loin. The Essex folk are fond of picking up a big word and mispronouncing it. A woman asked me one day whether I had observed the elephant over her house on the preceding evening. She meant the element, when there had been an Aurora Borealis. The peasants have some peculiar words : a drizzle is described as " tiffing toightly." Water-weed is called " mardlins "; a hart's-

tongue fern is "snakes' wittles" (victuals); and blackberries are "bummelkites."

Haymakers and harvesters rush to the road to arrest a passer-by, and demand "a largess." I am not sure whether the Essex folk are troubled with deep feelings. I called on a man who had a minute farm, to sympathize with him on the loss of a cow. "Ah!" said he, "I've had much trouble, wery sewere trouble; there have been carried out of my premises three wives, two cows and four pigs, them last with swine fever. Wives," said he, wiping his nose, "you've only to hold up your hand and whistle, and a score applicants for the sitiuation will come about you. Wives," he added, again wiping his nose with his fingers, "is wery cheap; but pigs is costly, and cows is plaguy ruinous."

East Mersea Hall was an old house close to the church. It had undoubtedly at one time been the manor house, but it had fallen into the condition of a farm, and was occupied by a Mr. Cockrell—a descendant of a Coquerelle, a Huguenot settler after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His wife was a sweet and superior person, who more than once did us a good service. In spring at Mersea we found that the skin of the children's faces became rough, peeled off and left sores. We sent for the local doctor, who dosed them with pills, purges and draughts of various colours and flavours, all nasty, and all in vain. My wife mentioned the fact to Mrs. Cockrell, who said at once: "Oh, it is nothing but the east wind. When that blows I always rub my children's faces over when sending them out with cold cream or glycerine."

We adopted this method, paid the surgeon's bill, and did not send for him again, as happily Mrs. C.'s remedy proved efficacious.

Mrs. Cockrell told me that her favourite reading consisted in books of travel in Switzerland, and that the yearning of her heart was to see snowy mountains, but that she was well aware this yearning could never be satisfied. Not the remotest prospect opened before her of ever leaving Mersea and seeing a mountain, even if not snow-clad.

I smiled and said: "God never implants a desire in the soul to be disappointed. I have seen the snowy Alps from the Schänzli above Berne; but I have seen more splendid landscapes here."

"How so? We are in a dead watery flat."

"We are given an uninterrupted horizon to the south and east. And never elsewhere have I had that. And never elsewhere have I seen such superb cloud scenery, great domes of snow, silver *nevéés*, gulfs of shadowy blue ; in a word, Alpine scenery far more sublime than any in Switzerland."

"But it is so transitory."

"You look on the Alps and they are always the same in form. Here you have a rapid change of scene from one splendour to another."

"I never thought of that."

"God grants compensations only to those who look for them."

"Then I shall look for them in the clouds, and fall in love with them."

There was one phenomenon at Mersea to which I never could accustom myself as to something inevitable and that must be endured, and that phenomenon was the piping of the wind. There never was on that coast complete stillness of air. In our best bedroom, that had one window facing south and another facing east, the wind was ever audible. When a visitor came to stay with us, I had to warn him or her to endure the bitter sound that ceased not day or night, summer or winter. The cry was especially audible when the fire was lighted in the grate. I was wont to prepare my guest for it by telling him or her not to be uneasy if the souls of drowned sailors who had found a watery grave in the Northern ocean were to be heard sobbing all night long because of their inability to reach the fire so as to dry their soaked garments and thaw their chilled limbs. My guests always thanked me for the information, but advised me not to be over-communicative with my knowledge. At Lew the house is so sheltered that we are not distressed with wailings of the wind, but on stormy nights we have to endure the roar of the gale in the Scotch pines and oaks to the North, that resembles the breaking of the surf on the Cornish coast at Bude.

THE SOULS ON THE WIND

"The wind blows cold on waste and wold,
It bloweth night and day,
The souls go by 'twixt earth and sky
Incessant,—know no stay.

They fly in clouds, and flap their shrouds
When full the moon doth sail.
At dead of night, when quenched all light
We hear them sigh and wail.

And many a soul, with angry howl,
Doth rattle at the door,
Or rave and rout, with dance and shout,
Around the granite tor.
I hear a soul i' th' chimney growl,
That's sodden with the rain,
To wring the wet from winding-sheet,
To see the fire were fain.

In gentle breeze, 'mid tender trees
Souls whisper as they pass,
And secrets breathe beneath the eaves
Or whistle in the grass.
My life I spend, and have no end
To turmoil, stir and strain,
And must it be eternally
I cannot rest attain ? ”



THE SALTINGS, MERSEA

CHAPTER V

BELGIUM, GERMANY AND THE TYROL

1871-73 or 1872 ?

MY friend, the Rev. J. M. Gatrill, was a curate in Leeds, and in 1871 he wrote me that he was to be given a three weeks' holiday. I at once proposed that we should go together to Belgium. He agreed. I was disappointed to find him listless and unappreciative. He told me that he had been overworked during Lent, and was fagged out ; that in order to enjoy buildings, scenery, paintings and costume, what he needed was a week of rest, lying in the sun, and not even thinking of anything. Then he would recover zest for foreign travel.

At Dinant, on the Meuse, he was silent and sulky, and bade me walk on one side of the river, he on the other. He did not want to talk, or to be bothered with my chatter. I walked all the way to Bouvignes, and climbed to the ruined castle, concerning which such tragic tales are told. When I returned to Dinant I found Gatrill in a totally different mood, chirpy, communicative, and with a twinkle in his eye. " My dear fellow ! " I exclaimed, " what has produced this revulsion in you ? " Pointing to an empty bottle on the sideboard, he said : " I have had a siphon."

Bell in his *Wayside Pictures* says of Belgium, that the visitor is driven to take interest in works of art, for there is nothing else to attract him—miles of road between double rows of poplars, one poplar just like its *vis-à-vis*, or its neighbour, miles of canal, fields on fields of mangel-wurzel, turnip crops and potatoes, and miles on miles of dead, dull flat. This is true of all save the upper Meuse. But this fact has produced a new school of painting ; and the school draws its inspiration from the delightful bits of

street architecture that are to be found everywhere, and peoples the canvas with figures in late mediæval costume.

I made the acquaintance at Antwerp of Edouard Tyck, a young artist of this school, and bought two of his paintings. Afterwards he came to visit me in England, and, at his request, I took him to Windsor. He had expected to see a mediæval and regal residence with many towers, all capped with extinguishers, having in front great galleries sustained on richly carved corbels, large bay windows, cloisters with twisted columns, and reticulated vaults. His face fell, and, turning to me, he said sadly : " Your English architects never had *Imagination*."

He assured me that an artist with any merit could gain a living in Belgium. Large pictures do not sell, but cabinet paintings are in demand. " When a Frenchman has made some money," said he, " then he says, ' I will go to Paris and to the café-chantants.' When a German has money to spare, he says, ' I will go with my Frau to a watering-place, and eat sausages and drink lager beer till I have to call for a *Kellner* to help me out of my chair.' When an Englishman has cash at his command, he says, ' Now I will travel.' But when a Belgian has a sum at his disposal, be he grocer or fishmonger, he says, ' Now I will buy a picture.' "

Edouard Tyck informed me that to the north of Bruges, outside the walls, is an old abandoned cemetery. The graves are actually small walled vaults, whitewashed and covered with slabs of stone, many of which are broken. The interesting feature of these graves is that at the east end of each is a fresco painting on the wall representing some religious subject. Such are occasionally rude, but also occasionally possess some artistic merit. He accordingly employed himself in copying the best.

To effect this, on a certain day he had descended into one of these vaults, that are hardly over six feet below the surface, and hoped to finish his drawing before twilight set in. Presently he heard two Germans conversing outside, whereof one was a woman, elderly, apparently, and obese.

" Ach ! Gott in Himmel ! here is another. I wonder, if we peered in, whether we would be so fortunate as to see the skeleton."

" Bah, Rosalie ! one skeleton is like another. It is the *fat* that differentiates individuals, that affords comeliness and per-

sonality. What would you or I be, walking in our bones ? It is our fat that makes us what we are."

Next moment the light was cut off from Tyck, as two heads appeared, blocking the gap by which the ray entered.

The artist at once lifted his voice, and intoned : "*De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine. Domine exaudi vocem meam.*"

The heads were instantaneously withdrawn, and the light once more entered the tomb. The woman uttered a scream and the man a *Potz donnerwetter*. Both took to their heels. Tyck, on clambering out of the vault, saw them running in the direction of the town. Presently the woman halted, and exclaimed : "*Ach, mein Mann ! mein Regenschirm hab' ich verloren !*" And she turned. But as she saw Tyck's body extricating itself from the tomb, she shrieked out : "*He is coming after us ! Run, mein Schatz, run !*"

The artist allowed the lost umbrella to lie on the slab where it had fallen ; but he considered it doubtful whether the couple would muster up sufficient courage to revisit the cemetery on the morrow in broad daylight to recover it.

A point that strikes a visitor to Belgium for the first time is the complexity of the races forming the population. The Belgian nation is made up of Flemings and Walloons. The former are of the Teutonic stock akin to the Dutch, grave, self-possessed, stolid. The Walloon is Celtic, light, frivolous, volatile, akin to the Gaul.

The two races have different views of life, different tastes, and different modes of thought. Naturally the Fleming inclines to fraternize with the Germans, and as naturally the Walloon is drawn towards the French. Nevertheless they entertain a common interest in the preservation of their independence ; and this subdues the external expression of their differences. They concur in desiring an independent nationality, because they dread absorption, the Fleming by Germany and the Walloon by France.

Liège, Namur, Hainault are Walloon ; East and West Flanders and Antwerp are Flemish. Brabant is in the centre, containing the capital, mainly Flemish, but with an infusion of Walloon ; and the population of Brussels has lost the characteristic good qualities of each of its ingredients.

Germany, at the time of which I am writing, was an empire of ill-consorted and ill-compacted units that had been shattered by the Napoleonic wars, and had been put together again after a fashion by the Treaty of Vienna. But the fragments did not cohere. The petty duchies and principalities had their little courts as rallying centres, but such were mere nests of intrigue and of mean ambition, as well sketched by Marlitt. The old ecclesiastical principalities had lost their courts, and were devoid of vital interests in the welfare of the whole community. The Jew had spun his web everywhere, he had monopolized the law, and had become the great regrater of all the industries in the land, and in so doing had killed its self-respect and initiative. He appeared to have mastered all the vital nerves of the nation, so as to reduce it to a lump upon which he could feed at his leisure.

There was much to be observed and collected in various quarters. Much in the habits, speech and folk-lore of the people traceable to primeval mythology and organization. German arts had never reached the delicacy and refinement acquired in Italy, but in force had far surpassed them. Art in the land had been killed by the Thirty Years' War and buried by Napoleon. But its fragments were strewn broadcast over the land. In architecture it had developed an individuality of style of surpassing charm at the time when French Middle Pointed languished into Flamboyant, and English stiffened into Perpendicular.

That which was so noteworthy in the German spirit up to the Thirty Years' War was its forcefulness. In whatever direction it thrust, in painting, poetry, music, sculpture, architecture or theology, it was characterized by determination, courage and confidence. There was in it none of the tentativeness of the Italian, French and English genius, but a bold assurance which carried it beyond all its compeers.

In the winter of 1872-3 I had suffered from bronchitis and rheumatism, and needed a change of climate and of scene. I had, moreover, accepted an offer to compile a work on the *Lives of the Saints*, which might supersede that of Alban Butler, which had been composed for the purpose of edification and with little regard to historic truth. I was well aware that the task was certain to entail great labour and severe criticism. I knew that some of those who had been enshrined in martyrologies had as

little claim to be considered as historical personages as Cinderella and Goody Twoshoes ; and as slender justification for their elevation to the calendars of the Saints. My work was to be comprised in fifteen volumes, one to be delivered every half year till the hagiology was completed.

Before starting on my work I resolved to rest for a few weeks in one of those quiet nooks where at Whitsuntide the air was redolent with the fragrance of the flowering grape, and the atmosphere throughout the year breathed simple and unquestioning piety.

Würzburg was to me a pleasant memory of early childhood ; accordingly my wife and I betook ourselves there in the spring of 1873, by way of Dovercourt, Rotterdam and Cologne.

Würzburg was anciently the see of a prince-bishop who from the time of the Ottos was also Duke of Franconia, and who had the privilege when he said Mass to have his Grand Marshal precede him, carrying the sword of the Duchy point uppermost, and to stand by him at the altar till the consecration, when he sheathed it and thenceforth carried it point downwards.

The prince-bishops formerly lived in the castle on a height that commands the town, and is on the further side of the Main ; but Bishop Schönborn in the rococo period began a stately palace with gardens in the town. I remembered well how that one of the rooms in this palace was lined with mirrors, so that in it one could see oneself reflected *ad infinitum*. Another chamber was that of the *carrousel*, a merry-go-round ; one of the mounts was a purple-velvet carriage with mitre in gold above, in which coach the bishop would ride on a rainy day, or after a merry dinner, his guests and chamberlains astride on wooden horses, and all aiming, as they twirled about, at targets, either with pistols or with foils. When last I visited Würzburg, the *carrousel* was no longer shown. I presume it was considered too scandalous a revelation of the vanities and luxury of former prelates. If these wealthy bishops had confined their activities to building palaces for themselves, or as did one in erecting the noble Julius Hospital, it would have been well. But unhappily they took it into their heads to spoil the city churches by altering them from Gothic into Classic edifices. One, happily, was spared, the Liebfrau Kirche, built of red sandstone and with an open lace-like spire.

Formerly when a new prebendary or canon had been appointed, he had to submit to strokes over the back and shoulders from rods wielded by the other members of the chapter. The purpose was to prevent the admission of a prince into a prebend. It was judged that, not even to receive a benefice worth £350 per annum would a member of a reigning house submit to a whipping, and that although residence was not required for more than one month out of the twelve. Many of the canons formerly held prebends as well in other cathedrals.

Looking out from our hotel window upon the market-place, full of buyers and sellers on the Saturday, we saw it transformed in an instant into a flower-bed. A slight shower had come on, whereupon the market-women spread their umbrellas, of all colours of the rainbow and ornamented with wreaths of flowers printed on the cotton. These umbrellas are of a great size, and in place of whalebone stretchers have canes, and the handles are of ornamental brass.

At our hotel I was so happy as to make acquaintance with the Stein wine that is produced only at Würzburg. The place and its neighbourhood are famous for the abundance and excellence of the wines there produced, but of all the Stein wine is the best.

I was very much struck on the Sunday with the vernacular hymns sung by the immense, closely packed congregation, mostly of men, in the Liebfrau Kirche. I will here give an account of the German vernacular hymns as used in the Catholic Church, because thereby I may do somewhat to correct the popular opinion that Martin Luther was the first to create German vernacular *Kirchen Gesang*.

When the Teutonic tribes were converted, to the Latins their language seemed barbarous, and their many dialects bewildering. The German voices shocked them as coarse and ill-modulated. Paulus Diaconus says : " The discordant voices of the Germans produced only notes which resembled the rumble of a loaded waggon descending a hill."

By degrees the Teutons learned modulation from the Latins, but in Divine Service they had no vocal part save in bawling out the Kyrie Eleison, and in order to prolong the enjoyment of hearing their own voices they spun out the notes to a great length,

shouted it after the sermon, and howled it during a procession. It was not long, however, that this unintelligible mode of singing suited them, and words were added, forming a hymn that always concluded with the words "Kyrie Eleison." Thence came the German word *Leisen* for songs. In the statutes of Salzburg, 799, occurs the order : "The people must learn to sing Kyrie Eleison, not in the same uncultivated fashion as heretofore, but better."

Christmas hymns appear in the eleventh century, and in the twelfth many occurred.

The Provost Gerhoch von Reichersberg, who died in 1169, wrote : "All people sing the praises of the Saviour in hymns in their own tongue ; but this is especially the case with the Germans, whose language is above all suited for melodious songs."

A great number of the Latin liturgical hymns were translated into German by a Saltzburg monk in the fourteenth century. Another who did the same was Henry von Laufenburg in the sixteenth century, who added new to the traditional folk-hymns. This man was Dean of Freiburg in Breisgau in 1545.

With the invention of printing, the press was employed continuously in the production of vernacular hymn-books. Some, indeed, were of mixed character, partly in Latin and partly in German, as "In dulci júbilo, und singet und seid froh."

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Luther was the father of the vernacular German hymn. He himself made no claim to that title. He said that "he had the Songs of the Ancients," which he inserted in his *Gesangbuch*, "as a witness to what pious Christians lived before our day." And Melancthon, in his Apology for the Augsburg Confession, said, "This usage has always been held praiseworthy in the Church ; and, although in some places more, some places less, of German song has been customary, yet in all churches the people have had their part in singing in German, consequently this is no novelty."

But there had been a dread entertained lest the people should transform the Mass into a vernacular service. Accordingly in the Synod of Eichstädt, 1446, it was forbidden to cut short the Latin canticles in High Mass, and interpose German hymns. The Council of Basle in 1435 forbade the crowding of the Service of Mass with folk-hymns to the drowning of the liturgical

service ; and the priests were forbidden to omit or curtail the appointed canticles, etc., to make room for the vernacular songs of the people. A Synod of Schwerin (1492) insisted on the exact performance of the Mass ; and the choir were forbidden to substitute German hymns for the Gloria in Excelsis, the Creed, the Sanctus, etc.

But the people refused to be balked, sing they would, and sing what they chose. The bishops were accordingly compelled to issue diocesan Gesangbücher ; and every diocese had its authorized hymn-book. The bishops went further ; many of them advised the recitation of responses, canticles and psalms in German in country places where it was not possible to find a choir capable of singing the words in Latin.

The Ultramontanes were strongly opposed to this invasion. They saw that the people would not be satisfied with a mongrel service, in which the priest mumbled the Latin and they shouted responses and hymns in German. But even the Jesuits had to give way, and in 1613 appeared Poler von Brachel's *Jesuit Hymnary*, that went through numerous editions.

At first the melodies employed were either Gregorian or of a similar character, but shortly a change was made, and folk-tunes were employed ; tunes to which very unseemly words had been sung. By adapting sacred words to these melodies it was hoped to rescue the tunes from their base employment. This was done by Lindenborn in 1741, when he introduced two hundred new texts and melodies into his Gesangbuch.

From Würzburg we went for a brief sojourn to Kitzingen, a small town in Bavarian Franconia. Charles the Great had there a residence, and there was in it a Benedictine nunnery of some repute. Kitzingen pertained to the Bishop of Würzburg till 1684, when he sold it to the Margrave of Brandenburg, after which the nunnery was dissolved and the sisters dispersed. The town lies on a slope on the right bank of the Maine, and commands a view of the distant Steigerwald chain mantled in dark pines on the eastern horizon. At Kitzingen one has passed out of the land of wine into that of beer, and the town possesses an extensive brewery.

Kitzingen is a charming old town, where the storks jabber on their nests on chimney and church tops. What is usually done in

Germany is to set up a cart-wheel horizontally on the apex of a roof, and the storks fashion their nests thereon. We crossed the Main on the long bridge, and picked handfuls of lilies of the valley in a wood. In the distance rises the blue range of the Steigerwald, with its pretty clustering villages having nut-brown tiled roofs.

The church at Kitzingen had belonged to the old Benedictine nunnery. Its south aisle was divided horizontally into two stories by a vaulted gallery with rich open tracery in front. There are similar stone galleries elsewhere, notably at Cologne and on the Rhine. In the chancel was a very fine *Sacraments hauslein* of stone with rich ornamentation and statuary.

In the morning we attended the Mass for the school children, who sang lustily the German hymns. For the Consecration the server brought in a third candle, and placed it near the book—a needful thing in winter, but not in bright spring sunshine.

The principality of Eichstädt, which we visited, was bestowed by Napoleon in 1817 on Eugene Beauharnais. The cathedral contained the shrine of S. Wilibald. Finding most of the doors locked we entered the church by one opening out of the cloister, and were surprised to hear a priest declaiming with some vehemence in the pulpit to no congregation except the sacristan, who was dusting altars and statues with a feather-brush, and seemed to be totally unconcerned about the sermon and the preacher's appeal to his soul.

We wandered down the north aisle, looking at the paintings, and were unobserved by the preacher, till we emerged into the nave at the west end, when the preacher caught sight of us—a foreign gentleman and lady. He paused, attempted to proceed, broke down completely, pocketed his manuscript and fled down the pulpit stairs and out of the church.

The sacristan came laughing to us : “ That is one of our young seminarists,” he said, “ recently ordained, who is to preach his first sermon to-morrow, and so has been rehearsing it.”

Eichstädt was formerly an episcopal principality, and on a height upon the further side of the valley of the Altmühl is the Wilisbalzburg, the residence of the prince-bishops down to 1730.

I had a funny interview in the train with a young baker. He

told me that his was a deplorable case. He could not retain a situation. "Why not?" I inquired. "In a foolish mood," he answered, "I one day had Adam and Eve tattooed on my arm, and as my arm is exposed when kneading the dough, I set all the other men laughing when they see Adam and Eve." "Was it before or after the Fall?" I asked. "Before, of course; and then the master baker dismisses me." "Mein lieber Freund," said I, "the matter is easily rectified. Tattoo them fig-leaves, or, better still coats of skins, and so you will have them presented to the eyes of your comrades, as *after the Fall*." "Potz donnerwetter!" exclaimed the baker-boy, "I never thought of that expedient. You have saved me, and made my fortune, and now I shall be able to marry Mariandel—who would not have me with Adam and Eve imprinted on my flesh as before the Fall," and he broke out into singing:

"Mariandel ist so schön,
 Mariandel gibt mir All's,
 Und wenn ich sie erblicken kann,
 So fall' ich ihr um der Hals."

"Ach Gott!" he rambled on, "our Pfarrer is always crying out against the Fall, but the Fall will do a good thing for me: it will help me to Mariandel."

"O felix culpa," said I, quoting S. Bernard.

On our way from Munich we made a short stay at Pertisau on the Aachen-see. We found the fields there dense with heart's-ease, so thick as to scent the air. Walking in the woods we came suddenly on a statue of a Tyrolese peasantess, life-size, in black bodice, white linen sleeves, and blue skirt, a straw hat on her head, holding a sickle in her hand. Her great eyes stared one in the face, as much as to say, "What has brought you here? Down on your knees and invoke me." For this was a representation of S. Nothburga, born at Rottenburg in the Inn valley, in 1265, a very popular saint in these parts, whose skeleton we saw in the church of Eben which we passed. In front of the figure was a kneeling stool and a bench on which some children had placed a mug full of forget-me-nots.

The story goes that, when at Eben in service, one Saturday afternoon at harvest time the church bell tinkled for Vespers,

marking the beginning of Sunday, and Nothburga laid down her sickle. The farmer urged her to continue the work, but she refused, and catching her sickle, flung it into the air. There it hung suspended, shining like silver in the darkening evening sky, opposite to the setting sun. And when the Tyrolese child looks up at dusk, and sees the silver sickle of the new moon over the mountain tops, he thinks it is Nothburga's implement, just as he believes the spots in the full moon to be the Sabbath-breaker and his faggot. Obviously this is a pagan myth which has attached itself to a Christian saint.

Nothburga's body was taken up in 1718, and a new church was erected as a shrine for her remains. It contains a rococo high-altar piece, immediately above which is a large glass case like a sentry-box at the centre of the reredos. In it stands the skeleton, dressed sumptuously in red velvet, spangles and blue satin bows. The grinning skull is crowned with a wreath of artificial flowers bearing tinsel leaves ; the bony right hand holds a silver sickle. Anything more horrible can hardly be conceived. Pilgrimages are made to this shrine annually on September 14.

We descended the hill to Jenbach and crossed the Inn to Brixlegg. There we found that the people were engaged in a religious feud over an advertised Passion Play. The man who previously had personated the Christus was ill and could not perform his part. Accordingly, a professional actor was engaged from Munich. To this the clergy were vehemently opposed, and endeavoured to suspend the Play. But those who looked to reap a harvest of money out of the performance persisted, so that the people were divided into two factions, and the devout would not attend ; whereby the sale of tickets suffered exceedingly.

The Play was well carried out, but the jarring element manifested itself, and the audience was mainly composed of young peasants from the neighbouring villages who were not inspired with much reverence. There was smoking and sausage eating between the scenes. At the appearance of Judas Iscariot there ensued loud shouts of *Fuchs ! Fuchs !* on account of his red head and beard. When all was over it was rather startling to see Mary Magdalene at a table in the garden of the inn drinking beer with Pontius Pilate, S. Peter and S. John, knocking glasses and singing out *Prosit*, as she drank ; and Judas and the Virgin Mother

engaged in devouring *Wienerschnitzel* and cracking jokes with one another.

Here we met Mrs. Frith, the wife of the great artist, the Hogarth of the nineteenth century, and her daughter. Mrs. Frith told me that for figure drawing the Munich school is unsurpassed, but for colouring a student must go to Paris.

I need say nothing of the Dolomites which have been so admirably described by Messrs. Churchill and Babington.

We walked over the Tre Croce Pass into the Pusterthal. We stayed a day and night at Brunecken, where was a very clean, comfortable inn kept by a noble family, whose portraits of generals and prelates lined the staircase and the *salle à manger*. We were waited on at table by the two daughters of our host, pretty refined-looking girls, happily not in the ugly costume adopted by the women of the Pusterthal in and about Brunecken.

It was not possible for me to have more than a brief holiday, three weeks, or a month at most.

On our return to Mersea I began my *Lives of the Saints* for the publisher, Hodges, who undertook to pay me £50 for each volume. Unhappily he became bankrupt and I never was fully paid for my labour and application.

CHAPTER VI

THE EIFEL AND THE ALGAU ALPS

1874-75

IN 1874 I went with my friend Gatrill to visit the Eifel. We went first to Trèves, a city full of historic interest. We walked out to the Amphitheatre: the wild pink roses were in full bloom and made me think of the massacre of the gallant Treveri there under Constantine. When the wild beasts that had been turned on them were glutted with blood and refused to continue their work Constantine ordered the surviving captives to kill one another. This they refused to do, and in preference fell on their own swords. I wondered whether the wild roses had tipped their petals in the blood of these noble martyrs for the cause of their people and country.

The cathedral is of special interest. It was the palace of Helena, mother of Constantine. This building she surrendered that it might be converted into a church. What rubbish at Colchester, to think that Helena was a daughter of old King Cole, "that merry old soul, who called for his fiddlers three." She was an hostelry at Drepanum, which Constantine afterwards named Helenopolis. She was doubtless a comely girl, who became the mistress of Constantius Chlorus, and so the mother of Constantine. But she was a strong character, and a noble woman, and has left her mark on the Church. The cathedral in its nave shows clear indications of the old Roman palace. The crossing of the transepts was over the atrium and impluvium, and was open to the sky till mediæval times.

Gatrill and I walked down the Moselle. The river was too low at Trèves for the boat, and besides we preferred to walk. We went to Bertrich, a watering-place a little way up from the Moselle, all hotels and lodging houses. There we spent Sunday, or at

least the greater part of it. A thunderstorm broke over the Eifel in the afternoon, and as soon as it was passed we walked on to Gillenfeldt. The Eifel district is most interesting : it is all volcanic and is studded with craters ; in some lie dark lakes, in others, that are dry, nestle villages.

At Gillenfeldt on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul there is usually a dance on a platform erected in the water over the lake. But owing to the rain it was this summer held in the village inn. We were utterly fagged, and though the dancers would fain have had us caper with them, we were unable to comply with their wishes, and retired to bed. The noise of the fiddles and tramp of feet, which continued until early morning, mingled with our dreams and interfered with sound slumber. Next day we went to the church to the celebration of SS. Peter and Paul and then walked on to Daun. There were craters everywhere. The Weinfelder Maar, said to be the loftiest in the district, is a perfect basin with a little church on the brink of the tarn. There are others quite as perfect and very curious. On the Eifel one feels as though on the surface of the moon, blistered with volcanic eruptions.

After dinner at Daun we walked to Manderscheid, where there are two old castles. A story attaches to one of these that when it was founded a child was buried beneath the foundation. About two years ago a portion of the wall fell and the skeleton of a child was found embedded in the cement. As Gatrill and I walked about Daun I was struck with the geological formation of the rocks, and said, " I am sure there is manganese about here." Then I called to mind that it was the Eifel manganese which killed our production of the metal at Lew. My grandfather and father had derived a good income from the manganese raised there. But the production in Germany was more abundant, labour cheaper, and all other expenses so much less than in England that it later failed to yield a remunerative return.

We slept at Manderscheid, and in the morning walked to the Mosenberg and back. It is a long hill of lava, with three peaks. After dinner we paid another visit to the ruined castles and then strolled back to our old quarters at Gillenfeldt.

I had a curious experience on the following day when, after passing through Lützerath, Driesch and Ellers, we made up our

minds to halt at Münster Maifeld, a little inland from the Moselle. The day was very hot, and, overcome by the heat, Gatrill lagged behind. I walked on ahead in order to secure rooms in a quiet inn. When I reached the place I, too, felt the need of rest and refreshment. Accordingly I went into the first *cabaret* that I came to and ordered some wine. To understand what follows you must know that all Jesuits and priests who will not conform to the Falck laws have been expelled from Germany and forbidden to re-enter. There were several peasants drinking in the little public-house, and I noticed that they eyed me curiously. I was wearing a white canvas suit and had on a red tie. Presently one of the peasants came up to me, and saluted me. "So, Father S——, you have come back to us again!" "How," said I, "I have never been here before." "Oh!" said the man, "we know you very well; you were in the Jesuit College here; we recognized you at once." "But," said I, "I am an Englishman, and have just come from Trèves." "Oh yes," he answered with a smile, "when the Prussian government turned you out, you went to Coblenz, thence to Brussels, and from Brussels to Trèves, and now you are with us again." "Nothing of the sort," I said. "I am an Englishman taking a foreign tour." "Whence do you come? from what part of England?" "From Colchester." "Ah, ha!" exclaimed the man, "I have been to school and learned geography, and I know there is no such place as Colchester in England, or, indeed, in the world." Just then I saw Gatrill's profile pass the window, so I started up, paid my shot and was leaving, when the hostess, who accompanied me to the door, touched my shoulder and said, "Glad to see you back; we will not inform the police."

How noticeable it is that a man's profession or calling stamps a mark upon his face! I remember in Iceland meeting Dr. Dasent, and he said to me as we were talking of some person, "I can always recognize a banker by the nape of his neck." There is no mistaking a groom or coachman, the set of their jaws tells you what they are, and there is a look about the close-shut lips of a lawyer, which proclaims his profession at once.

Gatrill and I were once at Malines on the fête of S. Rombaud, the patron saint of the town. In the *place* a fair was in progress. The principal attraction was a booth wherein the bills announced

that a Passion Play would be performed, preceded by tight-rope dancing and concluding with the laughable farce of "a Ghost in spite of himself." I was then in my clerical attire and did not like to go in, so begged Gatrill to report to me. To his great surprise when he went to the box office the woman who sold the tickets refused to take any money, and gave him a pass for one of the best seats. During the performance the tight-rope dancers, male and female, performed towards him with smiles and bows, and the audience regarded him with some degree of curiosity. He came away vastly puzzled. At the hotel where we sat down to *déjeuner* there were three young Belgian officers with an elderly gentleman, evidently the father of one of them. They eyed Gatrill with inquiry, and there was much whispering. At last the father walked up to him and addressed him. I went to his relief and spoke to the old gentleman, who told me that his son and his friend had been at the college at Turnhout and had recognized in Gatrill their old master, the Jesuit Père Schmidt. I assured him that there was a mistake, for my friend had never been at that, or any other, continental college; in fact, that he had never been out of England until a few months before. The old gentleman retired to his place unconvinced, but evidently feeling that further questioning would be trespassing on the laws of politeness. Presently he returned and apologized, and invited us both to lunch with him the next day at his château near Malines. We were unable to accept the invitation as we were leaving the town that evening. "He is on a secret mission and does not choose to be recognized," said the old gentleman to his companions, in a low voice, as Gatrill left the *salle*.

On January 23, 1874, the Duke of Edinburgh was married and made an entrance into London. I determined to go up to town with my wife to give her a pleasure, and witness the procession in S. James's Street, where I engaged a window. The day was cold and the snow fell. As I drove into Colchester I held over both our heads a very large crimson umbrella that I had purchased at Würzburg. It was as large as an ordinary carriage umbrella. As we drove along the high-road we encountered a pedlar with a bundle of umbrellas under his arm. His head was down against the wind and snow; but as my trap came up, he raised his eyes, and saw blazing before him the wide

expanse of crimson with a flower wreath impressed in the margin in the brightest colours, and ferule and handle of brass.

It was a sight such as he had never seen before ; down in the snow fell his collection of umbrellas, and as we drove on I turned my head, and could see the fellow standing staring after us, with eyes, mouth and hands wide open.

The sight in London hardly repaid the visit, as the soldiers who lined the street wore their greatcoats, because of the weather.

I once heard a characteristic anecdote of the Duke of Connaught when he was in Ireland. He had to halt one wet, muddy day at a little inn. He asked for a room where he could wash his hands and change his moist coat. He was shown upstairs, but saw that the passage and the room had been freshly carpeted.

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed the Duke. “ This will never do for me to step on your pretty carpet with my muddy boots.” And he sat down on the top step of the stairs and removed his boots before he would go in.

A day or two later a commercial traveller arrived, asked to be shown a room, and was conducted to the very same that had been offered to his Royal Highness. He also was wet and dirty. But he strode in without noticing the new carpet, and flung his wet waterproof, gaiters and cap on the clean white bed.

The landlady ventured to expostulate, and mentioned how differently the Duke had behaved.

“ D—— it,” answered the bagman. “ Princes can afford to consider people’s feelings. I cannot. Put the damage in the bill.”

In 1875 I began to feel the strain of constant work on the *Lives of the Saints*, moreover the climate told on me, and I suffered much from rheumatism. Accordingly, in the summer I determined to go for a month to the Algäu Alps with a party of friends.

We started a party of four from England—Gatrill, dear old C—— of Wakefield, K——, a curate of Horbury, and myself. I need say nothing of our journey to Strassburg. The west front of Strassburg Cathedral exercises on me an overpowering effect. In the early morning with the sun gilding its tracery and statuary, and with the bells dancing and ringing in the spire—or rather, in the connecting bell chamber—the effect is inexpressible. But I

found that my fellow-travellers were not affected to anything like the same degree. They preferred Cologne. But the façade of Cologne does not move me.

Alack and a day ! We went bathing in a stream outside the town, and got sorely stung by mosquitoes, C—— especially. He was a very large man, stout and red-faced, and wore a scarlet Garibaldi flannel shirt, with collar turned down over his white canvas jacket.

When we arrived at Sonthofen, very hungry, we entered the little inn, and C—— called for the *Speise-Karte* before ordering lunch. It was, of course, in German. He sat studying it, his face blotched with mosquito stings, looking like an ogre, and then shouted, “*Ich will haben Kind-braten !*” The German characters *R* and *K* are only slightly differentiated, and he mistook *Rind-braten* (roast beef) for *Kind-braten* (roast child). The waitress reeled back, burst into convulsions of laughter, and plunged into a back parlour to call up host and hostess, with their children, to see the ogre roaring for his accustomed feast. I was reminded of a quiet demand made by my mother of a *Kellner* at Linz in Austria, many years ago, for “*ein Stückchen Kaiser*” (a slice of the emperor), for “*Käse*” (cheese). It sent the waiter staggering back in uncontrollable merriment against the wall.

We had to send K—— back to England ; Gatrill, with great self-denial, promised to see him safely home. The poor fellow, who had not been out of England before, was scared out of his wits, and in mortal fear of being left behind. He could enjoy nothing, admire nothing, not the lovely scenery, not the meadows waving with forget-me-nots, not the picturesque villages, not the glorious minster of Strassburg, not even the red-legged storks perched on their nests.

I heard an amusing story of a gentleman in one of the fast through trains to Vienna. He had travelled night and day from Birmingham and had not had an opportunity to change his shirt. He was alone in a carriage, and at a station which preceded a tunnel he asked the guard how long the tunnel was. “*Ein Stund*”—an hour, thought the Englishman, “that will give me time to change my shirt.” So as the train moved he opened his portmanteau and drew forth a clean garment. Then he proceeded to strip ; but, alas ! *ein Stund* has a double meaning in German,

an "hour" or a "mile," and before the traveller had got into his new shirt the train had whisked out of the tunnel and drawn up at a station. Without any warning the guard threw open the door of the compartment in order to admit a lady and her two daughters. On both sides ensued a shock. The station-master was summoned, and a consultation held by guard and porters to discuss what was to be done, whilst the nervous traveller was vainly trying to fit a stud into its place and to get the linen collar to lie around his neck. It was with some difficulty that he induced the officials to let the matter pass over, and not detain him for improper exposure of his person.

We next went to Oberstdorf. I do not think that the Algäu Alps have been sufficiently appreciated in England. No more admirable spot for a visit during the summer can be found anywhere. Oberstdorf lies in a hollow with five valleys radiating from it, each full of interest and beauty, and the whole dominated by the Mädele Gabel with its snows. In the variety of excursions to be made from it, Oberstdorf surpasses Partenkirchen and Garmisch.

At Oberstdorf we were given a feast of snails. I cannot say that "they eat better than they cut." I tried one and that sufficed. Yet there they were esteemed a luxury.

The edible snail, *Helix pomatia*, according to tradition, was introduced into England by Sir Kenelm Digby as a cure for his wife, who was in a decline. But as it is found usually in the neighbourhood of Roman settlements, it is more probable that it owed its introduction from France, where it is a native, to the masters of the world. That snails were a favourite dish with the Romans we know. They had their *cochlearia*, in which the gasteropods were reared as they are still in France and Southern Germany. These nurseries consist of a large enclosed place, with a floor covered half a foot deep with herbs, in which the snails fatten. Fulvius Hirpinus was the first to discover the luxury, a little before the civil wars broke out between Cæsar and Pompey. The snails were pastured on bran sodden in wine. If we could credit Varro, they grew so large that the shells of some would hold ten quarts! The younger Pliny for his supper took one lettuce, three snails, two eggs, a barley-cake, sweet wine, and snow. In Germany the edible snail is largely cultivated; it is there called

the Weinsberg Schnecke. Great numbers are collected in Savoy, and are sold at the rate, on an average, of 20 centimes per hundred. In one day as many as fifty thousand will be brought into the market. They are sent in cases of five thousand by *petite vitesse* to Paris, where they are retailed at 80 centimes the dozen. Merchants keeping them in store place them in a cool cellar, where the snails, finding that they have nothing to eat, seal themselves up. Before snails are fit to be cooked they are made to disgorge what they have lately eaten, lest it should be unwholesome for those about to devour them. This is done by placing them in salt and water, which is changed six times.

Do you know how to cook them? Boil slowly in salt water and a little wood-ash till they thrust out of their shells. Wash in cold water several times. Dry and place in a pan with a bit of butter on top, and powder with a spoonful of flour, then moisten with a juice, half bouillon and half white wine, add a sprinkling of various savoury herbs and some mushrooms. Give them an hour's cooking, thicken with the yolk of egg, a little lemon, some crumbled simnel, and serve hot. A very delicious dish, *crede experto*, says a friend. There be things one prefers to take on trust than to experiment upon oneself.

Gatrill and I spent a few days at Marienbad, a *Kurort* for the reduction of fat. It is a great resort for Jewesses who have a tendency to *embonpoint* soon after they grow out of girlhood. At Marienbad stands the kiosk where the band plays, and from it radiate straight roads through the forest in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel. When the band is about to play a signal is given. A horn is also blown at the hour of the midday meal. Thereupon down all these avenues come rolling streams of globular women either to hear the music or to partake of lunch. Now we were at the midday meal in our hotel and opposite us at the table sat a rotund Jewess. If the waters of the spring are designed to reduce fat, these obese women make up at every meal for what good the water does.

Gatrill and I watched this woman, how she heaped up her plate and cleared it. Finally there came stuffed pigeons—and she managed to squeeze into her paunch a whole bird; after wiener-schnitzel, paprika, sausage in batter, kidney, etc. etc. As the last shred of the stuffed pigeon disappeared, Gatrill turned to me and

said in a low voice : " Eine gefüllte Taube hat eine andere gegessen."¹

Sir T. G. Jackson, in his monumental work on France, England and Italy, has neglected the national development of Germany. He says, and says rightly, that the churches on the Rhine were Lombardic, but that Cologne was inspired by French architecture. This is true, but what he has left out of consideration is that in the fifteenth century there was in Germany, as in England, an independent artistic upheaval that was national. In England we developed the Perpendicular style, whilst in France the Flamboyant prevailed. No two characteristics could have been more diverse. The Flamboyant was very beautiful, but it was to some extent effeminate and sensual. The English Perpendicular was the reverse. It was vigorous and national. In window tracery there was a desire to obtain spaces for stained glass, and for representations of saints and angels, full length. What we did achieve especially was the fan-tracery of our vaults, in which the stress was laid on the keystone which held the whole firm. No other nation achieved such magnificent results ; as in King's Chapel, Cambridge ; Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster ; and the Cloisters of Gloucester. For our parish churches no finer specimens can anywhere be shown than in the churches of Bury S. Edmund's, Boston, Louth, and Sherborne, though that was not at the time a parish church.

In Germany the architects broke loose from French influence, and the results were superb. They originated what I am inclined to call the " broken twig " tracery, and in mouldings the " interpenetration." In the former, instead of allowing the tracery to flow in easy and languid course, they snapped it short. And in mouldings they made them interpenetrate, pass through one another and reappear. It is a style intensely characteristic, and as different from French Flamboyant as is our English Perpendicular.

The very finest and most vigorous work in Germany is of this character, and it has been sorely neglected by our architectural students. We do not want it to be introduced into England, nor do we want the Flamboyant to be reproduced. Let us stick to our own national style of Perpendicular ; but let us study, admire,

¹ One stuffed dove has devoured another.

and learn lessons from German independent architecture of the fifteenth century.

There is another feature of German Gothic that merits attention—the treatment of the spires or caps to the towers. We know but too well how wearisome becomes to our eyes the lack of variety in our square towers, with or without battlements and pinnacles, and the extinguisher spires more or less attenuated. The square parish church tower becomes a little less tedious when it is furnished with a side turret at one angle, carried up above the top of the tower ; and the spire is slightly relieved when it has a coronal of lights or sound-holes under gables. Our English spire-capped towers have grown like natural plants out of the soil, but the foreign type, such as at Antwerp, consists of one story set, box-like, on another.

A pleasant relief to the spire was afforded after the Renaissance, and exhibited itself in Strassburg and in the granite church towers of Brittany.

But still later a bold diversion was made in the bulbous caps, infinitely diversified and almost invariably according picturesqueness to a distant view of a town. These are not confined to Germany, but are most conspicuously developed there. The caps are made of metal sheets, slate cannot be used where there is much wind ; and in Germany are usually of copper or are painted red. What mean and miserable stuff are the church towers of Wren and his followers in London !

I suppose no English architect would venture on reproducing in our land one of the first-class bulbous spires. But were he to do so, after a pause of astonishment and adverse criticism from such as cling to old English traditions, there would ensue an outburst of gratulation that he had added picturesqueness to a town which had previously been devoid of it, in a word, had been characterless.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOULD FAMILY AND LEW TRENCHARD

1874-75

ABOUT 1874 and 1875, in addition to my hagiological labours, I worked at the wills in Somerset House, and extracted all the particulars I could find relative to the Gould family, so that I may here quite fittingly give some of the results of my researches, prefacing them with some remarks upon Lew Trenchard, with which it has for so long been connected.

The valley of the Lew Water runs due east and west between ranges of high land to the north and south, which rise to the height of 600 feet above the sea, and were capped originally with downs. That upon the north has been under cultivation since I can recollect it, but that to the south is moorland to the present day, overgrown with gorse and heather.

Lew Water is supplied by two confluent streams that meet at Coombe Bow. That from the south rises on Fernworthy moor, that on the north in the marshes of Sourton, in the watershed between the Bristol and the English Channels. The meeting was at the point where the hills closed in upon the main Roman paved way leading from Exeter by Okehampton to Launceston and Cornwall. The name of Point attached to the farm at the junction of the two streams indicates the fact that here was a stone bridge (Pons).

The southern confluent breaks through the ridge, and the height above is occupied by a vast prehistoric camp, now called Burleigh, but formerly Gavul-ford (the Forked Way), because at this place branched off a way to Lydford. Here in 823 (?) was fought a notable battle in which the Britons were repulsed and driven back across the Tamar. The farm below the camp, now in ruins, bore the name of Slaughter.

Not half a mile below Point began a lake, Lew Water, Loch, Lough, Looe, that extended for over three miles as far as where now stands Coryton Station on the Great Western Railway, where it discharged into the Lyd. The lake banks are distinguishable throughout ; the soil of the lake bed consists of peat and rubble, whereas that of the banks is argillaceous clay.

The Lew Valley runs due east and west to a point where now stands the church, where it makes an abrupt bend to the east.

The valley of the Lew is characterized by a series of nodules of mountain limestone rising at intervals. At Coombe Bow is the loftiest, that has been quarried in later days. The second rose out of the lake opposite Lew House, and was crowned by a Celtic fortress, Dinabol. This also has been all but totally quarried away, leaving only a relic to the east. A third outcrop of limestone is at Lea by Coryton, which has also been quarried. A fourth never rose above the level of the River Lyd, and on it was built Sydenham House, whilst it was excavated to furnish that mansion with cellars. There is a fifth at Touney, and a sixth and final outbreak of limestone near Polson Bridge at Lifton Down.

Long previous to the name of Lew being imposed by the Celts the valley had attracted the attention of a prehistoric people of the flint and early bronze age.

Between the farms of Gallaford and Wooda, on the slope of the southern ridge, is a large pound, or enclosure, that has been bisected by a hedge so as to divide it into a couple of fields to be shared between the two farms. All the prehistoric pounds on Dartmoor lie on the north side of the hills, away from the drive of the prevalent S.W. winds and rain.

The valley furnished pasturage on the heights, the woods on the slopes provided game and the lake in the bottom supplied fish. All the drainage of the eastern ridge is towards the west in copious springs of the purest water.

At Lew Mill a spit of land projected into the lake, and upon this the early settlers erected a menhir in commemoration of a departed chief. There were other slabs and blocks of granite forming an important monument, but all the rest have been removed and employed either in the construction of the bridge, or as gate-posts. There were, however, others lying about within the memory of the old miller, as I was told when a boy.

Tumuli are marked upon Galford Down on the Ordnance Survey, but they are not prehistoric. They were compiled by the farmers to clear the ground, and by my grandfather, who desired the felspathic fragments wherewith to pave the yards at Lew. There exists, however, a large unrifled tumulus at Middle Raddon on land possessed by the Tremaynes.

Lew Church was probably founded by S. Petrock about the year 560. He was the son of Gwynllyu, prince of a portion of South Wales, who had his palace at Newport in Monmouthshire, where he founded the church. Petrock came as missionary into Devon and Cornwall, where he founded many churches. His father's name in Latin is Gungleus, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the inscribed stone at the entrance to Stowford churchyard, the adjoining parish, bears his name. The Cartulary of Quimperlé in Brittany that contains a Life of S. Gunthiern (Gwynllyu the King [thiern]) states that he died near the River Tamar. Petrock died about 580, on June 4.

For reasons mainly of the convenience of the site I have been led to the conclusion that the residence of the Saxon thegn was on the spit of land where now stands the Dower House.

In Doomsday Lew became a royal manor, with a knight's fee and responsible for the levy of three horsemen to serve the king.

No mention is made of the Manor House till the reign of Henry III, when it is described as *Manorium cum aula*, in the possession of the Trenchards; and silver coins from the time of Edward II have been found in the walls and below the floors.

From the Trenchards the estate passed to the Monks of Potheridge by marriage, and Lew became an appanage of the second son.

In James I's reign Sir Thomas Monk fell into difficulties and was enclosed in the debtors' prison in S. Thomas' parish by Exeter.

Henry Gould finally concluded the purchase of the manor in 1626, but as he possessed a handsome mansion, Floyers' Hayes, in S. Thomas' parish, he needed only a *pied à terre* when visiting Lew to treat with his tenants and to collect his rents, and, accordingly, took up his temporary residence at the house that had pertained formerly to the Saxon thegn.

Upon the death of Henry Gould in 1636, his widow, Anne,

resided at Lew Mill in the so-called Dower House till her death in 1667.

Upon the dining-room granite mullioned window is cut the date 1664, but this is the date of the several additions and alterations made to the far earlier house. This unfortunate habitation of widows has gone through several changes. To the south is a broad gable, and under the apex was originally a granite doorway, and to the drawing-room on the right was a five or six light granite window, and above that was another of much the same width, but not so tall. In 1664 Edward Gould removed the doorway, placed the entrance on one side, and converted the space where had been the ancient entrance into a recess for containing bee-hives. His object was to put into this wing, under this gable, a commodious staircase. The original one of stone was in the thickness of the wall in the dining-room, very steep, narrow and inconvenient. In the next place he narrowed the wide drawing-room window, cast out the granite mullions and substituted others of oak for them. He closed up a window looking into the court at the back, and panelled the room throughout and gave it a very beautiful plaster ceiling.

There was a charming little room on the left hand of the entrance hall that had oak panelling a century earlier, as also a singularly rich Elizabethan ceiling. But alas ! when my grandfather converted the Dower House into five cottages, he destroyed the ceiling, tore out all the panelling except on one side, and converted this delightful ladies' bower into a back kitchen.

On the Restoration the circumstances of the family were in a prosperous condition. Nicholas Gould, the brother of the deceased Henry Gould, had been created a baronet in 1660, and his first cousins, James and Sir Edward Gould, the latter residing at Highgate, were merchants of large fortune, and the relationship to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was close.

About this time probably some repair was done to the Manor House ; but Edward died of the plague in Exeter in 1667, when administering his mother's will. His widow married Francis Edgcombe, Esq. He was succeeded by his son, Henry, born 1657, who probably resided at Lew House till his death in 1704. His widow married the Rev. John Ellis, and died a resident at the Dower House in 1749.



THE POWER-HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

I most earnestly trust that neither my son nor my grandson will be induced to part with the Dower House, as that has been so much more the continuous residence of the family till the close of the seventeenth century. From 1718 the Manor House was fairly regularly occupied till 1736, when William Drake Gould inherited the Staverton estate, through decease of the eldest branch of the family, when he pulled down a portion of Lew House and went to reside at Pridhamsleigh in Staverton, leaving Lew House to his mother in 1796, since which date it has been the residence of her descendants by Margaret, her daughter and heiress, who married Charles Baring in 1767.

The story of Captain Edward Gould's trial for murder has been told by me in my *Devonshire Characters* under the heading of Dunning, Lord Ashburton.

Edward was the only son of William Drake Gould and of Margaret, his wife. He was born on December 27, 1740, at Pridhamsleigh, and he was aged twenty-seven when he inherited the Lew Trenchard and Staverton estates. He entered the army in the 15th Dragoon Regiment in 1760, but retired in 1764-5.

I have looked through piles of bills and bonds, extant at Sandridge, that reveal how heavily Edward Gould was indebted to Dunning, who knew all the ins and outs of the property, and was ready enough to lend on the security of these lands. Moreover, Captain Edward owed to Dunning a large sum for getting him off at the Exeter assizes when tried for murder. Edward's mother and his relative, Miss Joan Gould, of Rock, in Buckfastleigh, paid off a good many of his debts, but as fast as he was relieved, he managed to overload himself with fresh debts, and at length there ensued a final crash, 1777; when, by indenture dated May 14, Pridhamsleigh and many other holdings passed to John Dunning.

There still remained some lands in Widdecombe and Holne, not yet alienated, but these also were made over to Dunning on October 20, 1779, after which Edward had not an acre of land left on which to plant his foot, nor a house of his own to cover his head. Lew he had long ago mortgaged to his mother for ninety-nine years, so that he could not sell that. He lived at Shaldon, and died there on June 29, 1788. His last request was that he might be conveyed to Bath, to be buried in the abbey,

beside the body of a married woman who had eloped with him in years gone by, and who had predeceased him. He left no will. There was no administration of his effects, for he left *nothing*.

John Dunning was the nephew of Margaret, "The Pearl in Gold right meetly set," the first wife of Edward Gould of Combe and Pridhamsleigh. She died without issue and was buried at Staverton on April 26, 1662. She was the daughter of Wilmot Dunning, widow, of Gnatham, in Walkhampton parish.

John Dunning, created Baron Ashburton in 1762, married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Francis Baring, Bart., and had by her a son, Robert Barré, second Lord Ashburton, born in 1781. His father died in 1783. In 1805, Robert Barré, Baron Ashburton, married Anne Selby Cunninghame, daughter of William Cunninghame of Lainshaw, Co. Ayre, and died without issue. He left all his estate to his wife's nephews for life. These were James Edmund, Lord Cranstown, and Charles Frederick.

Lord Cranstown died in 1869. By Robert Barré's will, after the death of his wife's nephews, the estates were to go to his wife's nieces, Margaret Elizabeth, who died unmarried, and Anna Maria Isabella Macleod, the last survivor to dispose of the property. Robert Bruce Æneas Macleod of Cadboll, Co. Cromarty, came into the property in 1784; he had issue, Roderick, born in 1786, who married the sixth daughter of Mr. Cunninghame, and the only one who had issue. The property was left so as not to go to any of her sons, but to her daughters. Her sons were Robert Bruce Æneas, who died about 1888, and Henry Dunning, who died in 1902. But they had no interest in the estates, which went to Margaret, a daughter of Baron Cranstown. This daughter married a Belgian, the Baron de Virte, who died in 1904. Then it passed to the third daughter of Elizabeth Macleod, who had married John Wilson of Seacroft, Yorkshire. She had three sons, Roderick John, who died without issue in 1883, whereupon the second son, David Bruce, inherited Seacroft; and by a sliding clause, Arthur Henry, the third son, stepped into the position of the second son, and inherited all the Devonshire property that had once belonged to the Goulds, except Lew Trenchard. He is of Sandridge Park, and has an only daughter.

Pridhamsleigh House is now occupied by a farmer. It consists of a moderately sized mansion built so as to form three sides of a quadrangle and on a steep slope. It has gone through much renovation, and nearly all the fine oak in the grounds has been cut down. The hall has been turned into a wood-house, and the old back entrance has become the principal one. The glazing of the hall windows was quaint, and I have reproduced it in the lights of the ballroom at Lew. In the spacious kitchen is the old roasting jack in good working order. Beneath the house are extensive cellars for cider. The pigeonry is very interesting and perfect ; it is situated in the orchard. The sun-dial from Pridhamsleigh, with on it the arms and E. G., 1696, I was allowed to remove and place over the porch at Lew.

During my researches into the collateral branch of the Gould family I had the great good fortune of making acquaintance with Mr. Edward Gould, of Earl's Colne, the last male representative of James Gould, Mayor of Exeter, a staunch royalist who saved the lead roof of the cathedral and the bells, when the Parliament was preparing to sell them, by himself purchasing them and leaving them *in situ*. In Exeter there were something like sixteen parish churches in addition to the cathedral, and it was a question with the Commissioners whether they should pull down the cathedral and sell the materials, or sell the sixteen churches. James Gould by his purchase rescued the cathedral, and it was used in place of two churches, a brick wall being erected at the screen, to divide the nave from the choir.¹ All that was pulled down was the cloister, because people walked and talked there to the annoyance of the preacher in the nave.

James Gould, Mayor of Exeter in 1648, was the brother of Henry Gould, of Lew Trenchard. "He was bred a merchant in the city of Exon," says Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, 1701, "where, by a diligent hand and the blessing of God, he grew rich." Here is a fuller account of his resolute loyalty from *The Answer of the Merchants Petitioners of Leghorn*, Lond. 1704, on behalf of Edward, the second son of this James of Exeter.

"Mr. Gould's friends conceive it a piece of Justice which he's bound in duty to pay to the memory of his deceased Father,

¹ One portion to serve for Presbyterian, the other for Independent predications.

James Gould of Staverton in the County of Devon, Esq^r., to give the Reader this Short and Just Character of him, as it is set forth in a Printed Book, entitled *Antiquities of the City of Exeter* (1677) collected by Rich^d. Isack Esq^r. Chamberlain thereof. ‘He (James) was High Sheriff of the City and County (of Exeter) in Devon in the year 1646, which office he discharged with great Ability and Uprightness.

“ ‘He was made Mayor of the said City in the 24th year of the Reign of Charles the First, viz. *Anno Dom.* 1648. That Black and Fatal Year, in which the Anointed of the Lord was beheaded. . . . After the King’s death (says Isacke) Proclamations being brought to this Mayor, he refused to Proclaim or Receive them ; but with Scorn and Contempt (being by the Messenger left in his House) threw them out of his Door. And when the Judges of the Assizes in their Circuit came hither, he likewise slighted them and would not acknowledge their Power, for which they fined him Two hundred Pounds ; for the Recovery of which they troubled him in the Court of Exchequer. In which he appeared and defended himself so well, and so far, until the Attorney General entered a *Non vult prosequi* against him. And at the next Summer Assizes, the Judges executed their Commission at Tiverton, where before and since they never sat, which was purposely done, by way of Revenge of this Mayor’s Stubbornness towards them.’

“ And my author further says, ‘That he was a Person of Low Stature but of Undaunted Courage ; of whom may be said what was once attributed to Alexander the Great, *Mens tamen in parvo corpore magna fuit.*’

“ Thus far the Chamberlain concerning his Father, and it would be an Injury done to his Ashes, if there should not here be added this Testimony following of them, which is true to Mr. Gould, the Son’s own Knowledge, viz. That though the Crown was fallen from the Royal Head which wore it, yet nothing could make him deflect from the most Steady Principles of his Conscience. . . . This was the Spring that moved him, with the Rest of the loyal Gentlemen, to hold out the City of Exeter as long as ever they could against Cromwell’s forces. And when, by the Power of their Numbers, it was at last reduced, it was this James Gould that ransomed, at the Expense of Several Hundreds

of Pounds, the Cathedral thereof from being plundered of its Covering of Lead, Bells, and other Ornaments. King Charles the Second was so fully satisfied of his loyalty, that when he was in Holland, he drank this Mayor's health, and said, he blessed God, all was not Dross among the Mayors of England, for he had still there One that was true *Standard Gold*.

"Whoever has a Mind to look into the Race of the Goulds will find the stem to be deep and ancient (especially in the Counties of Devon and Dorset) ; and the Branches thereof widely spreading. Their Scutcheons have been ennobled by Several Intermarriages, and they can boast of their having had a Lord High Treasurer of England among their Alliances, and now of having the Honour to be related to the most noble Family of the Churchills, by a late Marriage of the Lieutenant General of that name, Brother of the most valiant, most puissant and most Illustrious Duke of Marlborough, to the daughter of James Gould of Dorchester, Esq^r. The father of this James Gould (of Exeter) was likewise uncle of George Monk, afterwards the most Noble Duke of Albemarle. . . . In his Father's House it was that he and other Royalists consulted about the Happy Restoration of the Monarchy.

"Soon after the King's return to England, his Majesty was most graciously pleased to make particular Enquiry for him, in order to give him some Mark of his Princely Favour, but he died a little too soon to receive any Return of Honour or Profit from His Royal Hand, for in the latter end of the year 1659, that loyal and courageous Mayor paid the last Debt of Nature, upon which the King was pleased to make his Brother (Nicholas) Baronet."

Edward, the second son of this James Gould, was a Leghorn merchant, he was knighted, and his portrait was painted by Carlo Maratti. He must have been a bit of a fop, for he wears in his picture red ribbons about his wrists and as a necktie.

He had but a daughter, who died unmarried.

James, Edward's elder brother, who died in 1680, was a China merchant. On one of his visits to China he had himself modelled in clay dressed as a mandarin ; he clearly did it as a joke, for the moulder reproduced the amused expression of his face. This, on his return, he presented to his wife.

James had two sons, James, in the Foot Guards, who was killed in the battle of Malplaquet, September 7, 1709; and Edward, who was heir to his uncle, Sir Edward Gould. He married Jane, daughter of Sir Francis Pemberton, of Much Hadam, Kent, Lord Chief Justice, who defended the Seven Bishops in the memorable Trial of 1688.

By Jane, Edward had a large family. His portrait was painted by Kneller.

Both James Gould the elder, James the merchant, and Sir Edward left considerable fortunes, but the accumulated money was not to be touched for thirty years.

Alas ! Edwin Thoroton Gould came in for the accumulations, married Lady Barbara Yelverton, only child and heiress of the Earl of Sussex ; ran through the Earl's property and that of his grandfather and great uncle, and died in Paris, unable to show his face in England, for fear of arrest. His son, Henry Edward, changed his name to Yelverton to inherit the barony of Grey de Ruthyn. The barony passed through a female heiress to the Hastings family, and is now held by the Earl of Loudoun.

Of all the fortunes left by Sir Edward Gould, and James Gould, the China merchant, little remains save the clay figure with a smirk on the face, modelled in China, that now stands on a shelf in my gallery.



SIR EDWARD GOULD, KT.
From a painting by Carlo Maratti

CHAPTER VIII

FREIBURG

1877

IN the year 1876 I went to Lew with my family. I had received distressful letters from my uncle imploring me to go down. The tenant to whom I had let Lew House was a Mr. X——, and he had proved most unsatisfactory. He himself was a poor bleached creature, like sea-kale but not so tall, and was in fragile health. His wife was a buxom woman. She filled the house with young men who drank, gambled, and flirted with her. When any of the party came to church, it was to behave with so great impropriety as to scandalize the congregation. Accordingly, I had to give Mr. X—— notice to quit, and, singularly enough, he died in the very last week of his tenancy. The servants carried away a good many things from the house. Amongst other articles were the contents of a drawer of uncut opals. The lock had been forced and the stones purloined.

Nor was this all. The innkeeper, a patriarchal-looking man, with snowy beard, had seduced the wife of the local saddler. So I had to displace him, and I put in his room his son, a very respectable man, with a nice capable wife. The saddler separated from his wife, left the place, and settled in London.

As may be understood, under the circumstances my uncle pressed me to go down to Lew for a while so as to quiet disorders; accordingly I put my friend Gatrill in charge of my Essex parish.

On January 12, 1877, I began the restoration of Lew Church by the demolition of the deal pews, which I replaced with carved oak benches, old and new.

The altar was a deal box on legs, that contained my uncle's canonicals and the communion plate. Thus, every Sunday,

preparation for Divine Service began with the yawning of the Lord's Table, and its disgorging surplice and stole. My uncle wore no hood. He had not proceeded beyond his B.A. degree at Cambridge. All I could then do was to provide a decent altar frontal, tight fitting, in place of the straggling and sweeping, as well as moth-eaten, blue baize tablecloth.

I returned to Mersea on May 6th.

In September I received an appalling letter from the Vicar of Staverton. The architect of the Dean and Chapter, Ewan Christian, had undertaken the "restoration" of the church. The ledger-stones had been torn up and thrown out into the graveyard, and our family vault was being filled up with concrete. All that remained to me of the Staverton estate were the bones and memorials of my ancestors. If I desired to save either or both, the vicar wrote, I must go down at once. This accordingly I did.

One day I was in the church. Just below the chancel step was the grave of Julian Rowe of Will, daughter of Edward Gould of Combe. She had died in 1696. A few days before I went to Staverton I had been in Somerset House reading her will. It was very long. The old lady seems to have forgotten no one related to her in any degree. To her son, John Rowe, she bequeathed her "brass chattle, press, chaire and bed, now in the parlour chamber at Will; a grate pair of andirons, wedding-ring and striped carpet and brass andirons." To her grandson, John Rowe, son of the above, "My silver Salt. To granddaughter, Joan Rowe, a silver-gilt spoon marked J.R.; to granddaughter, Julian Rowe, forty shillings. To son William a gould mourning ring. To grandson Roger Rowe a silver tankard and £20. To son James Rowe the largest silver-gilt bowle and mourning ring, marked M.G. To my daughter Julian one Sammy gown and scarlet broad-cloth petticoat with silver lace, and linen and beds from Wash . . . a silver caudle-cup and silver dish. To son Edward Rowe four Turkey chairs and looking-glass in the Hall-chamber at Will, four Turkey cusheons, and two silver bowles and one gilt, now at Wash. To sister Elizabeth Cloud a broad piece of gold seal with the Rowe arms."

As I stood holding Julian Rowe's skull in my hand, musing on the way in which the busy and kindly brain it had contained had thought of all whom she desired should remember her, one of

the vicar's daughters rushed into the church fluttering an orange envelope. This contained an announcement that my wife at Mersea had given birth to a son.

"Then Julian shall be his name," said I.

As I write this, the same Julian Baring-Gould, born on the 5th of September, is returned from Sarawak, where he has been in the service of the rajahs for twenty-three years. Having accomplished his time he comes back to England with a pension.

On October 11, 1877, we all started for Freiburg in Baden. I had suffered considerably from aguish attacks and bronchitis. My friend Gatrill was at Mersea as my *locum tenens*. My second daughter, Margaret (Daisy), had been ill with bronchitis, and was so delicate that I was required to take or send her abroad, as the damp, marshy island of Mersea, and the bitter east winds in spring, were prejudicial to her health and might throw her into a decline. Curiously enough, in 1900, she married a Philip D. Rowe of Great Haye, so that the Rowe connexion was relinked.

In place of choosing a warm and relaxing place of exile, I resolved on making Freiburg im Breisgau my winter quarters, as dry and bracing, though cold. I had been advised that it was a better health resort than Vevay or Lausanne.

On reaching Freiburg I was struck with the gorgeous autumnal colouring of the Black Forest, the beech golden-yellow, the bird-cherries carmine, and the pines sombre green. I expressed my admiration to the waiter at the inn. "Freilich!" said he, "our mountains are fossil rainbows."

I at once wrote to Sutton to send down six hundred bird-cherries to Lew, and gave orders that they should be planted in the woods. This proved a failure, as the leaves fell before the frosts came to touch and translate their colour. They have proved a greater satisfaction to the birds than to me.

An amazing sight at Freiburg was that of the market-women coming in from the country with perambulators, in which lay young pigs being taken to market to be sold. This was my first acquaintance with perambulators, which had not then made their way into England.

At Freiburg we made the acquaintance of Frau von Hillern, the distinguished authoress of *Die Geir-Wally* (The Vulture Maiden)

and *Ein Arzt der Seele*, which I was engaged in translating, and which was published under the title of *Ernestine*. It is the story of a medical man who deliberately brings up a maiden without religion, and kills what natural religion he finds in her conscience. The tale describes the gradual awakening of the girl's soul to the truths of Christianity. Both are powerful stories. At Freiburg I was told that, actually, plot, characters and much of the working out of the tales were due to one of the professors of the University. This I set down as local gossip, and doubted it ; but her subsequent novels, such as *Sie kommt doch*, are coarse and disagreeable, and show no signs of the talent displayed in the two former.

Frau von Hillern was the daughter of Frau Birch-Pfeiffer, the dramatic authoress, whose plays are very delightful. Frä. Birch-Pfeiffer appeared once only on the stage at Mannheim, where Herr von Hillern saw her, and fell in love and married her. When I made her acquaintance she was elderly, grey-haired and lame, for she had been a keen rider, had fallen from her horse and so injured her thigh that she could not walk without a stick. She was anything but beautiful ; she had a wolf-like appearance, with very large jaws, and grey eyes under heavy brows. Herr von Hillern was a retired judge, living at Freiburg, and was Chamberlain to the Grand-duke. Frau von Hillern told me that the Grand-duke of Baden had said, after returning to his own land, from a visit to England : " Now, at last, I can eat in comfort, and put my knife into my mouth."

Frau von Hillern, at the time when we arrived in Freiburg, was furious, because a young German woman in the United States was walking for wagers and advertised herself as Miss von Hillern, whereas her real name was Schmidt. The ex-judge wrote to the German Ambassador at Washington to have a stop put to this assumption of his name. Nothing, however, could be done to prevent it, by American law ; so Frau von Hillern's wrath was directed against all things American.

No man in Germany is considered a gentleman *armiger* unless he has a *von* prefixed to his name, and he cannot assume gentility arbitrarily ; he must have the *von* granted to him by the Emperor, the King or his Prince. On this privilege being accorded the man assumes a coat-of-arms ; he does more, he seals his letters with a coronet of strawberry leaves, as though he were a duke.

But only where *von* precedes a territorial name does it possibly indicate nobility or gentility. Consequently all the von Müllers, von Webers, von Schmidts, von Schornsteinfegers are *parvenus*. But this distinction is not always true. The artist Schnorr entitled himself Schnorr von Carolstadt, because he had been born at Carlstadt, though his family had never possessed an acre of land in the township.

Acting in the theatre as prima donna was a Frau von Fels. She was a handsome Jewess. Herr von Fels was actually a Prince of Thurn and Taxis, but forfeited his title so as to marry her. I have told the story in the fifth chapter of my *Early Reminiscences*. She exacted from her husband that, whenever she acted, he should throw a bouquet on to the stage at her feet, and get his friends to do the same.

The English chaplain at Freiburg was a Mr. Lawrence. His eldest daughter was over five feet nine inches high and bony. One day, walking down the Kaiser Strasse, the principal street in the town, she noticed on the footway a couple of Prussian officers swaggering along with an insolent air and defiant. She reasonably expected that one of them would step into the roadway to allow a lady to pass. But not they. Their purpose was to force her to leave the pavement, cross the runnel of water, and step on to the cobbles of the street, or else they designed to crush her against the wall, as did Baalam's ass with the prophet.

She looked firmly at them, but they stared back undauntedly, and did not stir. Then she put her hands upon their epaulettes, gave them a twist, and sent one man round with his face to the wall, and the other off the footway into the runnel, and walked composedly between them.

The humiliation of these officers was so great—not because they had behaved like cads, but because they had been spun like tee-totums by an English girl, that both were forced to leave Freiburg for another regiment quartered in Lithuania.

At Freiburg was a Major Festing with his daughter, a pretty girl. He had come from Homburg. At table d'hôte, when he was seated for *déjeuner*, there entered two German officers with eyeglasses, who raked the table, and, one nudging the other, took their seats opposite to Festing and his daughter. During the meal their behaviour was offensive. The father's blood was up.

At dessert one of the officers began to crack nuts on the table.

The English major called to the waiter and said : “ *Kellner*, fetch me a coal-hammer.”

“ A coal-hammer, mein Herr, what for ? ”

“ A coal-hammer. I want to crack nuts with it on the dinner table.”

Up sprang the principal officer. “ Is this intended as an insult ? ” he inquired fiercely.

“ Not at all,” replied Festing ; “ I desire above all things to conform to the manners of polite society, wherever I find myself. When I am at Rome I do as Romans do. When I am among wolves—I howl.”

The waiter was aghast. When the father and daughter rose to leave the Speisesaal, he said with a blank face to the former : “ Do you know whom you have been addressing ? ”

“ I neither know nor care.”

“ It is Prince Wilhelm von Bismarck.”

Count Herbert von Bismarck was pushing himself very unceremoniously into the room at a reception of Pope Pius IX and was told to stand back. Only a limited number were admitted to audience at a time.

“ Are you aware whom you are repelling ? ” asked the Count haughtily. “ Know that I am a Bismarck.”

“ That,” answered the chamberlain, “ fully accounts for, but does not excuse, your bad manners.”

One of Bismarck’s sons got into money difficulties, and that not by any means for the first time ; I think it was Wilhelm. He went to his father about them, and desired relief. The Prince received him very coldly, and said : “ I have no money for you, but ”—opening his table drawer—“ I will lend you a pistol.”

I do not mean to intimate that there is absolute dearth of gentlemanly manners and feeling among the German, especially among the Prussian officers. Because Prince Bismarck was bearish in his conduct it was esteemed the right thing to assume an insolent manner. But it was forgotten that behind this brutality of behaviour lay a great genius. Every petty officer, without a grain of talent in him could easily, and did actually, copy the *Grobheit* of the great exemplar. It needed culture to

suppress his inordinate self-conceit and self-assurance, and this was precisely what these men did not possess.

I shall now insert some letters written by me from Freiburg to my friend, Gatrill.

DREIKÖNIG STRASSE NO. 10,
FREIBURG i/B,

November 5, 1877.

MY DEAR G.,

First about this place. We have secured a flat just outside the town. Our landlord is a Dr. Schill, a geologist, who married his housekeeper, a handsome woman with an incipient goitre which she carefully conceals beneath an enormous brooch, a cameo with Venus on it. "Emma," the landlady, is a curiosity. She possesses, apparently, an inexhaustible variety of grand gowns, and we watch with interest the variations in her daily costume. The floral changes of the surface of the earth are great and successive. So are those of Frau Schill, I beg her pardon, Frau Doctor Schill—women in Germany take the official titles of their husbands. In the morning, glimpses are to be had of her in very dirty and tattered petticoats and bodice with soiled sleeves. She, with the doctor and two dogs, Popperli and Schücherli, occupy an annexe, a sort of rabbit-hutch built up against our house. She throws all the broken crockery, old newspapers and cabbage stalks into the garden before our doors. The garden is also a dumping-ground for wrecked chairs, torn window blinds and dishevelled mats. In vain in the morning do I try to tidy up before visitors call. By the end of the day the litter has again accumulated. I ventured to remonstrate, and sought for the most delicate terms in which to express my dislike of the litter. "Ach Gott!" exclaimed the Frau Doctorin, "freilich, es ist eine Schweinerei." But she has made no attempt to clean up the piggery.

The furniture of the house suffers from many infirmities, the joints are weak, and the chair backs afflicted with lumbago. The cupboards have each lost a foot. The muslin curtains are tied back with bits of dirty pink ribbon that at one time served to adorn "Emma's" hair. One, I am convinced, is a discarded garter.

A few days ago the Celebration of All Saints and All Souls took

place. On the Eve the people decorate the graves of their relatives, and on the afternoon of All Saints visit them and pray for the departed. The cemeteries have become flower-gardens, and folk rival each other in the originality and beauty of the floral decorations. The graves are adorned with solanum, primulas, the white feathery Michaelmas daisy, etc. Wreaths have been woven, festoons formed, and crosses fashioned out of leaves, flowers and berries. One garland I noticed of holly-berries wound round a crown of vivid green moss. Another is made of autumn leaves and grasses, picked out with scarlet poppies. A whole grave is bordered with mignonette and heart's-ease. A tomb of red sandstone has been edged with silver-leaved fever-few and rosebuds. On a well-weeded grass mound is written with the red berries of the mountain-ash "Ruhe-Sanft"; on another, fashioned out of pansies, "Mütterchen denk an mich."

On a husband's grave stands a burning lamp with Michaelmas daisies forming a belt round it, and the words "Zum Wiedersehen." The crosses of babies bear white muslin weepers.

One sees many pretty and touching incidents. Three little children, the youngest aged five, were doing up their mother's last resting-place, and I could see by the headstone that she died in childbirth five years ago. The little creature that cost her mother's life was now laying on the turf in forget-me-nots (I fear artificial) *Vergiss mir nicht!*

Another group of little ones was beautifying the resting cradle of a baby brother. They had brought a large wreath and a cross in a go-cart, and the eldest boy was engaged in surrounding the mound with white pebbles, whilst the others were regaling themselves after their exertions by a meal off a raw turnip.

A father and his children were standing at the foot of his wife's grave. Each had brought a twisted wax taper, and had set it, lighted, on the mound, where the flames twinkled like stars in the midst of the clusters of flowers with which it had been covered. They had their hands folded and prayed in silence. Then the father produced a stone jar and sprinkled the grave thrice with the holy water it contained. He passed it on to his son who did the same. The sister repeated the action, and so it went on to the youngest child.

The cemeteries—there are two—are full of beautiful monu-



FREIBURG IN BADEN

ments. The old graveyard, now closed, has a curious chapel, over the porch of which are paintings of two gigantic skeletons; one points to the clock and brandishes his scythe. The other is writhing in the toils of the undying worm. Within the porch is a Dance of Death. There are twelve subjects. Death fiddles a baby to sleep, and rocks its cradle. Death takes a pen from a schoolboy's hand when he has written O in his alphabet. Death takes the cross off a man's shoulder, and under the picture are the lines: "Death alone relieves the married man of the cross he has himself laid on his own back."

Some of the inscriptions on the tombstones are neat, and some touching. On an obelisk we read: "In Uprightness alone can I find Repose." On another monument a little boy is shown sleeping under an urn, from which a butterfly escapes. With one hand the child holds a snapped bough, bearing unripened fruit, with the other he is closing his ear to the sounds of the earth. Beneath is written merely: "He will wake presently!"

The new cemetery is outside the town. Above the entrance gate is inscribed in letters of gold: "De Mortuis nil nisi bene."

A peasant who was a bit of a scholar and his mother came up. "What is the meaning of those words?" asked the old woman.

"They are Latin," replied the youth. "They mean: 'Von den Todten es bleibt nichts als Gebeine.'" (Of the dead nothing remains but the bones.) This will apply as well to the form in which the passage is usually given in England: "De Mortuis nil nisi bonum."

I get very enjoyable walks to villages in the neighbourhood. To-day I have been up to the ruined castle of Schneeberg, the seat of the noble family of Schnewlin, now extinct. Above it, parted by a valley, rises an extraordinary mountain of volcanic conglomerate, round and tree-covered to its summit. This is the scene of a Tannhäuser legend, the knight who went into the mountain being one of the Schnewlins of Schneeberg. The hill on which the ruined castle stands is covered with traveller's joy: the sun shining on the feathery seeds gave it a strange gauzy look.

We are not far from Zähringen, the cradle of the Grand-ducal House of Baden, but the ruin of the castle is so complete that it has lost all architectural features, although it retains its legendary import.

The story is this. The ancestor of the Dukes of Zähringen was a charcoal-burner in the Black Forest ; one day he made his pile of wood, covered it over with earth and stones, and lighted the heap. When all was burnt out and he cleared the spot, he found on it much molten silver. From that time he continued his charcoal burning, covering the pile with stones and earth, and was always successful in obtaining silver. By this means he accumulated a great treasure of the metal.

Now it fell out that at this time the Emperor had been cast from his throne by a rebellion, and he fled with his wife and children to the Kaiserstuhl chain of low mountains nearly opposite Freiburg, rising out of the basin of the Rhine. There he suffered much distress and shed many tears (Zähren). Thence he announced that he would give his daughter in marriage to any man who would help him to recover his throne, and that he would create him a Duke. The collier, hearing of this, visited the Kaiserstuhl range and promised the Emperor as much silver as would enable him to regain his lost position ; and made over to him the accumulations of precious metal. In reward for this the Kaiser married his daughter to the charcoal-burner, created him a Duke of Zähringen, and granted to him a tract of land in the Black Forest, as well as the silver-bearing mountains therein.

In commemoration of their origin the Dukes of Zähringen, ancestors of the House of Baden, bore as their crest a collier's cap, surmounted by a globe of silver ore.

The genuine history of the family is interesting. The first that is known in history was a certain Bezelin of Villingen, in the tenth century, Count of Thurgau, Brisgau and Ortenau. He obtained much land in Baden, and the acquisitions were enlarged under his son, Berthold I, Count of Zähringen, created in 1061 Duke of Carinthia and Marquess of Verona. He was, however, deposed in 1072, but his sons recovered most of his titles and territories. His youngest son, Hermann I, who died in 1074, became Marquess of Verona and regained part of Baden. The son of this Hermann, of the same name as his father, established himself in Baden and assumed the title of Margrave of Baden.

Berthold von Zähringen, the last of the direct line, died in 1218, and is buried in the cathedral. His is the only monument

that remains. On All Souls' Day a taper burned before it. The people tell strange stories of him. He was a sort of Nebuchadnezzar, filled with pride and very cruel. At last one day he had a child roasted and brought to his table. After having tasted a mouthful of the *Kinderbraten* he went raving mad, melted up all the silver plate and money he had, made it into one great lump and rolled it into a cavern in the Rosskopf mountain, went in after it and disappeared from human sight. The rest of the story is a Black Forest version of Barbarossa with some variations. Turned to stone, he sits at a table, but once in the year the sound of the church bells of Zähringen penetrates to the heart of the mountain and he becomes flesh and blood again. He looks at the lump of silver, and counts his jewels spread before him. But directly the bells cease ringing, his feet, then his legs, then hands, heart, and head become stone once more.

In 1801 Baden was compelled by Napoleon to cede to France all the possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, and in return was given the bishopric of Constance, parts of the bishoprics of Basle, Spires and Strassburg, as well as numerous suppressed abbeys. Annexations followed, and the Duke of Zähringen by the grace of Napoleon became Grand-duke of Baden.

The population here is by no means pure German in appearance. The original settlers were Celts, and presumably Celtic remains have been found on the Schönberg. The majority of the people have dark hair and eyes. The land was invaded by the Cimbri and Teutons, whom Marius massacred on the field of Pourières. But they did not settle in Baden, only passed through it. A real invasion took place later, when it was occupied by the Suevi. In the third century it fell under the sway of the Allemanni, who were, I suspect, a horde of mixed breed, Swabians, Franks and Saxons. Although the Allemanni spoke German, their dialect was peculiarly bad and almost unintelligible. The poet of the people is Hebel, whose *Allemanische Gedichte* are delightful. They have had, however, to be rendered into literary German in order to be generally understood.

The men are certainly undersized. In the double transept of the cathedral, which was crammed with men on All Saints' Day at High Mass, I towered above their heads, and I failed to see a fair-haired man among them. I am exactly six feet high.

DREIKÖNIG STRASSE NO. 10,

FREIBURG 1/B,

16 Nov., 1877.

MY DEAR GATRILL,

The Minster Platz, the Karls Platz before the barracks, and the great exercising ground are all devoted to the fair, and the soldiers have accommodately made room for the whirligigs and shooting booths, and drill along the roads in the mud. No whirligigs have invaded the sacred surroundings of the Minster, but the open space is converted into a town of wooden booths with two streets running between them ; the booths have overflowed into the Kaiserstrasse, the main artery of the town, and line it for some distance right and left. I cannot enumerate what is sold ; for everything is for sale in these out-of-door shops—images, pictures, toys, ready-made clothing, pots and pans—such charming old-fashioned crocks that I long to buy a lot—boots and shoes, furs, jewellery, etc. A converted Arab in a fez has a stall where he peddles flowers from Bethlehem and Tabor, wood from the Mount of Olives, rosaries which have touched the Holy Sepulchre, etc., in fact, he is the modern representative of the old relic-hawker. Poor Arab ! he sits shivering in the raw November air, and his stall attracts no customers ! Peasants are drawn more strongly to the dealer in ready-made trousers, which they are trying on over their old and worn breeks, and they have not an eye or a thought for the flowers of Bethlehem. Down the lane comes a countryman with a boar-pig covered with coarse hair, a monstrous animal, very frightened and obstinate. A great dog, employed by the keeper of one of the booths to watch his boxes during the night, resents the approach of the boar and falls on him furiously. The boar drives his little tusks at him, a man takes a stick and belabours the dog, the dog gets his muzzle off and bites the boar, and in the midst of the fight the man who is dragging the boar by a cord round its leg, lets go the cord, and his charge, seizing the opportunity, rushes into a booth of “Herrenkleider.” Away over the counter skips the proprietor with a scream ; the dog dashes in after the boar, and then ensues a turmoil ! Garments of every hue and quality rain off their pegs on to the pig’s back, are rolled up, trampled upon and

befouled by the beast as he backs among them in order to get out of the way of the dog. The peasant recovers the end of the cord and tries to drag the boar out of the "Herrenkleider" booth, while the proprietor attacks him with as great fury as the dog attacks the boar. After much trouble the dog is beaten off, and then the boar is dragged out by two or three men, and gets his leg broken in the struggle. All this while a young *bauer* who was trying on a pair of breeches was hopping about with one of his legs thrust into the new trousers and was flapping with the other at the dog. And the Arab—"proximus ardet Ucalegon"—was cowering over his relics in terror lest the combatants should upset his stall and scatter his holy wares.

In the Karl's Platz are several shooting halls and shows. Among the latter is a "Nord Pol Theater," in which four Laplanders, their reindeer and dogs are exhibited. I went in. The curtain rises in a very odorous, ancient and fishlike smell and discloses a scene of polar ice with a tent of skins on the stage. From this crawls a Lapp boy, and presently a whole family emerges on all fours. They proceed to remove the tent. A Lapp woman is seen spinning reindeer sinews into thread, while Lapp men rush round the stage on snow shoes; they dance and sing, lasso a reindeer and bring it among the audience, not forgetting to collect *trinkgeld* for themselves. They slap the contributors on the shoulders with some violence and shout their satisfaction. A young Lapp espied my opera glasses and would have them. He fairly twisted them out of my hands. They were a new pair just bought, and then used for the first time; so I was shy of lending them to a semi-savage. He proceeded to try them, uttering shouts of astonishment. The Lapp women, with the inquisitiveness of their sex, ran up and also tried the glasses, looking in at the wrong end, and, when shown which way to look, unable to understand about adjusting the focus. Moreover, I myself did not appreciate close proximity to these people sufficiently to care to enlighten them. They are supposed to have their furs pretty extensively colonized.

The shooting booths are numerous. One is run by two albino damsels who screw up their pink eyes, unable to bear the light. This attracts few shooters, but another, in which a pretty girl loads the rifles, is crowded with soldiers and students. If you hit a little

target a curtain rises and displays a wife threatening her husband with a boot, while the husband, in his nightshirt, is nursing the baby, which utters piercing cries. Another target when struck causes some figures to dance and play an organ. A spot on a lion's shoulder when hit makes the beast lie down and give vent to a blood-curdling roar. A favourite object to aim at is a glass ball dancing on a fountain. The rear of these halls is adorned with sundry figures stuck round with pipes, swinging, turning head over heels, and see-sawing. There are also in the fair merry-go-rounds, with carriages, swans and horses. There is a model of a silver mine with all the little figures in active motion, worked by a crank managed by a one-legged miner. A man born without hands or legs, and with only one arm, ending in a money-box, appeals, and not in vain, to the charity of the pleasure seekers. But my great delight is in the rows of crockery lying on the ground, exposed for sale: jugs and pitchers in delightful stone, grey and blue, or red-brown with yellow flowers, and the shapes like the patterns traditional since the fifteenth century.

Perhaps the most curious exhibition at the Fair was this—a man stripped save for a pair of drawers and a sleeveless jersey, who called himself the Modern Pluto, and performed with red-hot irons in a manner inexplicable to me. I was close to him and saw that there was no deception. He first got an iron scraper, about the size of a hoe-iron, which was heated red-hot in a charcoal fire that was kept burning at my feet, and in which several irons were glowing. With this he scraped his arm, legs, both his cheeks and throat. The white ash from the iron fluttered about, and some fell on my sleeve. Then he took a red-hot poker and licked it with his tongue until the iron cooled. To make sure that there was no deception I tried to touch it, but had to withdraw my finger pretty smartly, and an English friend of mine standing by lit his cigar at the poker after it had left the tongue of Pluto. Then the man took a thin flat iron bar, red-hot, and worked at it with his teeth till he had bitten off a piece about three-quarters of an inch long, which he spat down from his mouth. Next he trod on red-hot plates, but I did not think so much of this, as he only drew his feet over them one after the other without resting his weight upon them. Lastly, he swallowed a couple of spoonfuls of boiling oil. This seemed to be a greater

effort than the rest of the performance, for his face turned purple, and drops of sweat stood on his forehead. I was too close to the man—I could touch him with my hand—for any deception to be practised. All this, moreover, went on for eight days from 11 a.m. till late at night. I was told that he went through the performance twenty times upon the principal day of the fair. He has been examined by some of the doctors here, who have warned him that he must give up swallowing the boiling oil or he will ruin his digestion. He replied that he knew that he would have a short life. He had tried other expedients to gain a livelihood, but had failed; he was driven to this by *prava necessitas*.

On Monday I go to a sculptor and shall work with him all the winter, so as to learn the trade. I had intended to apprentice myself to a painter, but feared that my defective eyesight would always stand in the way of doing much with the brush; and besides a knowledge of stone carving will stand me in good stead at Lew.

I hope to take many walks in the spring. On our last bright day I had one which would have delighted you, up the Kapelthal, a lovely valley leading to the roots of the Erzkasten through wooded hills, with smooth green lawn-like pastures at the bottom, covered with autumn colchicums. The little village church of Kapel is perched on a height with a shoulder of hill overgrown with maple backing it, gamboge in colour. The mountain-ash growing behind the church is leafless, but resembles a tree of coral with its scarlet berries. There seem to be but few birds remaining, and the trees accordingly preserve their berries through the winter: with us they are snapped up by the sparrows so soon as they ripen.

By the roadsides are crucifixes: there is a glut of them, and I do not observe that the peasants notice them as they pass. One I saw yesterday was pretty. A white cross, supporting a figure with gilt crown; a clump of trees planted behind it and benches ranged in front. It was enclosed by a palisade, which was entered through an arch of trellis ironwork. Above were two gilt cherubs supporting a scroll bearing the pathetic adjuration: "Man bitter diesen Ort nicht zu beunreinigen." (Commit no nuisance.)

DREIKÖNIG STRASSE No. 10,
FREIBURG I/B,

24th Nov., 1877.

MY DEAR GATRILL,

We have had rough stormy weather with snow upon the mountains, and on Saturday night a burst of thunder and lightning over the town.

My dear Gatrill, it is my purpose to give you a bit of instruction that I have myself acquired by the study of what I have the audacity to entitle "The Broken-Twig style of Tracery." It is a style that in Germany takes the place of the Flamboyant in France, the rich Portuguese Manoel style in Portugal, and in England of the Perpendicular. It is remarkable that whereas the Romanesque, the First and also the Middle Pointed styles of architecture should have been so very much the same in France, Germany, Italy and England, aye, and in Spain as well, yet when Gothic architecture was expiring, in all these countries there should have been developed a special national style, utterly unlike each other.

The German "broken-twig" style which may be seen in its highest perfection in the Heilig Kreuz church at Swäbisch-Gmünd is not well represented in Freiburg. The choir of the Minster is not by a good master, nor are the domestic houses of the same period of the best design.

In a church here is a large crucifix with a life-size figure, which is popularly believed to droop its head a trifle every year. When the chin rests on the breast the end of the world will come. The head is now very low, all but touching the breast.

In one of the squares of the town is a white stone crucifix. One night a student passing it made a gesture of mockery. He was at once transformed into a calf, and every night he runs through the town from the S. Martin's Gate and tries to scramble up the cross in order to reach our Lord's feet. When he can succeed and press his lips on the instep he will be released from the penalty.

The "*Evangelische*" Community possesses a fine old church in Freiburg brought stone by stone from the suppressed abbey of Ferkenbach in the forest. It is a grand building, and has an altar with a crucifix, and on the walls are some large and fine pictures. The pastor is a man of some note, Hasenclever, and

the Protestant soldiers attend his ministrations. He belongs to the Liberal school in the Protestant establishment. How Liberal that school is you may judge from the following fact. He preached the other day on the way in which Moses hoaxed the people in the wilderness. This is how he managed the smitten rock. He had learned a thing or two among the scientific men of Egypt, and also how to throw dust in the eyes of the simple and superstitious. One day he noticed a stream gushing from a rock, so he choked up the orifice with clay and moss. Then he led the thirsty people to the rock, made them understand he was about to work a miracle, and with his staff poked out the plug of moss and clay. At once the pent-up stream burst forth with a rush. On Trinity Sunday, after reading the Epistle and his text, Hasenclever said : " No rational people now believe in a Trinity, and so you must not expect me to waste my time and yours over exploded religious fancies. Instead of so doing I will speak to you of the glories of Nature."

I went the other day to the Alt-Catholic Church. The State has taken away from the Catholics one of the largest and finest churches in the town and given it to the Alt-Catholic sect. It is locked through the week, opened for an hour on Sunday morning and locked again in the afternoon. The lamp burns before the Blessed Sacrament, but scarcely one of the congregation takes any notice of the Presence. The children behave with marked irreverence—a contrast to those in the Roman Catholic churches. The congregation, not counting the children, consisted of twelve men, one blind, who, I fancy, had got in there by mistake, and about five and twenty women. No one used the holy water stoup. The service was mass, the priest was in white chasuble with red cross at back, the server in scarlet cassock and alb. There was a choir in the west gallery. The whole affair was dead, spiritually and religiously. The English chaplain tells me that the Old Catholics here are made up of Romanists who want to shake off their religious obligations, but who do not wish their wives and children to be wholly without religion, and so they have joined this sect, send their families to the Alt-Catholic Church on Sundays, but do not go near it themselves, or observe any of their sacred duties.

Yours very sincerely,

S. BARING-GOULD.

CHAPTER IX

LEW TRENCHARD

1881

MY uncle, the Rev. Charles Baring-Gould, died on February 15, 1881. He had suffered from bronchitis for fourteen years and had been incapacitated from the performance of his duties, which had been discharged more or less intelligently and capably by a succession of curates.

The doctors had recommended his spending winters at the most unsuitable places ; other than the bottom of a well. One was passed at Pau, the most relaxing spot in the South of Europe ; another at Teignmouth, the most relaxing watering-place on the south coast of Devon. In the winter of 1880-81 he caught a cold that brought on pleurisy, and when that had been reduced by blisters, he had not the strength to rally, and rapidly sank.

The dear old man in his coffin looked like the statue of a saint, his face had acquired a spiritual beauty by the touch of the Angel of Death.

He was a man in whom the softer Christian graces shone calmly and soothingly. No one ever heard a harsh word from his lips, nor would he pronounce judgment on any man. He had called my attention by letter to the scandals occasioned by the X—— family, in Lew House, and to that caused by the innkeeper and the saddler's wife, because urged to it by his wife, who was a woman of energy and vehemence of character. I have seen him at table, when she was expressing herself strongly, rise and quietly slip out of the room. His caution was perhaps too extreme, so that it was not possible to obtain from him a definite and decided opinion on a mooted point. He formed in this particular a marked contrast to my father, who came to a conclusion



THE REV. CHARLES BARING-GOULD

at once on any problem submitted to him ; and when once he had expressed his opinion, never swerved from it.

My uncle was undoubtedly in principle a High Churchman, and he was always definite in his teaching ; but I believe that his sermons were derived from the plain discourses of Newman and other Tractarians that had been published, and that there was in them nothing much of his own. The books he gave me as a boy were of a High Church tendency. He had been nominated to the Rectory by his father, whilst he was in Deacon's Orders, in 1832. He was then aged twenty-five, and had been a curate but a few months at Okehampton, with the Rev. Dr. Tanner, whose daughter, Marianne, he married. He never had the chance of seeing how Church matters were carried out on High Church lines. When the Bishop of Exeter ordered the use of the surplice in the pulpit, although Philpotts withdrew the order on account of the storm it provoked, my uncle adopted the surplice and never gave it up. He wore no hood ; he had taken a B.A. degree, but never went further. Neither did he wear a cassock. The parish surplice had a high collar up to the cheekbones, was elaborately goffered and very long.

He was buried on the 19th, a balmy, sunny day. In accordance with his own request he was not laid in the family vault, but in the earth, near his daughter Caroline.

As Lew House had been let, I was obliged to occupy the Rectory till Mr. Morshead's tenure expired. It was not, however, possible for me to live there with my family till it had been thoroughly overhauled and put in a sanitary condition. Much painting and many repairs had to be effected, as nothing had been executed in that direction for something like forty years.

I did not send to the Bishop of Exeter my presentation of myself to the living until June 29, and I was instituted by him personally on July 19.

It is usual to have one's recommendation signed by four incumbents in the diocese one is leaving, and to have these signatures countersigned by the bishop of that diocese. But this I did not do because I hardly knew, or was known by, more than two of the neighbouring Essex incumbents, owing to the desolate and watery tract intervening between Mersea and the mainland,

whereas the parsons near Lew Trenchard had known me from boyhood.

My position was one of great embarrassment. I had duties drawing me in several directions. At first I thought of nominating my friend Gatrill to the living of Lew Trenchard, but abandoned my purpose, as I considered that superior and converging calls impelled me to remove to Lew Trenchard, where I would be their commissioned pastor and at the same time squire, with all the family influence helping me in the place, and where I understood the people.

In a very wonderful manner the way had been opened to me for undertaking the three tasks I had aspired to execute when I was a boy of seventeen, although at that time, and for many years after, the prospect was obscure, and I could not see the means whereby these objects might be attained. I now felt acutely what were the duties imposed upon me, and I was truly conscious of my own inadequacy, unassisted, to perform them.

In 1833 John Henry Newman was laid up with fever in Sicily, and it was thought that he must assuredly die. Nevertheless, he recovered. He wrote: "Towards the end of May I set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn on the morning of May 26 or 27, I sat down on my bed and began to cry bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.'"

Upon the Sunday after Newman's arrival at home, namely, July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble preached the memorable Assize sermon in the University pulpit, on the National Apostasy. Newman wrote in his *Apologia*: "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement"—the Church revival.

On undertaking the cure of souls at Lew I felt the heavy responsibility. I wrote in the old Parish Register: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate, until ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord." The world before me was but small—at the outside, then, three hundred souls. On my first Easter Day we had but nine communicants, mainly officials.

At the time of the Reformation the Rector of Lew Trenchard was one Matthew Newcombe, nominated to the living in January, 1537. As far as we can judge he was a man of indifferent character,

who accepted all the deprivations of the Faith, and the spoliations of the Church without resistance or remonstrance. All the sacred vessels and the ornaments of the altar and of the ministers were carried off by the Commissioners ; the sole relic left was a small brass altar candlestick which I recovered from a cottage.

This man was deprived in 1554, and an orthodox priest appointed, named John Byshop, on July 4th in that year, when the joy bells rang all day. He was not presented by the Queen, but by Thomas Monk, Esq., to whom the nomination legitimately belonged. Upon the accession of Elizabeth he was not dispossessed, and Newcombe was not reinstated. Byshop remained rector till 1565, when he died. He probably continued to sing Mass in English to the old inflections and to use the traditional ceremonial as far as he was able to accommodate the new liturgy to it. Upon his death he was succeeded by John Harmouth, who was induced by the patron, Thomas Wyse, Esq., senior, to resign, as by a monetary transaction he had disposed of the presentation of the living to a yeoman of Maristowe, Richard Beare, who at once put into the rectory a relative, probably a son, Arthur Beare, August 2, 1582. Of him we know nothing further than that he died in 1638.

His successor was Richard Luce, B.A., nominated by King Charles I, May 12, 1638, a godly and diligent priest, so much so that he was ejected by the Parliamentary Commissioners, who intruded into the living one William Beare, a Presbyterian, August, 1648, who remained until his death on October 8, 1661. He was a good, harmless man, and his monument in the church, a slab of slate, testifies to the respect in which he was held.

Richard Luce did not survive the Restoration. He resided in great destitution in the neighbouring parish of Maristowe, supported by free-will contributions from Lew House and the farmers of Lew parish. His family has lingered on to this day, and his descendant, the wife of my principal churchwarden, an enthusiastic and devoted Churchwoman, traces her pedigree from this Confessor of the Faith.

The next to occupy the living was John Moore, nominated by Edward Gould, gent., in December, 1663, who resigned in 1680. I fear that again ensued a transfer of right of presentation through passing of money, for he was succeeded by James Doidge on the

nomination of William Doidge, gent., of Milton Abbott. The Doidges, by the way, possess the extraordinary coat-of-arms representing a woman's breast distilling milk. The family is still extant, but their ancient mansion was levelled with the dust by one of the Dukes of Bedford.

His successor was John Truscott, nominated by Henry Gould, gent., in 1692. Rector and squire were greatly estranged in their politics, and this estrangement was aggravated by an attachment springing up between Susannah Gould, daughter of the squire, and Peter, the son of the rector. The engagement was strongly opposed by her father and mother. Nevertheless, she was married to him. (March 19, 1727—to Peter Trustcott, gent., of Lew Trenchard). On her way back to Lew House, unattended, in her bridal dress, she fell dead of heart-complaint in the drive, and was buried, a virgin-bride, 23rd March. He did not die till April, 1758.

To my mind there can remain little doubt that the White Lady who is supposed to be the family ghost and to haunt the house and grounds, derives from Susannah Gould. In process of time the story of her unfortunate fate was forgotten, and Madam Margaret Gould, who died in 1795, so impressed the imagination of the villagers with her strong personality that she superseded Susannah in popular tradition.

The Scottish pines about Lew House and the woods were planted by Henry Gould as indicative of his Jacobitism, whereas the avenue of limes leading to the church porch owe their origin to the ecclesiastical and political proclivities of John Truscott.

The successor to Truscott was John Haviland, B.D., a very staunch Churchman, who was nominated to the living, 1735, by Arthur Tremayne, Esq.

We are now able to obtain some authentic information as to the condition of the parish from the returns made by the incumbents to the bishops at their visitations; and as these are vastly characteristic of the times I give them from 1744 to 1786.

“ John Haviland, B.D., Sept. 10, 1735, d. 1762.

“ At the Visitation of 1744 there were 25 families in the parish, and 70 Communicants. One Sermon was preached on Sunday Morning. There was no parish-school, but the parents were

expected to teach their children the Catechism at home, and the children were catechized as to their knowledge, and understanding of what they had been taught, upon Sunday afternoons. The Rector kept a Curate, Francis Welles, to whom he payed £30 per annum and allowed the surplice fees."

Observe the excellence of this system in contrast with that of the present day, when the parents are relieved of all moral obligation with regard to instruction in religious matters, which is transferred to the schoolmaster.

"John Vickary, 1762 ; d. 1786 ; was master of the Grammar School, Okehampton (dist. 11 miles) and where he was Chaplain to the Mayor and Corporation, and was bound to read prayers daily in S. James's Chapel at 7 a.m. and 5 p.m.

"He was also rector of Lydford, and vicar of Denbury, near Totnes.

"In 1764 there were only 11 families in the parish, and the communicants had fallen to 10. There was no dissenting meeting-house in the parish. The children were only catechized upon Whitsunday."

What was the occasion of the decline of the numbers in the parish is not stated. Vickary died in 1786, after a long non-resident incumbency of his three cures. Of Lew Trenchard he was an incumbent for twenty-four years.

"William Elford, 1786 to 1833.

"At the Visitation of 1831 there were 62 families in the parish. No Dissenters. The Rector resided in Tavistock (dist. 9 miles). Had had two paralytic seizures, was also troubled with piles, the stone, and gravel, 'and occasionally a great complaint in my stomach, also a double rupture. I perform duty myself. I am also Vicar of North Petherwin, where I have a curate for the sick, who resides, and receives £50.0.0 per annum. I am also rector of Coryton, where Mr. Wilsford receives £35.0.0 per annum. Divine service at Lew is at 10.30 a.m. and at 2 p.m. There is a Catechising in the Summer. The number of the Communicants is 16. The parsonage is in good repair.' "

The reason for the increase of the population was the opening of manganese mines in the parish. Mr. Elford was instituted to North Petherwin in 1796.

I have elsewhere told some anecdotes relative to Parson Elford. He was wont to ride over from Tavistock to Lew on Saturday evenings and spend the nights of Saturday and Sunday in Lew House, where he was hospitably entertained by "Old Madam." When the Bishop complained of his non-residence his excuse was: "My Lord, how can I possibly be expected to live in a parish in which there is no barber who could curl my wig?"

He was compelled to keep a resident curate, a Mr. Caddy Thomas, who had been a missionary in the Bahamas. I am not sure that he had Communion more than four times in the year, or that he ever concerned himself to catechize the children.

Now consider how intermittent had been teaching and Divine worship in the church, and this during 350 years. No definite instruction given as to the nature of the Church Catholic, none as to the obligation of Divine worship, but a sort of sloppy theology that contained nothing edifying where it was not positively heretical. At periods inundations of Calvinism or Lutheranism, obscured all light and killed spiritual life. At one time we had the arch-heretic, Romaine, as curate at Lew. The spirit, the flame of zeal and worship flickered here and there in the Church, with sudden and transient spurts of flame. It was there, and had not been extinguished, that was something, and it was accordingly capable of being fanned into flame. But this would have to be done with caution, with patience, and with self-suppression. I am convinced from what I saw in my childhood that Catholic feeling and belief were very widely diffused among the clergy and the cultivated laity; but it was suppressed, labouring under timorousness, and unable to make itself manifest through lack of leadership. Indeed, this unsuspected rise of the Catholic spirit against the attempt of William III, Tillotson, Tenison and Burnett, under Jane and the Lower House of Convocation, was a surprise to the Latitudinarians; and the rally of the clergy of the diocese of Exeter around their Bishop in a later synod was another instance of the presence of this living Spirit still present in the Church of England.

My uncle, the Rev. Charles Baring-Gould, was instituted to

the living in 1833. He was very young and inexperienced at the time, but thoroughly well-intentioned. He instituted a monthly celebration of the Holy Communion, and discarded the black gown.

I came to Lew parish in 1881, as already mentioned, and I had a work before me to execute for which I was not sure that I was competent.

There existed a certain amount of torpid religious feeling in the place, but it wanted quickening. Among the young people there was little or none. I felt that I had a work to do, not like that of Newman in England at large, but at Lew Trenchard, the small. But I knew from the outset, as I know now, that my capacities are limited, and that I should be utterly unfit for work in a larger sphere. I think it not at all improbable that both the Archbishop of York and Claughton of Rochester had inserted my name in the Episcopal "Black Book," for I had shown precious little deference to either. But, so far from this injuring me, it has availed in limiting my energies to my own parish. All I desired was to be let alone, and suffered unmolested to devote myself to the spiritual rousing of the people, the restoration of the church, and the making habitable and comfortable the houses on the estate, including my own.

The first of these objects must necessarily entail patience, and take time to show itself. I remember in the winter of 1840 standing beside the Rhine at Cologne, and watching the break-up of the ice which had covered it with so thick a panoply that carts had been driven across from Deutz. The first tokens of a change consisted of cries as of pain, when the floor of ice cracked, and there ensued the rending into floes, that leaped and revolved and crashed into one another, sending up sprirts of water and splinters of ice. All was confusion, all contest; only little by little did the surface of the river display itself, smooth and persistent in its onward course.

The whole of the period of the Church Revival was one of break-up of ice with the thaw produced by the Spirit of God breathing on the waters. Inevitably, without there would be fightings, and within fears. We have to be patient, and in patience possess our souls; and the clumps of ice will go—they are going under already.

The second and the third objects I had set before me would afford sensible evidence of progress achieved. The labour of wakening and guiding of souls is necessarily hidden, and its manifestation is not with a flourish of trumpets.

The Parish Priest stands in need of both faith and patience. Moreover, to acquire patience he must learn self-mistrust, and exercise self-control. He must not expect the river of God to be freed from the ice that has covered and chilled it during four centuries, whilst he is looking on. If by his example and his teaching he can do something to dissipate the fog of ignorance and prejudice that has brooded over the English mind he must be content. With the advent of "the Wolves," as Bishop White called the Marian exiles, in the reign of Elizabeth, all conception of worship was extinguished.

I saw that we must rely on the sowing of definite faith in the hearts and minds of the children. With them would be the future of the parish.

In former days a certain amount of moral compulsion, probably involuntary, was exercised by the squire upon his tenants, requiring them to attend church. Spiritually I do not think that the influence of the parson availed much. He droned out a borrowed sermon that touched no hearts; one that was pulled out of his pocket, and had not been heated by a fervent heart.

In 1817 a suit was brought at Bedford by a Dr. Free, Rector of Sutton, against Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart., for not frequenting the parish church, where he was squire, to recover twenty pounds a month from Sir Montague, on account of absence from the manorial pew. This claim was based on an ancient and obsolete statute, unrepealed indeed, but rendered inoperative by the altered spirit of the age. The defendant was able to show that during many months there had been no service in the church, and that he had been ill during the rest of the time; so that on the merits of the case he was accorded a verdict. It appeared that, to make assurance doubly sure, the Bishop's chaplain was in court, with the Bishop's written declaration that the defendant, if he had offended, had subsequently been reconciled to the Church. Had this declaration been presented after the verdict and before judgment had been given, no judgment could have been pronounced on the case.

Although the law had proved inoperative, it had left an impression on men's minds that parishioners were legally bound to attend Divine service in the church. The tenants came to Morning Prayer, not as a duty that they owed to God, not for any spiritual edification they expected to receive, but because it was expected of them by the landlord of the cottages they occupied.

But so soon as they learned that this obligation could not be enforced there was a falling off in attendance, and for spiritual teaching the labourers went to the Methodist Chapel, where appeal was made to their emotions, and that in terms they could understand. Not only was this the case, but they became proud of the liberty newly acquired and resolved to exercise it. I remember a washerwoman who was reprimanded by my mother for the slovenly way in which she returned the linen entrusted to her. "Oh!" said she defiantly, "if you don't like my washing, I shall go to chapel and leave the church."

The country parsons were well aware of the alienation of their poor parishioners, but they made no attempts to retain their impatient, and recover their errant sheep. They did not know how this was to be done. They lacked the necessary fervour. They were so Tillotsonized that they could preach only duty, and not Christ crucified. They were good men, worthy, clean in life, kindly to the poor, but woefully deficient in unction. It was the Evangelicals who broke through this formal inculcation of Honesty being the best Policy as the sum of Gospel teaching, and of Gospel promises, and who sought to reclaim the strayed sheep by copying Nonconformist methods, and teaching heretical doctrine.

A quotation from my diary in 1862 will show the spiritual deadness of the place that existed twenty years before my induction.

"Christmas Day. Alone, except for my little brother, in Lew House. The rats were celebrating Noël. They had a frolic last night, kept high festival, had a wild hunt. They scoured along the passages, they scampered between floor and ceiling, they danced a hornpipe in the storeroom and rollicked up and down the stairs. They kept me awake. Presently I

heard the distant strains of carol-singers and the groaning of an accompanying bass-viol. I ascertained in the morning that the performers were the choir of the Meeting House. The Church, buried in sleep, did not sing to greet the Saviour's birth. The chapel choir itinerated all night till five o'clock in the morning. They visited every house in the parish except those of the parson and the squire, for the former was too orthodox to tolerate dissenting music, and the latter was absent from home. At their return they were all the worse for liquor. In church this morning there were twelve persons, of these nearly all were from the Rectory."

Preparation for Confirmation was conducted by my female cousins. It was a matter of complaint with them that those who were confirmed, if at all earnest in their religion, at once deserted the church and frequented the chapel.

Owing to my uncle's long illness, lasting fourteen years, the parish, before I came to it, was run by a succession of curates. One was a hunter and dog fancier, two others were decent men, good, painstaking, but in the stiff old-fashioned Anglican way. At this time the services were improved a little by the introduction of an organ at the west end, where also the choir was located.

There was a Sunday-school kept in the basement of the keeper's cottage, which was none other than the old parish Church-house. I have given an account of the school in my novel *Arminell*, and it is literally true. I venture here to quote the passage.

"The basement consisted of one low hall exactly six feet one inch from floor to rafters. There was no ceiling between it and the upper house—only a flooring laid on rafters. The basement chamber was paved with slabs of slate. Rats infested the lodge; they came after the bones and biscuits left by the dogs. The pheasants' food was kept there, the keeper's wife dropped her dripping, and the children were not scrupulous about finishing their crusts. The rats undermined the slates, making runs beneath the pavement to get at the box of dog-biscuits, and the sacks of buckwheat; consequently the slates were not firm to walk on. Moreover, in the floor was a sunless secret cellar of but eighteen inches in depth, for the reception of liquor that

had not paid excise. The slates over this place, long disused, were infirm and inclined to let down whoever stepped on them.

“ During the week the keeper’s wife washed in the basement and slopped soapy water about, that ran between the slates and formed puddles, lurking under corners, and when, on Sunday, the incautious foot rested on an angle of slate, the slab tilted and squirted forth the stale unsavoury water.

“ The room, as already said, was unceiled. The rafters were of solid oak ; the boards above were deal and had shrunk in places, and in places had dropped out the core of their knots. The keeper’s children found a pleasure in poking sticks and fingers through, and in lying flat on the boards with an eye on the knot-hole, surveying through it the proceedings in the Sunday-school below.

“ About the floor in unsystematic arrangement spraddled forms of deal, rubbed by boys’ trousers to a polish. Some of these forms were high in the leg, others short. No two were on a level, and no two were of the same length. They were rudely set about the floor in rhomboidal shapes, or rather in trapeziums, which, according to Euclid, have no defined shapes at all.”

The teaching was of the Catechism and little else ; but what teaching can be better ? Only there are ways of teaching, and it is not all people who are masters of the art of instruction and know how to open minds, just as there are persons who do not understand how to open oysters.

Accordingly I had a difficult task set before me. But it was a task set before me by God, and it must be accomplished so far as my capabilities would carry me. Above all, I must rely on the Grace of God. One thing I knew would help me : my love for the people.

I doubt whether I should have been of use anywhere else. What was essential to me was a sympathetic flock, and that I had at Lew, and they did possess spiritual yearnings that had not been satisfied. I had got on very well with the Yorkshire people ; fairly well with those in Essex. It was my fault, no doubt, that I did not get on better. I did not understand how the clay had got into the souls of these Angles in the East. But when I came among my West-country folk, in whom there was a strain

of Celtic blood, it was otherwise. But I had to be content with first winning their confidence, and with West-country people that is everything. If I had been permanently rooted for the rest of my life in Essex, I could have done little or no good. But at Lew I had every advantage. I was squire as well as rector, I had my stepmother living in the parish, a regular and tender-hearted visitor among the sick and poor ; and I had Mr. Sperling, to whom I sold the glebe, one who was a tower of strength ; a man of considerable means, who employed much labour, and was so full of humanity and kindness that the people became warmly attached to him.

Thus I was in an exceptional position, and if I have done any good at Lew it has been due to the fact that everything has favoured me ; and among these advantages I must reckon a series of admirable curates.

Elsewhere, and unassisted, I would have proved a failure.

Had I been planted in a large parish, whether in a town or a manufacturing district, I could not possibly have become a literary man. My time would have been consumed over parochial clubs, meetings, and visiting the sick. The evidence of results would have encouraged me to further efforts in the same direction. If I had remained in Essex, or in any other East Anglian country parish, I should have felt like Elijah, despairing, seeing so many bowing down to Baal, and finding few responsive fibres in the souls of the rest. I would have eaten out my heart in discouragement.

My half-brother was of great aid to me as my curate. He had been at the Bar, but threw up Law, entered Holy Orders, and became my curate, only leaving me eventually because, at Lew, he had not enough to do. He went to Princetown, in the heart of Dartmoor, with a congregation of prison warders and convicts ; then to Brixham, where his fervour and zeal won the hearts of the fisher-folk. Being a man of exceptional gifts, mental and spiritual, no efforts were made by the successive bishops of Exeter to retain him in the diocese, where all favour is—or, at the time was—accorded to the flat-fish, one sided, one eyed, who flop about but do not swim and breast the wave. Some of these, as the sole, are very good eating, but the majority—the dabs—taste of the mud on which their lives are spent.

My brother was allowed to take a living in Haverfordwest, in Wales, and so to leave a county where he was at home with the people, understood them, and where they understood him, and beyond that, loved him.

Another of my curates was a man of middle age who had for some time worked in the slums of East London. He was a brilliant organizer, an original and admirable musician, and was full of energy and strictly conscientious in the discharge of his duties. In the parish he was highly respected by the men, who recognized his justice, sympathy and reasonableness; but the women did not appreciate him on account of a slight bluntness of manner.

I strongly recommended him to the Bishop of Exeter as one admirably calculated to administer a town parish. Shortly after the Bishop nominated him to Sourton, a wild parish on the edge of the moor, consisting of 354 people.

A third curate I may mention was the son-in-law of my old friend, Robert Burnard, a man of vigorous frame and competent parts. On his return to Lew after ordination to the Priesthood we were together in the vestry when I saw a manuscript sermon protruding from his cassock pocket. I pointed to it and said: "None of that. Speak to the people out of your heart. Tell them of your Ordination and the Commission you have received from Apostolic times. Take my advice. Henceforth possess your mind with an idea, when about to preach. Drive it home. Do not hammer it till you have struck off the head. A final tap and that will suffice."

This man is now vicar of a large parish in the suburbs of Exeter, with five churches under him and six curates. He is an indefatigable worker, visitor and teacher, and as influential and popular a priest as any in the county. For once the right man is put in the right place.

If at any time I could have entertained doubts as to the Church of England being a branch of the Catholic Church founded by Christ, and infused by the Spirit, such doubts would have been dispelled by the evidence patent to me of the wondrous sanctity of so many of its followers that I have known. A tree is known by its fruits; and when those fruits are abundant, ripe and sweet, then we cannot fail to realize that the Divine sap flows, flushes

every branch and twig, and swells every bud. I have already adverted to this witness to the English Church. It is one ever present. I have known so many, almost wherever I have been. It would be invidious to name them. Indeed, the time would fail me to tell of them. Most, but by no means all, have already passed into the presence of Him they have loved so dearly and have served so truly.

As I write these words the last home is being decorated with heather and moss to receive the body of one whom I shall bury to-morrow, the last of my old parishioners, one of God's saints, who has lived a white and fragrant life, loving and serving God, bringing up a family in the same holy line of life, and closing her eyes in peace to pass into the Land of Promise, which here we cannot see, but in which we can believe, and to which we hope to attain.

CHAPTER X

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

1882-85

THE Bishop of Exeter at this time was Dr. Temple. He had been brought up by his widowed mother on most limited means, had been a pupil at Blundell's, and when at the University was often enough obliged to go without a fire because he could not afford the expense of coals. Owing to poverty he had not been able to associate with gentlemen and ladies in his early life and to acquire the amenities that belong to culture, but he was tender-hearted, absolutely just, and very much in earnest to do his duty. It was a marvel how such a man could have been promoted to be Bishop of London and finally Archbishop of Canterbury.

A good many stories circulated about him that I may as well record lest they be forgotten.

In speech he was rustic ; his dialect was a mixture of North Devon and Cockney. Lord with him was *Lard*, and God was *Gad*. Not only was his dialect noticeable, but his voice was rasping and unpleasant. Voice, by the way, he always spoke of as *Vice*.

He sent for Hansen, the curate of Axminster, and said to him :

" You must leave ; I shall withdraw your licence."

" Why, my Lord ? "

" Never mind why. I choose it. You must go."

" But I ask the reason."

" It is reason sufficient if I say, Go."

" My Lord," said Hansen, " I may say with the Bishop of Carlisle in *Richard II* :

'Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.'

And I have a right to know why I am threatened with dismissal. I shall appeal to the Archbishop."

"If you will know," said Dr. Temple, "it's your abominable vice (voice). People can't stand it at Axminster."

"Excuse me, my Lord, if I tell you a story," said Hansen coolly. "The week before last I took a friend to the cathedral, where you were to preach. When I came out I asked him how he liked your Lordship's sermon. He replied, 'It was an able discourse, and the man would be a good preacher if it were not for his abominable vice.' And now, my Lord, since we are both tarred with the same brush, had we not both better leave the diocese together?"

"Get along with you," said the Bishop, very angry.

Shortly afterwards Hansen was appointed to Throwleigh.

Angell, at the time organist of the cathedral, was asked by the precentor to correct the local pronunciation of the choristers in the matter of their R's and U's.

"Really, Mr. Precentor," said Angell, "I am an old man and am getting so bewildered about the modern pronunciation of words that I do not know the right from the wrong. I *did* believe that *G O D* spelled God, but we have it on the highest ecclesiastical authority in the diocese that it spells *Gad*. What am I to do?"

The late Vicar of Dartmouth, Mr. Foster, got into a squabble with his parishioners over some trifle, and Bishop Temple sent for him to Exeter. The Bishop received him with a curt nod, and went on writing his letters without further noticing him. Mr. Foster waited, swelling with indignation. At last he burst forth:

"My Lord, I have come up from Dartmouth, at great personal inconvenience, and have been received with impertinence. I am Vicar of Dartmouth, and I have not been accustomed, and will not allow myself to be treated as a Sixth Form boy at Rugby. You have kept me standing, my Lord, for a quarter of an hour, without noticing me. Do so at once or I shall leave a house, the master of which seems to be ignorant of the first duties of a gentleman."

The following story is well known.

He was holding a Confirmation at Modbury and lunched at the parsonage, to which several of the neighbours had been invited to meet him. At table, Mrs. Green, wife of the vicar,

said : " Oh, Bishop ! " (she did not call him my Lord) " what do you think happened to my aunt ? She was going to America when she dreamed that the vessel was lost with all hands on board. She thought nothing of this, but next night dreamed it again. Now, Bishop, was not that remarkable ? So my aunt thought, and she did not go by that vessel. And the ship actually was lost as well as all those who were in it. Now, don't you consider, Bishop, that this was a remarkable interposition of Providence for the preservation of my aunt to us ? "

" Well, ma'am, as I don't know the aunt, I *can't* say."

This was told me by Maitland Kelly, who was present and heard the conversation.

Some people at Bovey Tracey took umbrage at the churchlike arrangement which Canon Courtenay had made in S. John's, that had been built upon the Heathfield, and applied to Bishop Temple to order that the altar lights should be extinguished. His reply was that he was too much engaged at the time to attend to the matter.

Some weeks elapsed, and as no bishop came the malcontents became insistent and required his presence. Down he came, and with the rector, wardens and complainants carefully examined the ornaments, decorations, etc. The Protestants loudly and triumphantly called upon the Bishop to declare his opinion. " Well, my Lord, what do *you* think about it ? "

" Well, I think that the organ over the vestry door is in an uncommon position. Good morning, gentlemen."

Temple revisited Blundell's school at Tiverton after he was made bishop. He went by himself into the dining-hall. One of the masters hearing an unusual noise opened the door and, looking in, to his surprise saw Bishop Temple leaping the benches, one after another. " I want much to see whether, as bishop, I can still do that which I successfully achieved when I was a schoolboy," said Temple in explanation.

The Bishop went to stay at a parsonage. The rector's wife had coached the maid, in addressing him, always to say, " My Lord." The Bishop wrote his letters and rang the bell.

" Who will take these to the post ? " he asked.

The bewildered maid replied : " The Lord—my boy," for " the boy, my Lord."

The Bishop was a fanatical teetotaller. At a meeting at Okehampton he stated : " That he had tried all his life to induce men to drink in moderation and had failed utterly." It was a hard cut when the reporters rendered this in the morning papers, " He had tried all his life to drink in moderation and had failed utterly."

It was amusing to observe how that whilst Temple was Bishop of Exeter the curates and vicars hoping for promotion adopted the blue ribbon and wore it conspicuously. No sooner was Temple moved to London than these ribbons vanished.

A greater contrast to Temple could hardly be found than was Bickersteth, his successor. It was a change from an east wind, rough and bracing, to one from the south, soft and relaxing.

Temple was a man of brains and learning, but lacking in polish. Bickersteth was a thorough gentleman, kindly hearted and tactful, but he was no scholar, nor was he possessed of any originality. When at Lew for a confirmation, and the ringers were giving him a peal, Bickersteth jumped up from table where he was lunching to run to the tower, so as to thank the ringers : a thing that Temple would not have thought of doing.

The story was told of him, that when he was in London, he saw a little urchin vainly endeavouring to reach and pull a bell at the door of a stately mansion in the West End. " Let me help you, little man," said the Bishop kindly, and he proceeded to ring the bell.

" Cut along, old cock ! " shouted the boy ; " we shall have the police after us. I wanted to do it for a lark and to make the footman swear. It's a joy to make those fellows say, ' Damn.' Don't you relish it ? "

Bickersteth was a kind, amiable man, but very vain over his " poems," in which are no poetical ideas, and his hymnal that has been almost everywhere superseded. He wanted to alter my *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, in the line, " With the Cross of Jesus, going on before," into " With our Lord and Master going on before," or some twaddle like it. Also in the Children's Evening Hymn he wanted to wash the colour out of the lines " Guard the sailors tossing on the deep blue sea." But to this I would not consent. I greatly relish the bringing of a little colour into verses, however ordinary they may be. It is like the bit of sky that an



RIGHT REV. R. BICKERSTETH
Bishop of Ripon

artist introduces into a portrait. Bickersteth's one hymn that may survive is "Peace, perfect peace." This line was very appropriately inscribed on the tomb of a scold by the relieved widower.

I saw nothing of Bishop Ryle. He had the better of Anwyll, of All Saints', Plymouth. They met to discuss the procedure of the vicar, who promised to abandon certain things he had adopted in the church, as the dressing up of images in silks and velvets. Anwyll promised, but like a Welshman, did not keep his promise. Ryle (Herbert Robert) was appointed in 1900 and translated to Winchester in 1903, where he at once got across with his clergy by injudicious dictatorial acts. He resigned and became Dean of Westminster and sank into insignificance.

Earle, Archdeacon of Plymouth, afterwards Bishop of Marlborough and Dean of Exeter, possessed an unfortunate passion for destroying screens. He devastated his own church at West Allington, also that of Marlborough and that of South Huish. The destruction of that at Marlborough was most unfortunate. The church is large, and the screen was the only object of beauty in it, and served to bring the interior into proportion. When it had been removed the church had no more beauty and character than has the skeleton of a camel in the desert that has had all its flesh picked off by vultures.

Earle tried to induce the rector of Ogdwell to destroy his. Mr. Pierce Taylor, however, before consenting to do this, wrote to Harry Hems, the wood-carver in Exeter, for his opinion what would be the cost of putting the screen in repair.

"Sir," answered Harry Hems, "if you destroy that screen, your name will be handed down to posterity with execration. Tell the archdeacon that the same will be his doom for having recommended such a piece of sacrilege."

That saved the Ogdwell screen.

Talking of screens, at Ashburton the church was handed over to Street, the architect, who erected a screen, an absolute monstrosity. Enough fragments of the former screen were found to show what it had been, and yet Street insisted on putting in a cumbrous mass of oak of his own design, totally out of character with screen work in Devon. Oh! these architects! how I detest them for the mischief they have done. I should like to cut off their hands, or limit them to designing new churches and new

mansions and hotels, but absolutely forbid them to touch and maul an ancient building. "I know their tricks and their ways," as said Jenny Wren in *Our Mutual Friend*.

There are bishops and bishops, as there are architects and architects. The old bishop who was elevated from a head mastership of a public school, possessed some experience as a ruler. He had little or no spiritual experiences, but he possessed dignity and showed that he knew what he was worth. The Low Church bishops, none of whom had been schoolmasters, and were not even scholars, thought themselves infinitely more capable than they were. A good many bishops whose parentage was of the middle-class at once developed "swollen heads," and exercised their authority arbitrarily and tactlessly. They were, and conducted themselves, like Mr. Dorrit when he emerged from the Marshalsea and came into his property. They were Dorrit in their strut, their posturing, their self-importance, and cultivation of parasites.

As I have been dealing with bishops, I may be allowed to give a couple of anecdotes of prelates.

Archbishop Tait was dining one evening at the house of the Duke of Westminster. During the meal his face became ghastly. Laying down his knife and fork by the plate, he said to himself in a suppressed voice: "It has come to pass at last as I feared. I have been dreading, expecting, a stroke."

"Console yourself, your Grace," said the Duchess of Sutherland, who sat beside him. "It is not *your* leg but *mine* that you have been pinching."

Here is a story of Dean Lefroy of Norwich. He gave a garden party upon the occasion of his golden wedding. A guest brought to it a French gentleman who was staying with him and introduced him to the Dean.

"Sir," said the Frenchman, making a profound bow, "I do not quite understand what is a golden wedding."

The Dean put his hand on his wife's shoulder, patted it, and said: "This good lady and I have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah! now I do understand," exclaimed the Frenchman, as his face lighted with intelligence, "so now you are at last about to marry her!"

CHAPTER XI

DEVONSHIRE LORE

1882-85

I WILL now call up certain reminiscences connected with country life in Devon.

I cannot say for certain that the village *charivari* is at an end, and may not be resuscitated. With us it goes by the name of a "Stag Hunt."

In July, 1882, the son of the captain of the lime quarry married. He and his bride lived with the father till Michaelmas Day, when they had a promise of a cottage on Lew Down. There had been some scandal about the young wife, which I believe to have been totally unfounded, and based on her extravagance in dress alone. On January 20, 1883, I tore down a manuscript notice that was affixed to a corner building where advertisements were wont to be displayed. It ran to this effect :

"Lord Folkstaff's staghounds will meet next Wednesday, January 24th, at Lew Trenchard, at 7 p.m., by Invitation ; when good sport may be expected, as the Hounds will be hunted by the celebrated Huntsman, Old Tom."

So on the Wednesday night there was a stag hunt before the cottage of the young carpenter and his wife. A man dressed in a cowhide with horns ran, and was pursued by men and boys and "Old Tom" in a scarlet coat mounted on a cob ; to an indescribable uproar of horns blown, kettles rattled, and vocal yells and barks. Finally the pretended stag was brought down on the doorstep of the cottage, and a bladder filled with blood was sliced and poured over the threshold. Old Tom meanwhile blew a continuous blast.

I remember a similar affair some years previous to this. My father was very angry and interfered, but that only made matters

worse. On the present occasion I warned the policeman, but he said he could not interfere so long as no injury was done to person or property, and there was no trespass. A year or two before 1883 a case occurred of the same kind in the adjoining parish of Coryton, and Mr. Newman had the ringleaders up before the magistrates, but nothing could be done, as no illegal act had been committed. Another stag hunt took place on Lew Down in 1905 ; on which occasion real damage was done, such as consisted in the breaking of slates and the battering of the front door. The constable, who knew what was purposed, had deemed it expedient to go to the extreme limit of his beat, so as *not* to be on the spot. I found it impossible to obtain evidence as to who had done the damage.

The following notes were taken down by me in 1883 in the neighbouring village of Broadwoodwidger, a very remote and primitive place.

Mrs. Jackman, of the inn, aged forty years, told me that as a child she had repeatedly seen Jack o' Lanterns in Bradover Wood, between Broadwood and Stowford. She had been told that they danced over metal, whether in veins, or buried. Our servant, Eleanor Sibilla Horton, assured me that her father had seen Jack o' Lantern many times between Broadwood and Bratton. William Henry Shopland, of Bratton, said that he had never seen a genuine Jack o' Lantern, but he told this story :

"About twenty years ago, a man named William Hicks, who rented the glebe, lost his son John, a young man, just about harvest time.¹ Shortly after the burial his sister and two nieces of Hicks were gleaning one evening in the field, and, after they were gone, I along with some others who were harvesting near by saw a light dancing about just where these girls had been at work. It ran from place to place as though tracking their footsteps. The evening was fast closing in, and we saw it perfectly, as a blue candle flame. It moved up and down and finally settled on a mow. For three or four months after the light continued to be seen, frequenting the same field, by myself and several others. We often went out after dark and looked at it. As this was dry ground and cornland it could not have been Jack o' Lantern. We thought that young Hicks who had died was troubled in his mind about something, and that this was his spirit."

¹ Buried August 4, 1856, aged 20 years.

In connexion with this I will quote a letter from Mr. C. H. Laycock in Devon and Cornwall *Notes and Queries* for July, 1920.

" On February 26 last, after attending the Winter Council Meeting of the Devonshire Association at Exeter, I had the misfortune to miss the last train back to Moretonhampstead. So, as it was a fine evening and bright moonlight, I decided to walk the $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles home from Exeter. I was amply rewarded for my exertion by witnessing a phenomenon which I have seen but once in my life before, and that not in the county of Devon, namely, a Jack o' Lantern, or, as the Dartmoor folk more usually term it, *Jacky-twoad*, which is probably a corruption of *Jack-with-a-Wad*.¹ It occurred about 8.30 p.m. As I was walking on the road near Stops Bridge, in the parish of Dunsford, I noticed a very bright light which appeared to be dancing or running about close to the ground in a low-lying water-meadow on the bank of the River Teign. At first I thought it must be a man or boy with a lantern or electric torch searching for a straying bullock, sheep or fowl. But, on closer inspection, I found that, although there was a certain amount of mist hanging over the river, the light from the moon was quite bright enough for me to see there was no sign of a human form anywhere near the spot from which the light emanated. I guessed at once what it was. And my supposition was more fully confirmed on my mentioning it to an old retired woodman at Lustleigh, when he informed me that many years ago his father was driving a waggon along the road from Dunsford to Christow one November in the early hours of the morning, when, to use his own words, ' he zeed wan o' thaize yar lights dappin' about on the road, an' he thought sure 'nuff zoom feller was 'avin' a geam wi' 'en, but try aul he cüd, he niver cüd'n catch en, so they told en he must ha' zeed a Jacky-twoad. ' "

I have mentioned other instances in my *Book of Dartmoor*.

At Buddle in Broadwood I made the acquaintance of a remarkably handsome old woman, Joanna Worden by name, with a nobly cut profile. When a girl, Mrs. Worden had been engaged to a young man, who had given her a coloured silk handkerchief for

¹ A "Wad" is in Devonshire a common term for a torch, particularly a blast of "vuzz" used in "swaling" (i.e. burning the furze), to convey the flame from one bush to another.

her neck and bosom, as a keepsake and pledge of love. He died. She married William Worden, the farmer at Buddle, and retained the kerchief till just before the wedding, when at night the deceased lover appeared in her room and demanded the kerchief. She said that it was her purpose to keep it to her dying day and to be buried with it tied about her throat and crossed over her bosom. To this, however, he would not consent. He told her that married to another she could not be until "loosed" from him, and "loosed" she could only be by restoring the love-token. This she promised to do on the ensuing night; and she held out her hand to him, but it was the left hand, and this he refused to receive. So she drew her right hand out of the bed and extended it to him. This he clasped. Joanna told me that the touch was cold. Next day she drew the kerchief from out of her box and laid it under her pillow. At night the apparition reappeared. She extended the love-gift to him, he accepted it and disappeared. "An' if you was to dig he up," added Mrs. Worden, when she told me the story, "I reckon you'd find thickey kerchief in the coffin."

The good lady was not reticent on the matter. I heard the tale both from her own lips, as also from Mrs. Blagden, the vicar's wife. The extremely rude and early cross now erected in the churchyard at Broadwood came from Buddle. Joanna was buried June 24, 1889, aged seventy-one years.

The Wulf is a river that flows into the Thrustle from Broadwood. From time immemorial a spirit has been seen where the road crosses it, leading to Portgate, on the main highway from Okehampton to Launceston. Originally there was no bridge there, but a ford. The apparition was wont to be seen standing by the water, and when anyone wanted at night to traverse the river, the spirit lifted him or her in his arms and carried the passenger across. By day there was no need for his help, as there were stepping stones, but these were not always perceptible by night.

An old woman in Broadwood died in 1882, who was the last to be transported across the Wulf by the spirit.

The origin of this story is not far to seek. On the north wall of the nave of Broadwood Church had been a painting in distemper of S. Christopher crossing a river, carrying Our Lord

as a child on his left arm, and in the distance might be seen a church on a height. Now there existed a sufficient resemblance between the river and the church on the higher ground in the picture and the Wulf and the parochial church, in fact, to lead the people to imagine the figure of a spectral Christopher at the ford.

In the lane leading to Wortham, from the highway half a mile out of Lifton, a spectral figure is supposed to be seen, and his name is Old Stripe. He has vastly long legs, and is usually seen striding across the lane from one hedge to the other. Several persons still alive in Lifton profess to have seen Old Stripe.

Shopland, of whom I have already made mention, told me that he and ten other men had resolved to watch over midnight in the tower of Broadwood Church to see the spirits, or the doubles, go by who would show who were to die within a twelve-month. But all failed to keep the appointment save two, himself and one other. However, as midnight approached, his companion's courage gave way, and he deserted his post. This was too much for Shopland, and he also retreated from the church tower and yard. But as he looked behind him he saw some mysterious white object drawing itself along the roof; he was too frightened to remain and find out what manner of creature this was.

Miss Hole, of North Tawton, informed me of a somewhat similar case that occurred at Broadwood Kelly. There the watchers did maintain sufficient courage to keep together in the church porch till after the stroke of midnight, when they all saw the figure of a well-known young man, a carpenter in the village, enter the graveyard gate and advance along the path towards the south porch. This was too much for them, and they fled in an opposite direction.

Very injudiciously they told their story in the village, and it reached the ears of the young carpenter, who took it so to heart, that he sickened and died before the ensuing S. Mark's Day, although the doctor could not discover that there was anything the matter with him.

Several of the parishes in my neighbourhood are supposed to be haunted by Church-grims or Bahr-ghosts. I have dealt with the subject fully in my *Strange Survivals*. Marystowe possesses

a black dog that haunts the churchyard, Coryton a white calf, another church, which I will not name for fear of giving offence, has a ghostly ass. There the churchwarden, a farmer, was wont to say : “ ‘The volk du talk o’ a black hass as is seen in and about the church at night. I dun’ know much about that, but I ha’ seed ’n and ha’ heard ’n bray scores and scores o’ times. He frequents the pulpit.’ ”

Our church-grim is a white pig, or, as some say, two white pigs yoked together with a silver chain. I was dining one evening with Mr. Alister Grant, who tenanted the house I had built upon the Ramps. I was then residing at the Rectory as Mr. Morshead still occupied Lew House. About half-past-eleven I left the Ramps to return home, when, on opening the wicket gate, an animal appeared in the road. In the starlight I could discern that it was white and very much like a large pig. As I closed the wicket it manifested an extraordinary interest in my legs, against which it thrust its snout, and, on my walking with quickened pace up the high-road, it trotted after me. From the church to the old Rectory is a narrow lane, and down this lane I was pursued by the beast. The way was dark, overshadowed by trees. I could no longer see my pursuer, but could hear the tramp of his feet. Now this lane is regarded as specially haunted by the bahr-ghest. I candidly admit that my rapid walk resolved itself into a run, till I reached the gate leading into a field that has to be traversed before the Rectory is attained. I slipped through the gate and slammed it against my pursuer. It was a stray boar-pig that belonged to the quarry farm.

In 1914 a panic prevailed in the parish relative to the old road leading from the church to Lew Down, as during the winter nights a white beast was encountered in it by workmen returning home. My carpenter at the sawmill was so frightened that he preferred to seek his home by the very circuitous high-road. I believe that the white beast on this occasion was none other than a stray dog that, for its own ends—rabbit hunting—frequented the lane by night. If a man approached he ran to and snuffed at him to ascertain whether the individual were his master in quest of him.

A farmer in the adjoining parish of Stowford a few years ago, about 1911, had murrain among his cattle. He went to Exeter

and consulted the White Witch in the parish of All Hallows-on-the-Walls, who told him that he must draw a circle with chalk on the ground in his field, and must throw a white cock high into the air. If it came down dead, the cattle would be cured ; if, however, the bird flew away, the disease would remain and ravage his stock. The farmer called several men to his assistance, amongst others, my carpenter, who, by the way, is a member of our Church Council, and is in our choir. This man volunteered to throw the cock. It was done, and the bird fell dead within the magic circle. The murrain ceased. I asked my carpenter if it were a fact, and he assured me it was true.

I may here add an anecdote of the same man, though not connected with witchcraft. He had killed a pig that he had fattened, and his wife had prepared and salted the hams and sides of bacon. One day, to her confusion, she found that one of the hams was gone. She sent at once for the police ; every inquiry was made. No one could surmise who the thief could be ; and Anne ——— concluded that it had been carried off by the pixies, when a disclosure ensued that explained the mystery. Her husband had fallen considerably in debt at " The Blue Lion," and to liquidate the score had given the ham to the taverner. Fearing his wife's recrimination he had not dared to confess the fact. He was as timorous of his wife's tongue as he was of the bahr-ghest's snout.

William Rich, a farmer at Town, in Broadwood, was very ill in the summer of 1882, with a complication of disorders, the chief of which was diphtheria. Dr. Budd, of North Tawton, was called in to consult with Dr. Thompson, of Launceston. Both gave him up. Then his wife's relations sent for a posthumous child to be brought and breathe into his mouth. This was done several times in the week, and the man recovered completely. What is more, the child was none the worse for the experiment.

In 1879 Jonas Squire of Collisham Farm, Meavy, had sickness among his cattle. Accordingly he sacrificed a sheep, and burnt it to placate the " Good Folk " on the moor above his house, and the cattle recovered from that day. He told the vicar, the Rev. A. A. G. Grey, and had no idea that he had performed anything extraordinary.

A woman in a Devonshire parish was believed by the

villagers to have the Evil Eye. They particularly disliked having her to visit their cottages, and above all to notice their children. When she entered a house, the proprietor at once went for an axe and turned the blade upwards. If no axe was accessible then a carving-knife was so employed. This was deemed a method of cutting the ill effects caused by her eye. I possess a gold ring with an eye in enamel on it, an old-fashioned gift made to friends after a funeral. But I have not ventured to wear it lest it should cause alarm in the parish.

It seems to me that we never get mutton nowadays as we did when I was young. We had ours from Sticklepath, some fourteen miles away on the fringe of the moor, and it was worth sending for it, all that distance. It was Dartmoor mutton three years old, and it was roasted at an open wood fire. The meat was dark brown, not stringy, the grain short and firm, and the gravy delicious. Richard Jefferies describes that from the Wiltshire downs, and his account describes exactly what our mutton was. "It was cooked to a turn, and had been done at a wood fire on a hearth ; no oven taste, no taint of coal gas or carbon ; the pure flame of wood had browned it. Such emanations as there may be from burning logs are odorous of the woodland, of the sunshine, of the fields and fresh air ; the wood simply gives out as it burns the sweetness it has imbibed through its leaves from the atmosphere which floats above grass and flowers. Essences of this order, if they do penetrate the fibres of the meat, add to its flavour a delicate aroma. Grass-fed meat cooked at a wood fire for me." And for me, as well, I would say, but that such a treat is unobtainable. We have still the old jack for the spit that turned the meat, but it turns the leg no more. We possess still the old palates that tasted and relished the Dartmoor or Welsh mutton roasted on a spit, but to-day we obtain a substitute only. The joint is enclosed in an iron prison and cooks itself in a most perfunctory manner. Oven-baked mutton is mutton with the poetry taken out of it. It no more has the flavour and fragrance of the old mutton roasted before the fire than has a *nouveau riche* the savour and spirituality, breeding and grace of the old English gentleman and lady.

And here let me give a housekeeper a hint acquired in the Eastern Counties. *Bone* a leg of mutton and stuff it like a goose

with sage and onions, and then cook. Do this and you will thank me to your dying day.

With the beef it is much the same. The meat turning on the spit before the fire, with under it in a pan the Yorkshire pudding, made with plenty of egg, and the beef regularly basted with the dripping that falls from it, distilled richness. Good heavens ! I can write no more, my mouth is watering ; if I add another sentence relative to roast and basted beef my eyes will water as well. *Olim reminiscere juvabar.*

When the squire's lady sent out invitations to the farmer tenants, at the foot of the card were the letters R.S.V.P. "What's the meanin' of them letters ?" asked Farmer Westacott of Farmer Bolt. "I reckon," answered the latter, "that it means Rump Steak and Veal Pie." "Get out," said Westacott, "Squire ba'n't such a vule as to gie two mates. It stands for Rump Steak if you will, but the V.P. stands for Viggy Puddin'." Viggy Pudding in Devonshire signifies Raisin Pudding.

At one tenant dinner there was a farmer who sent away his plate of vermicelli soup. "I reckon," said he, "it hev gone bad and is vull o' worms."

Some of the family names in Cornwall and West Devon are peculiar, as Kneebone, a Launceston name. Suckbitch is, or was, found near Exeter, but the family has of late years changed the name. Pengelly is purely Celtic and means the Hazel-head. Soeby abounds in my neighbourhood. Sloggett is another local name. Nankivell means the Valley of the Horse. Fone was one of my folk-song bards. By Tre, Pol and Pen we know the names of most Cornish men. I will give some of these only. Trewin means the White house, and singularly enough a girl of that name was servant at my inn, the "Blue Lion," of which Whitehouse was the taverner, and I married her to a Whiteside. Other *Tre's* are Trebilcock, Tregedgo, Trezono. *Pol* means a pool or bay, hence Polkinghorne. *Pen* is head, hence Penaluna. Rose is ross, a headland, hence Rosedew, the Black promontory. Car is *Caer* a fortress, hence Carwithin, Carveth, Carlyon. *Men* is a stone, hence the surname Mennadue, the Blackstone, and Menheniott, the Ancient stone. Bolitho signifies the Big belly ; Borlase signifies grey or green fat. Other names are Nodder, Meyla, Geake, Eva, Collick, Butteris, Angilley, Vage, Varcoe,

Avery, Vallis, Trudgeon, Scaddan, Pellow, Rodda, Chegwidden, Uglow, Vosper, Murron, Ching, Chegwyn, Beaglehole, Quantrell, Chelew, Lipyeat, Jacka, Hicks, Beswetherick, Chenoweth, Menhinick, Uren, Squance, Strick, Swiggs, Renowden, Knuckey, Lobb, Gumb, Cattrab, Andrewartha.

Some of the names are eminently euphonious, others, however, quite the reverse.

Names undergo great changes ; the Cornish name Olver is a contraction of Oliver, and Chegwyn of Chegwidden. My own name is variously spelled in old deeds as Gold or Gould. In my own recollection it was customary for old people to speak of a goulden ring, or watch ; so also Rome was pronounced Room. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, the ladies-in-waiting listened intently to hear how she pronounced these words, and when she spoke of Gold and Rome, the older way of pronouncing these words became " bad form " and ceased.

Many of our Devonshire families bore double or alternative names, as Hooker *alias* Vowell, Veysey *alias* Harman, Tenant *alias* Penington, Uphill *alias* Hillman, Combe *alias* Bidlake. Names also become corrupted. Thus the common name Dawe is a contraction of David, and Gloyne, found near Tavistock, is a degradation of the noble name of Glanville.

There is an article of the kitchen battery that was peculiar to East Cornwall, especially in the neighbourhood of Launceston, and that is a stone frying-pan. This consists of a pan with a handle all in one piece cut out of polyphant stone, the quarry for which is in the parish of Lewannick. The handle, rounded, is from six to ten inches long. As the stone is a non-conductor of heat it can be held over the fire without inconvenience, and bacon, kidneys and liver fried in these pans are never burned to chips or leather, but are deliciously tender. In fact, kidneys so fried are inimitable. These pans are becoming rare, nevertheless they may still be found.

Another object of a totally different character is very common throughout the county of Cornwall, and is met with in West Devon as well. This is the so-called Lord's measure. It consists of a bowl with ears, scooped out of granite or polyphant, and was employed for measuring wheat and other cereals. These Lord's measures were formerly kept in the church porch and were

accredited measures. A collection of them was made by the wife of a former incumbent of S. Enodoc, near S. Minver, and placed along the church path in the graveyard on both sides.

The polyphant stone was likewise employed cut into rings, through which hobbles were passed, and such may be picked up on the moors, usually broken.

The slate of Delabole lent itself readily to being carved, and in the churches in N.E. Cornwall many beautiful examples of tombstones executed in this material may be seen and admired.

We have in Lew House a good many oddments of olden time. Among these is a tinder-box. I had one complete with tinder, flint and steel, matches of deal shavings smeared with *white* brimstone, but I gave it to the Plymouth Museum. I still have what is more primitive still, a little wooden oblong box with a handle to it wherewith to suspend it from the wall, made of twisted birch bark. It contains flint and steel, but no tinder. How often in the dark winter mornings one heard the kitchen-maid strike, strike, strike with the steel upon the flint to produce a spark! and almost invariably she rawed her knuckles in the process. The successor to the tinder-box was the phosphorus bottle; those we had in the house were of green glass, filled with phosphorus, and matches tipped with brimstone were inserted and rubbed in the contents till they flamed. Then the glass stopper was at once clapped into the neck of the bottle to cut off the air lest the phosphorus should catch fire. It was a dangerous apparatus and did not remain long in use. As a substitute for it came the lucifer match, tipped with yellow brimstone and phosphorus. I have already mentioned in my *Early Reminiscences* the terrible explosions and burns that attended the manufacture when carried on in cottages.

From matches we will proceed to candlesticks. I have one standing about four feet in height. It consists of an iron rod with a movable branch that supports a socket for a light. At the top is a pair of nippers that might be taken for snuffers. But snuffers they can hardly have been. In old days candles had their wicks snuffed by the fingers. Just as fingers were made before forks, so were they before the invention of metal snuffers. To this day a kitchen-maid will use her thumb and forefinger for

the purpose rather than adopt the mechanical contrivance for removing the charred wick. Besides, these nippers point upwards to the ceiling, and, so as to employ them for curtailing the charred wick, the candle would have to be removed from the socket at the end of the arm, and be held horizontally; a procedure certain to cause a discharge of molten tallow on the floor, perhaps on the apron of the wench snuffing the wick. As likely as not, moreover, the charred wick would fall on the floor and set fire to the straw or rushes there strewn.

The design of the nippers was different in purpose, if I am not mistaken. The German *Lichtspan* is a rude torch composed of a strip of burning beechwood held transversely in a rude contrivance. These were formerly common in the Black Forest, where I have seen them in use. Now the iron nippers were intended to hold in position a burning torch. The apparatus would serve two purposes, as employed in Devon, either to hold a rushlight or a torch.

The torches employed in this county and in Somersetshire were the stalks of the cow-parsnip dried, called by the people *limpen-skimps*. I think these must have been helped out with a little tallow, for when I employ them to light my pipe I find that they rapidly burn to a glowing core and then the flame goes out. Yet I have been informed that they were much employed on the ground floor in cottages and farmhouses that were paved with slate.

I possess as well a short iron nipper, fitted into a wooden handle, for carrying these torches about the house and preventing the burning of the fingers when the *limpenskip* came to an end. The hand held it firmly between the block of oak into which the nipper is fixed and the curved handle that opens and closes the blades. The thumb passed over the curve and compressed the cow-parsnip stalk that flamed, so as to keep it secure in its place. Should a portion of the burnt cane fall on the floor the foot at once extinguished it.

The standard candlestick was intended, like the German *Lichtspan*-holder, to be stationary; it was accommodated with a socket at the end of a movable arm, so as to hold a rushlight or a tallow dip, and also with the vertical nippers to support a torch.

Rough and ready were the methods adopted by our forefathers, especially in the cottage and the farmhouse.

The candles everywhere except in the drawing-room and on the dinner table were tallow dips. In every grocer's shop there used to hang bunches of these dips for sale ; not one is to be seen now. At the theatres a boy was retained, whose office it was periodically to snuff the footlights. Many and many a night have I had to snuff those by which my father was reading aloud.

A clever invention consisted of a plated tray to contain the snuffers, which were contrived like scissors, the burnt wick being retained in a box on the back of the apparatus. Oh ! the blessed time when composite candles came into use, and tallows went out ! The trays are now occasionally converted into holders of candied fruit, but no use has been found for the snuffers.

I possess a pair of very quaint candlesticks ; they have broad feet that support a rod furnished with a branch candle-holder and which have, in addition, a reflector behind, one of burnished steel, the other of polished brass.

I have no doubt but that the practice of either painting oak panelling white, or of tearing it down altogether and papering the walls, was due to the discomfort our forefathers felt when sitting in panelled rooms with poor lighting at night ; the dark oak absorbing the little illumination afforded by the candles. A lady, now long dead, told me of the terrors she endured as a bride in an old mansion on the north coast of Cornwall during her husband's absence, and how she sat in the middle of a withdrawing-room whose panelling was black oak, and tried to read or do needlework by a tallow candle. The rats raced behind the wood, and when she looked up to see why the light was so dim she saw a thief like a fungus growing out of the dock. Even if she substituted a wax candle for the " dip " it had a habit of sending down the side an overflow of wax that curled and spread and was commonly called a " Winding sheet," and was held to prognosticate death if it were directed against the terrified beholder. The first to observe a winding sheet pointing towards himself, silently without being observed, was wont to turn the candlestick and point the excrescence at another individual.

Formerly every year the village girls went out in parties collecting rushes for lights, and singing to a pretty melody :

“ Don’t you go a rushing, Maids in May,
Or you’ll get a brushing, Maids I say.
Don’t you go a rushing
Or you’ll get a brushing,
Gather up your rushes and then go away.”

But like all lasses with whom I am acquainted they said one thing and did the contrary.

The rest of the song as I heard it must belong to some other lay.

“ I’ll give you a chick that has no bone,
I’ll give you a cherry without a stone,
I’ll give you a ring that has no rim,
I’ll give you an oak that has no limb.

When the chick is in the hatch, it has no bone,
When the cherry is in the flower, it has no stone.
When the ring is in the melting-pot it has no rim,
When the oak is in the acorn, it has no limb.”

We have in Lew House a couple of very tall brass candlesticks twenty inches high, with a “ pusher,” a contrivance for thrusting up the candle as it burns down to the socket. Their bases of solid brass are seven and a half inches in diameter. These candlesticks in former days were sometimes used as weapons.

In the Rutland Papers is an account of a quarrel between Lady Mohun and Mistress Brown, which began “ with ill words and candlesticks.” The matter was taken into the House of Lords where “ it entertained the King mightily.”

In the *Hutchinson Memoirs* (II, 288) the gallant Colonel, we are informed, “ snatched up a candlestick and laid him (his adversary) over the chaps with it.” Lady Standish wrote to Robert Kenyon, M.P., that “ Lord Willoughby is almost as great a plague to me as he is to his wife and his maids, for my Lord fighting with my Lady’s woman, she has broke his shins with a brass candlestick, and he is a cripple.” Encounters with such weapons are of frequent mention in letters and diaries of the seventeenth century and much earlier.

There was also in the house a copper boot for boiling, or at all events heating, spiced ale, but it has disappeared.

One other curious "oddment" I may mention is an iron contrivance fitted with a wooden handle, that at the further end has a small cup of metal that is closed by a cover which can be turned down upon it. In the side of the cup is a small perforation. This is a contrivance for ascertaining the quality of gunpowder. The cup is filled with the explosive and the cover is brought down to close it. Then a light is applied to the hole in the cup. The gunpowder explodes and drives up the lid to an iron dial furnished with a hand pointing to a number, which indicates the quality and force of the powder. In our spare bedroom beside the fireplace is a cupboard cut in the granite for gunpowder, to keep it dry without the possibility of the flames or sparks igniting it.

I had built a pretty cottage, already referred to, on the Lime Quarry Ramps, and this I let to a Mrs. Bussell, whose son, F. W. Bussell, was at the time at Magdalen College, Oxford; but having passed a brilliant examination for his degree he was elected fellow of Brasenose, the fellows of Magdalen rather despising him for his eccentricities. When congratulated on his success, he dryly remarked: "Either the fellows of Magdalen or those of Brasenose have made a great mistake."

Bussell was a dandy, wore very showy ties, and had hot-house flowers sent him from London of the same colour as his ties, to wear in his button-hole. He sang falsetto, and was quite unconscious of the amusement he provoked when singing "Dinah-do." At a concert the audience was convulsed with laughter, and his mother would look about her with glances of fury at those who dared to feel amusement at "Freddy's" squawks.

He had taken his Mus. Bac. and was an accomplished musician; but he said to me, "A good melody affords me no pleasure. What I love is a fugue or intricate piece of harmony; it gives me as much gratification as working out a mathematical problem does a mathematician." He was of enormous advantage to me in collecting the folk-airs of Devon, and was ever good natured, obliging, and ready to help in the matter.

He possessed one or two peculiarities that may be noticed. He invented a conveyance, like a sentry-box on wheels, provided

with a little table, book-shelf, writing materials, lamp and case for liquor ; the whole sitting very high on the axles so that through the side-windows he could survey the landscape over the tops of the hedges. But the "Bussell," as it was termed, possessed this disadvantage ; that going over a common in a high wind, it so swayed that it threatened to upset. I learned that when Mr. Bussell took his first drive in it, when it was surrendered to him by the coach-builders in London, he ventured into Hyde Park. I presume the result was not highly satisfactory, as he was uncommunicative as to the success of the experiment.

Another of his peculiarities was a passion for purchasing Donatives, that is to say, livings not under episcopal control. They have since been abolished ; but he possessed several, and still retains presentation to the livings, though they have been placed under the supervision of the bishops of the respective dioceses.

I shall never forget the shrieks and cries for help he emitted at Trewartha Marsh on the Bodmin moors, where he came to see the excavations I was making in a very ancient settlement. Incautiously he had trodden upon a quaking bog, which began to eat him up, beginning at his boots and ankles and proceeding to his knees, when my workmen and I succeeded in extricating him. From his waist to his knees his trousers were of a delicate lavender hue ; below, black as peat.

He was a thorough Greek scholar, and was specially acquainted with the writings of the neo-Platonists. Bussell was one morning invited with several other rising men to breakfast with Jowett. The Master of Balliol seeing Bussell dressed up to the top of the fashion, and his pink and white complexion and hairless face, turning to him said : " Mr. Bussell, what is your amusement ? Are you a boating man ? " " No, Professor, I do not boat." " Perhaps you are a cricketer ? " " No, sir, I have never held a bat." " Then you like lawn tennis ? " " I never play it." " Possibly, you hunt ? " " Never hunted in my life." " Then," said Jowett, " good heavens ! What *do* you do ? " Bussell made no answer. After a while conversation turned on philosophy. Then Bussell remarked, " I specially like Theon of Smyrna, for his treatise on music." " I have never read him," said the Master.

"You know how Alcinous tried to harmonize the views of Plato and Aristotle on ideas, and how he distinguished the *ἰδέει* from the *εἶδη*." "I have not seen the book, much less read it," said Jowett. "Of course, Master, you are well up in Plotinus." "I cannot say that I am," colour rising into the Master's cheeks. "Then," exclaimed Bussell from the other end of the table, "Good heavens, Professor, what *have* you read?"

I said in joke to Mrs. Bussell one day that I created her Baroness Rampenstein within the bounds of my estate. I found later that she had gone abroad with her son as Baroness Rampenstein and the Baron Frederick William von Rampenstein.

There lived in Lew in one of my cottages a very remarkable woman, a character. And characters were far more common in past times than they are at present, when education has ground down all asperities and angles, and made men and women as much alike as are marbles. I do not give her name further than her Christian appellation, as her great-grandchildren are with us to the present day. Marianne must have been handsome when young, she was strikingly picturesque when old. She was at bitter enmity with her own sister, Susan, who lived a mile off; and the reason was that Susan, who had no children of her own, had adopted an orphan girl, Fanny, and had promised to leave her what little money she had hoarded. Susan was one of those old-fashioned people who kissed your hand, as well as curtsyed. When she died, not only did Marianne refuse to attend her sister's funeral as a mourner, but went into the middle of the road while the body was being carried to church, followed by the nearest relatives and friends, and there she danced and shouted opprobrious epithets at the dead.

Yet the woman was not without kindly feeling. When her sons fell ill as children with scarlet fever my mother carried her sheets for their beds. One of these she retained, and vowed that she would be buried in it. A son died, and she preserved his trousers, saying that she intended to be buried with them. She had a little farm, attended to the cattle, and tilled the land herself.

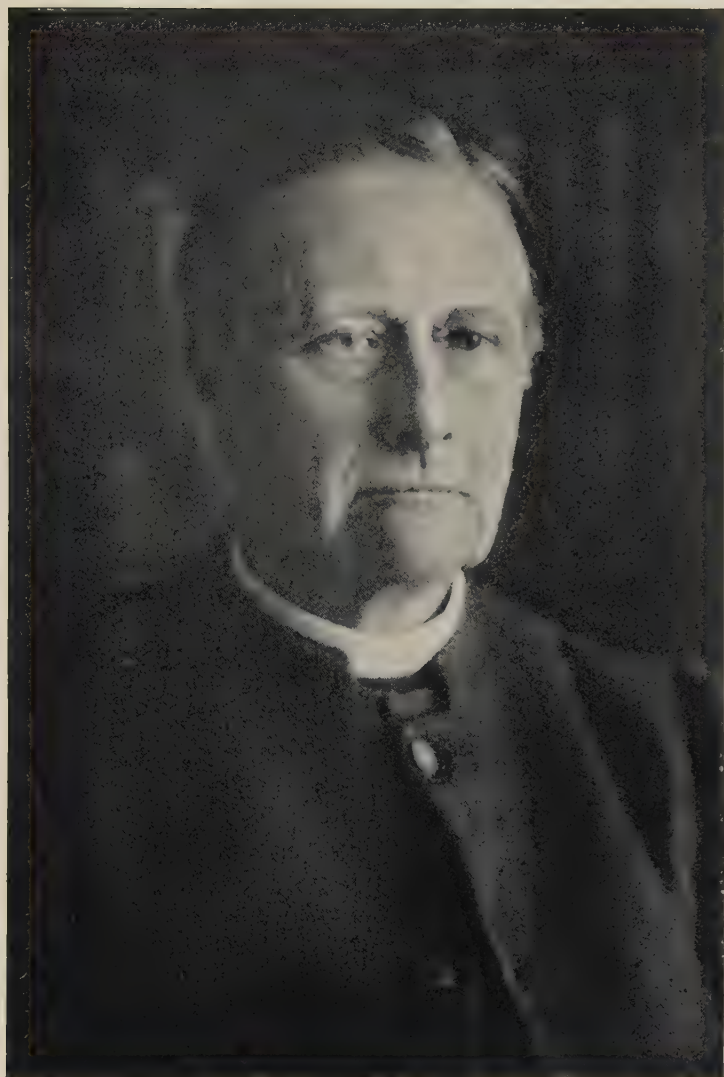
At one time her husband, who had been a cattle dealer, was returning from market at night, and was thrown from his horse, which shied in a dark place at something in the road. He was picked up by a neighbour and brought home. But his purse was

missing. Marianne lit a lantern and searched the road where the accident had happened, but vainly. The search was continued next morning, but proved fruitless. Meanwhile the husband was left to recover as best he might. Thenceforth Marianne was filled with the fiercest rage against the neighbour who had assisted her husband home, and whom she accused of having robbed him. She filled the ears of the parishioners with her vituperations. She went to Tavistock market to tell the neighbourhood her story. Finally she made the position of the accused so intolerable that, on some excuse or other, the family moved to a distant part of the county. Not till after the husband's death, when the masons were whitewashing the house, was the purse found on a rafter above the bed in which the man had lain. He had put it there when in a condition of semi-consciousness after his fall and had forgotten all about it. Thenceforth the woman's rage and resentment were turned upon her deceased husband, because he had not informed her as to where he had deposited the purse.

Marianne was a notable brewer of metheglin, a liqueur distilled from honey. The sole occasion of my falling off my pony through tipsiness was after having imbibed metheglin at a farmhouse from the hospitable hostess. Marianne's liquor was not so strong as that; one could not visit her without being forced to drink a glass of her brew.

I reproved her once for never coming to church. "Oh!" said she, "I've got my Bible here," pointing to one on a side table. I looked at it, the cover was thick with dust, so with my finger I scribbled on it *Marianne's Bible*. "You may have a Bible," said I, "but it is never opened. If you read it you would find therein, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'" "Oh!" she said; "I am so short of amusements. Men have horse races, fox hunting, shooting and cock-fighting. What are we poor women to do for a little entertainment? To set a lot of women by the ears is rare sport."

I give an instance of the woman's energy and resolution. She had some fine apples growing in her garden. She filled a large basket with them to take to Germansweek, five miles off, where they were scarce. But she had one of her children, a babe, that could not be left at home, so she took it on one arm and the



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basket on the other. She had not gone very far before she discovered that this was beyond her strength ; so she set down the child and carried the apples a few hundred yards, deposited the apples, returned for the infant, and carried it forward beyond the basket for about the same distance, set the child on the ground, and went back for the apples. So, alternately carrying the fruit and the babe, she arrived at Germansweek, where she sold the apples and walked home with her offspring in the basket slung round her neck at her back.

The impression in the village and the neighbourhood was that Marianne was rich, and that she kept a large sum of money in her bedroom, reached by what was rather a ladder than a stair. As she lived entirely alone, I once spoke to her on the subject, and advised her to get some one to live with her, so that should she be ill in the night, she might send out and obtain assistance and the doctor.

"Never was ill in my life," said she, "save when confined. And I shan't be that again. That warn't illness, only a na'rel infirmity you men don't suffer from, more's the pity."

Reverting to the matter of her solitary life, I said : "It is the talk all round that you have a bag full of money upstairs. Some tramp or evil-disposed fellow might attempt to rob you in the night."

"I should like him to try. I can use a scythe as well as any man. Mow him down, as soon as his head appeared above the floor. I've cut off many a head of a sow-thistle in the marsh. I should rather enjoy it."

The old woman was not regarded as a witch, but she was accredited with a profound acquaintance with herbs and their virtues. Neighbours feared lest they should be "ill-wished" by her. In various sicknesses she was consulted, and she was invariably liberal, even to foes, in prescribing and administering teas and lotions. There were two plants that she grew, to which she attributed marvellous powers. One was the mandrake ; what the other was I do not know, but she called it "Christ's Hand."

The mandrake was a most baleful plant, and the possessor of it was able to work incalculable evil against all such as the owner "ill-wished." The other plant, "Christ's Hand," availed to arrest the evil caused by the mandrake, when it was like to

proceed too far. Marianne would never show me the two plants, and since her death, I have been unable to find the mandrake and identify "Christ's Hand." It was not till some years ago when I was staying at Lapford that the daughters of the rector showed me the plant in the garden. It had been grown there by the former rector, Froude, who has been sketched by Mr. Blackmore as "Parson Chowne" in *The Maid of Sker*. He was an evil-minded and evil-living man, and the terror of the neighbourhood. I have given an account of him in my *Devonshire Characters and Strange Events*. Much of his power was attributed to the possession of the mandrake, more to his being in league with a gang of ruffians who, at his instigation, set fire to ricks and even to farmhouses of such as had defied him or had given him offence. The mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*) is not a native plant of England, but grows in the East and in Spain and Portugal. It is closely allied to the deadly nightshade, and has everywhere mysterious powers or properties attributed to it. This is probably due to the shape of the root, which divides or forks into a couple of carrot-like rootlets, so that the trunk with these appendages bears the form of a human being. It possesses a fetid corpse-like odour. The flower is white. According to Pliny (lib. xxv. c. 13) the mandrake is either male or female; the former is white, the latter black. To raise it the operator must keep to windward, and with the point of his sword draw three circles round it. Columella (X. 19) calls the plant *semihomo mandragoras*.

The mediæval notion of lifting the mandrake was more elaborate than that proposed by Pliny. When it is being extracted from the earth it cries, groans and utters such piercing shrill screams that the operator is liable to die of fright. He must therefore stop his ears with wax or pitch and have in attendance a black dog without a white spot on its body. The operator makes three crosses above the plant, and then excavates the earth in a circle about the mandrake, so as not to cut and wound the root-fibres. He then attaches the dog to the head of the plant by its tail. The next procedure is to lure the dog away by the offer of a bit of meat or bread. The beast rushes after the food, and in so doing, rips the mandrake out of the soil. This is accomplished with such cries from the plant as to scare the dog to death. The mandrake is then washed in red wine and wrapped

in red and white silk, is placed in a small chest, is bathed every Friday and clothed after the bath with a clean new smock. The possessor can ask what he will of the mandrake, and has secrets and mysteries revealed to him. Every night a coin is placed on the box and this is found doubled in the morning.

According to another receipt the Alraun, as it is also called must be dug up early on a Monday in spring. The fleshy, two-pronged root must then be buried in the grave of a recently interred man, and for a month must be watered daily before sunrise with whey in which three bats have been drowned. At the conclusion of this period the mandrake is dug up and found to have acquired a further resemblance to the body of a man than it possessed previously. It is then dried in an oven heated with sprigs of verbena, and laid aside wrapped in a piece of linen that has covered the face of a corpse. The possession of the Alraun entitles the owner to vast riches, and makes a barren woman to become a fruitful mother of children. It certainly had not the first effect with Marianne ; possibly she failed to obtain the requisite amount of verbena, but it may have had the second effect, as she became the mother of a large family.

When the possessor of the Gallowsman dies it passes into the possession of the youngest son, who in acknowledgment is bound to lay in his father's coffin a coin and a slice of bread.

Dragon's blood is still largely employed by herbalists, is in great vogue among ignorant love-lorn damsels in the poorer districts of London, and is sold in the country by gipsies. A twopenny packet of dragon's blood (which is really a gum used in wood-staining), burned at midnight on a Friday, will, it is thought, rekindle the affections of a lover who has jilted his sweetheart. Tormentil root and mandrake, which most herbalists stock, are used as love philtres, though not to the same extent as dragon's blood. A street seller of mandrake has a regular pitch near Petticoat Lane, his stock-in-trade consisting of roots selected because of a fancied resemblance to the human form. " I pulls 'em up at midnight," he tells his customers, " and they screams orfull as they comes out of the ground." The conviction, if ever possessed by the vendor, that they bring to riches must have died out of his heart, for he does not seem to be in prosperous circumstances. It was so with the alchemists of old ; they pretended to

make gold and silver by their red and white tinctures, but they never succeeded in enriching themselves.

In the case of Marianne, if she did hand over the mandrake to one of her sons it must have been to the youngest, who alone of the large family of boys came to remarkable prosperity.

Naturalists in past days told strange stories of the plant and its properties, but modern botanists have discarded them all, especially since it was discovered that charlatans were wont artificially to fashion the roots, so as to surprise the credulity of the people and induce them to pay large sums to obtain specimens.

That it was deemed a means of curing barrenness we learn from Genesis (xxx. 14). Reuben, the son of Leah being in the field, lighted on some mandrakes, which he brought home to his mother. Rachel had a mind to them and purchased them of Leah by the surrender to her of Jacob for twelve hours.

In Germany the mandrake is called *Alraun*, or the *Galgenmännchen*, or little Gallowsman, and has been regarded as the Devil's own plant. The possession of one gives incontestable proof that the owner has sold himself to the Evil One.

On the 20th and 21st January, 1860, a case came before the criminal court of Zürich that revealed the astounding credulity still existing among the people relative to the virtues of the mandrake. The Canton of Zürich had for the previous thirty-five years possessed the best schools in all Switzerland, and the educational budget exceeded that for the army fivefold, and yet the superstition of the Protestant peasants had not been destroyed.

On August 31, 1859, a manufacturer named Heinrich Kurz, at Oetweil beside the lake died. He was a man who, by his energy and capacity, had created a business that made him to be regarded as the King of Spinners, and he left to his heirs the sum of over twenty million francs, beside the flourishing business. Popular opinion held that he was five times as rich as was given out; that he had sold himself to the Devil, who had furnished him with an *Alraun* that bore every day a gold coin. It went even further than that; it persisted in believing that, although dead and buried, he would rise out of his grave after a few weeks' rest and resume his place at the head of his factory, and would call his heirs to account for the way in which they had disposed of his inheritance. Heinrich Kurz had not only been a mighty manufacturer, but he

had been as well colonel in the Swiss army. He had not married, had been a hard and harsh master, rough with all, and though esteemed for his money's sake, had never been beloved.

At the trial all this was disclosed, various frauds having been perpetrated upon people who believed Colonel Kurz to be in possession of the mandrake and therefore all-powerful to make those whom he favoured fabulously wealthy.

Superstition has far more vitality than religion. And repeatedly do we see, as we have had evidence in our own days, that those most prone to superstition are such as have lost their hold on true religion.

The real Devil's herb was rooted in Marianne's heart. She had at one time a granddaughter of thirteen or fourteen years old staying with her, and she employed this girl in writing attacks on the character of one of her neighbours with whom she had picked a quarrel, and these placards were posted up upon the walls. I tore them down whenever I saw them, and I charged Marianne with the origination of them. She stoutly denied the fact, and bade the girl deny that she had been her amanuensis. It came to such a pass that I threatened to have an action brought against her unless she at once sent the girl back to her parents. This answered ; and the libels ceased to be published.

Although Marianne was not thought to be a witch, or perhaps I should say, a white witch, yet we did have a woman on Lew Down who was held to be the latter. She was an old spinster, and had one eye and eyebrow higher than the other, which caused her to have an uncanny appearance. She protested that she had no intercourse with Satan, and that all her operations were honest and performed through the grace of God, and by justifiable charms. She was in great request in cases of wounds to stop bleeding. On one occasion, at hay harvest, a young man at Kelly, some eight miles off, cut his leg with his scythe. At once the farmer for whom he worked sent a handkerchief soaked in his blood to this woman, who on receiving it stroked the kerchief three times, muttered a charm, and the messenger returned to Kelly with the kerchief. Meanwhile the flow of blood had ceased.

It was by no means unusual to meet the postman for Bratton Clovelly coming to Lew Down or going back to Bratton, with his

right hand extended to the uttermost holding a kerchief that was to be blessed, or which had been blessed by the witch.

I made a collection of the charms employed. They are harmless and silly. Here are specimens.

For Inflammation.—The Virgin Mary set the Babe on her lap, and there an Inflammation caught and a blister rose. She blew on it, and the Child also ; and the Blister left. So shall it leave . . . In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. (To be repeated three times.)

For a Sprain.—As Christ was riding over Crolly Bridge, His horse slid and sprained its leg. He alighted and spake these words. “ Bone to bone, and sinew to sinew.” And He blessed it and it became well. And so shall . . . come well, in the Name, etc. (To be repeated thrice.)

For a Snake Bite.—

Let God arise and then the foe will turn to flight
And from fear would scatter out of sight,
The Fire that melts the wax. Wind blow this away,
Then in the presence of the Lord this wicked shall decay.
In the Name of, etc. (Thrice repeated.)

For Burns or Scalds.—

There were three angels came out of the North,
One bringing Fire, the other Frost, the third the Holy Ghost.
In Frost, out Fire, in the Name, etc.

For Stopping Blood.—Ezech. xvi. 6. With Invocation as above.

A Cure for Jaundice (not a Charm).—Take an old well-blackened clay tobacco pipe. Grind up the bowl, and take as much as will go on a sixpence, before each meal.

A Cure for Costiveness (not a Charm).—Take every 3 hours a dropping of a sheep, till relieved.

Here is a recipe given me by Marianne, for a sprain :

2 oz. oil of Turpentine.
2 „ „ Swiillowes (? squills).
2 „ „ Earthworms.
2 „ „ Nerve.
2 „ „ Spedilock (Opodildoc).
2 „ „ Spanish fleas (flies).

When my brother William, my sister and I had the whooping cough at Lew, my mother was strongly urged to cut some hair off the back of an ass at the cross, enclose it in a silk bag, and hang one round each of our necks. When my child Beatrice died of whooping cough, the coachman's wife told me that she could have saved her had she been allowed to employ this same remedy.

In cases of thrush with children, it was usual to pass them thrice under a bramble that had rerooted itself, after throwing out a long branch. I have seen hazel trees split to serve the same purpose, but this was in Cornwall.

Amongst the many remarkable characters in our Devonshire parishes was a man named Jordan, who did job work as a blacksmith. His wife more than once ran away from him and took with her a little daughter. Whereupon, Jordan, who lived at Chillaton, not in Lew parish, would go in quest of her ringing a bell, and would visit Kelly, Lew Down, Coombe Bow, and even Bratton, calling, after he had sounded his bell :

“ Lost, Stolen, or strayed
A wife and a young maid.
If they return, all I will pardon
And give them onions and leeks out of my garden.”

On at least one occasion he recovered his wife, and brought her back with a yoke about her neck. His grandsons are now with us.

My carpenter, named Dawe, had a first cousin, who had the inn at Merrivale Bridge on Dartmoor. I knew him well. He bought his wife at an auction for a jar of brandy. I was at the inn one day collecting folk melodies, when I saw that his “ wife ” had a black eye. I asked her the occasion. “ The *Door* did it. I ran against it,” she replied. There was a model wife.

CHAPTER XII

THE MONTAFUN THAL

1885

IN 1885 my friend Gatrill and I revisited the Montafun Thal.

We found that it had gone through greater changes in seven years than had the world in general. In 1878 there had been no proper road above Schruns, nothing but a track as lumpy as life, and the perambulator containing Julian had to jump over boulders. I do not think that he minded that. Almost the first words he learned to utter were "Go ! go !" and go and get on is a very good maxim wherewith to start life.

At S. Gallenkirch we ascertained that Madalina, who had been supposed to run the little inn in which we had previously stayed, had blossomed out into the wife of the proprietor of the rival tavern, which itself had gone through a transformation from a Wirtschaft into an hotel. This had been effected by mechanically lifting the roof, much as though the inn were saluting coming guests by raising its hat, whilst an additional story had been erected on the old walls ; and a commodious and well-appointed Speise-Saal had been thrust out at the side. Berliners had discovered the Montafun, and a court-preacher of the Kaiser, with a greasy face, a dowdy wife and several pasty-faced children had settled there for the Sommerfrische.

When we were at S. Gallenkirch in 1878, the post came up from Schruns only twice a week, and with the letters brought such meat as the butcher at headquarters cared to let us have. Now the postman arrived daily, and the meat consigned was such as the Berliners exacted, and, not as before, such as the Schruns-dwellers had rejected. But perhaps as remarkable a change as any was that affected in the hostess. She had been a maiden,

whose hooks never fitted into the eyes, whose collar was invariably on one side, and whose apron was mottled with grease stains. Now she had developed into something very like a town lady, with scarce a reminiscence of Montafun costume, and—she had *grown a bust*. I think I have already said that in this district the female breasts were suppressed under a board, and a young woman was considered as grossly wanting in delicacy, unless she were as flat-bosomed as a man. The Montafun women wear fur caps like the headgear of grenadiers, covering and enveloping the hair, but in the Walsertal the fur cap is round and flat. Madalina had now discarded this bear-skin muff for a coquettish cap from Vienna, and her abundant black hair was tastefully dressed and waved above her brow with hot tongs.

The Montafun women and maids smoke like the women in England who have renounced their claim to be regarded as ladies, but Madalina had discarded her pipe, as likely to give offence to the Berliners.

A malicious *Kellner* related that when, after a smoke, Madalina had presented the bill to a spruce young Prussian officer, he held his nose while inspecting it, and while paying his charge. After that, Madalina buried her pipe of peace in a drawer, and did not bring it out again till the tourist season was over.

The grub had become a butterfly. In all conscience it had been grubby enough before.

We made a deflexion from the Montafun, to visit Feldkirch, a cheerful town that once belonged to the Counts of Montfort, who had as their residence the Castle of Schattenburg. The Montforts were a well-estated family and had their dwellings throughout the Wellgau. But good nature was the cause of their ruin. Count Rudolf VII was a kindly, cheery noble, who devoted himself and his revenue to promote the happiness of his people. For the sake of the children he instituted festivals several times in the year, and hired mountebanks and puppet-showmen to come to Feldkirch to entertain the youngsters, fiddlers and pipers also to play, so that the young folk might dance, and he furnished hogsheads of beer or wine for the quenching of the all-but-unquenchable thirst of the aged. Thick vegetable soups, bread and cheese in slabs, and porridge were distributed to the children, who were as hungry as their grandsires were thirsty. The Count

further instituted an annual shooting match, at which an ox was roasted whole, liquor again flowed, and the Count distributed the prizes. This went on till Count Rudolf was so overwhelmed with debt that he was constrained to sell his estates to Austria in 1471. "It is a blunder to be over-good," said the Count.

The late Gothic church is fine, and contains a fifteenth-century hammered iron pulpit by Hans Sturm, given after the annexation to Austria; Count Rudolf's money had been expended on Morris dancers, puppet shows and fiddlers. The Montfort race went back to Carlovingian times, and disappeared altogether in exaggerated good nature.

In the church is also a "Descent from the Cross" by Holbein. In the Church of the Capuchins is a fine high altarpiece by an unknown master. When I was there, in a side chapel lay the body, or the representation of the body, of a lately deceased friar. No one was watching it. No candles burnt by it. I could not make up my mind to touch it and ascertain whether it were a wax image of the deceased, or the actual corpse. I have noticed in several Roman Catholic churches, that where they possess relics of saints, they embed the few bones in a wax ideal model. Possibly the wax image of Feldkirch had been substituted for the departed friar. The Romans have funny ways, such as we English do not understand. After a man is dead in England, the biographers write his life and represent him as a model of all the virtues. They build an insignificant man, very generally, of paper and ink, whereas the Romanist constructs a dubious saint out of beeswax.

As I did not care to ascertain the nature of the figure by touch, I watched the procedure of a blue-bottle that was enclosed in the same chapel. As the insect manifested no desire to be further acquainted with the departed, but exhibited impatience to reach the open air by dancing at the window-panes, I came to the conclusion that the friar before me was a make-believe.

To one who is fond of flowers the special interest at Feldkirch is the Botanical Garden, kept in admirable order, wherein most of the Alpine plants are cultivated, and have the names attached.

Feldkirch was menaced by the French under Massena, in 1799, at the head of an army of 18,000 men. He was encountered by the Austrian general Jellachich, at the head of 5000 regulars and an ill-disciplined crowd of loyal peasants. It was Easter Day;

the bells of Feldkirch and of all the mountain village churches were ringing to welcome the Lord's Resurrection. And to the pealing of these bells the battle was engaged, in which the French army was totally routed. While their husbands and sons were fighting in the valley, the women gathered in the churches and prayed for their success.

It may be as well here to notice the little principality of Lichtenstein, because after the dissolution of the Empire in 1918, it passed through the melting-pot, and emerged intact. Lichtenstein, with Monaco, Andorra and San Marino, were the tiny relics of a former condition of affairs, partly feudal and partly republican.

Lichtenstein was left after the Treaty of Vienna as an independent principality extending from the high Alps to the shores of the Lake of Constance; it occupied three square miles and comprised a population of 8700. The government was monarchical, with a representative house that docilely registered the decrees of the sovereign.

Although the Prince had a palace at Vaduz, the capital, he rarely visited it, as he resided among the luxuries and distractions of Vienna. The taxes imposed on the Lichtensteiners were light, but the rates fell, and ever will fall, heavily on the mountain population (half of that of the principality) because the banks of the Swabian Sea and of Lake of Constance, so far as they pertain to Lichtenstein, have to be protected against the rollers driven before a north and a western gale that are disposed to eat into them.

The principality is made up of the ancient baronies of Vaduz and Schellenberg, which were united in 1328. In 1699 Schellenberg, and in 1712 Vaduz, were purchased by Prince John Adam von Lichtenstein, and in 1719 the combined baronies were raised into a free imperial principality with sovereign rights by the Emperor Charles VI, eight years after his coronation.

The houses of Liechtenstein or Lichtenstein, of Schwarzenberg, and of Esterhazy have been the largest estated among the Austrian nobility. What they will become when the upheaval after the great European war has subsided, God only knows. Among petty principalities that of Lichtenstein was the smallest. It owed its retention as a sovereign state, says Vehse, "To the gallantry of the Great Powers at the Congress of Vienna." The Lichtensteins

can trace their pedigree back to the year 942, and they owed their importance and advance to the fact that they became *Ministralles* of the Empire, and hereditary Marshals of Carinthia. They did not, however, receive promotion to the ranks of the high nobility till the Thirty Years' War, when they were advanced from being *nobles* to become *illustres*. Their principal estates were in Moravia, which came to them in 1249. At the Reformation the Lichtenstein family became mordantly Protestant; but they always looked on which side their bread was buttered before they bit into it; and the sons of Hartmann IV, who died in 1585, rejoined the Church, more out of complacency towards the Emperor Rudolf II than out of conviction.

At present there is not to be found a Protestant, that is a native in the whole principality.

The highest peaks in Lichtenstein barely attain the line of eternal snow. The lower portions of the little land from the roots of the mountain spurs to the lake are fertile and consist of alluvial soil.

Returning to the Montafun Thal we made our way to the head of the valley, crossed the pass, which was still partially covered with snow, and entered and descended the long trough of the Patznauner Thal. Here the rich soil is so precious that it is begrudged to the dead, who are no more suffered to occupy their graves for an unreasonable length of time than is a peasant to lie abed in the morning when he ought to be up and ploughing. After a period the bones are dug up and cast into a heap; but the skull is docketed and put in a wooden structure like a pigeon house, each in a private box.

Messrs. Churchill and Babington were the first English travellers to notice, and, in their book on the Dolomites, to record the fact that some of the inns in the villages of the Tyrol are kept by the descendants of the nobles who formerly occupied the castles that frown down upon the villages at their feet, and are now in ruins. This is the case. The castles were small and could not accommodate the servants of the guests invited to stay with the nobles in their towers. Nor was it always convenient for these latter to house travellers. Accordingly the Hochwohlgeborne Herr Baron erected a hostelry amidst the clustered dwellings of his peasants at the foot of the rock on which his eyrie was perched,

and over the door suspended his shield as a sign. Hence the Brown Bears, Golden Lions, Eagles, Crowns, etc., which were all feudal badges, and have now become the signs of many such inns.

In process of time, owing to three causes, the noble family itself descended from the *Burg* and took up its residence in the *Schenke*. In the first place, the Ritter Herrschaft felt the inconvenience of having to carry up all the necessaries of life from the village to the high-perched castle ; in the second place, the high and well-born family had become impoverished ; and in the third place, the young folk and the mother as well desired to see more of life than soaring eagles and skimming swallows. Society in a village might not be very select, but it was society ; and society affords distraction. The young people could see the travellers pass the door of the hostel, or, better still, enter the porch and invite themselves into the *Gaststube*. Further, in the village, even in the smallest hamlet, there existed a free circulation of scandal, and that could not be acquired in the high-seated castle from the screaming eagles and the shrill swifts. If the family did receive and entertain travellers, it could no longer afford to do so gratis. The visitors were expected to pay an acknowledgment.

I saw something of the kind at the Oetz Thal, at Umhausen, where my friend Gatrill and I spent the night. There was no tavern in the village, and it was the parish priest and not the lord of the manor who kept open house. In the evening the peasants assembled at the parsonage to eat, drink and talk politics, and, upon leaving, put some money into the hand of the Pfarrer's sister. We were lodged there, and on leaving next morning did the same, whilst his Reverence looked out of the window and hummed a Gregorian tune.

In course of time many of the inns bearing heraldic sign-boards have changed proprietors, but in a considerable number they remain in the hands of the descendants of the old knightly and noble families which had at one time possessed a considerable tract of territory over which they exercised lordly rights.

At Mals, both the village inn and the village store, at which were sold boots, sugar, spices, paper, coffee-berries and children's copy-books, were run by the lineal descendants of the old feudal lords ; and in the churchyard were to be seen the family tomb-

stones emblazoned with their arms and coronets, down to that of the father of our landlord at the inn, whose final resting-place by this time, I doubt not, is indicated by a coronet of strawberry leaves, and a shield with supporters.

We visited the Oetz Thal, and were disappointed. It consists of a cleft between glacier heights, but we could see no snow. To obtain a view of these mighty Alps and their *Firner* one must ascend one of the sides.

We reached Oetz on a Saturday. The afternoon was oppressively hot, and as I was tired with walking, I cast myself on a bed to rest, but was roused by hearing children singing, and on running to my window I saw a procession of little boys and girls carrying bunches of forget-me-nots, on their way to the churchyard. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the old parish priest had been a great favourite with the little ones, and that, since his death, they went every Saturday, so long as there were flowers to pick, to decorate his grave. When later I visited the churchyard, I found his grave covered with clusters of this pretty blue flower. It was as though each posy were an appeal from every one of the hearts of these innocents to their friend and pastor in Paradise : " Forget-me-not ! "

I remember when it was considered in England a shocking thing to decorate a coffin and a grave. Now it is shocking to neglect such a tribute to the memory of the deceased.

At Göflan, near Schlanders, are quarries of white marble, as white as that of Carrara. But Göflan is within the Italian frontier. As there was at the time cholera raging in Italy, all the loads of marble as they passed into Austrian territory were disinfected with carbolic acid, but not the workmen and the drivers of oxen. The country might really have been under an English bureaucracy for the imbecility exhibited by the Austrian sanitary authorities and police. Officialdom everywhere practises the Goose-step, making great pretence of exertion, but accomplishing nothing.

We ascended the Martel Thal, and saw the little church of Maria Schmeltz, with two massive blocks of white marble like enormous lumps of sugar which had fallen one on each side of it, without having disturbed a tile, and with another still wedged in a crevasse of the cliff above, threatening at every moment to descend with a bound and crush the house of God into the earth.

The two blocks fell in 1868, and one cannot be surprised at the peasants considering that Our Lady, to whom the little building is dedicated, had extended her protection to this sanctuary.

"It is like the Church of Christ," said Gatrill, "ever menaced, never destroyed."

"But by a mass of black basalt, and not, as here, of candid marble."

"The blackest basalt is painted white," said Gatrill.

The effect of the tower with its red spire, and the nave red-roofed, with the quoins painted green, couching between two massive blocks white as snow is singular enough.

From the Martel Thal we crossed by the Madritscher Joch to Sulden, and thence went on to Meran. It was not the season for visitors, and the town was empty.

We spent a week at Innsbrück. The weather was delightful. We saw the young Duke of Braganza and his brother, the sons of Michael Marie Charles Egidius Constantine Gabriel Raphael-Gonzaga François de S. Paul-Francis of Assisi-Janvier. It is customary to give to a child the names of its godparents, as also of its heavenly patrons. The mother of these handsome, lively boys was a daughter of Prince Maximilian of Thurn and Taxis. We get on very well in England without such strings of Christian names. The utmost we get from our sponsors is a silver rattle or a mug. As for the heavenly godparents, I am not aware that they have done more for the children they are invoked to aid than do the Percys, Leslies, Howards, and the like nobles, whose names are given to gutter children, for their namesakes.

In 1885, on September 29th, in the Embassy Chapel, Paris, I married my cousin, Alexander Baring, to Louise King Thorne, who was an American by birth. She was aged only nineteen, very sweet and graceful, and had been educated in England by Miss Sewell. I was not able to remain in Paris, as Mr. Morshead's lease was up and we had to shift quarters from the Rectory to Lew House.

At the wedding breakfast the bride looked towards me and nodded; I understood it, as indeed it was meant to be understood, as a request that I should say grace. But my so doing appeared to puzzle the Americans present. I can quite understand a revulsion from the long and tedious graces said by the

Puritans. Ben Jonson makes Quarlous describe such a grace in *Bartholomew Fair* as: "a dry grace as long as thy tablecloth, and droned out till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen."

My great-uncle, Charles Baring, the father of Alexander, was twice married. His first wife was a marvellously beautiful woman. Charles Baring had an estate at Flatrock, South Carolina, and my



CHURCH OF MARIA SCHMELTZ, MARTEL THAL

father visited him there. On the death of his wife, Charles married one of the Carol family and had an only son, Alexander. He had no children by his first wife. There was at Lew, in the spare bedroom, a full-length life-sized portrait by Laurence of Mrs. Charles Baring, sitting by the seashore with the gulls skimming about her, and shells were at her feet. She was dressed in white silk with pale blue ribbons, which blended with the tints of sea and gulls. It was a most charming painting. It doubtless belonged to Charles Baring, but as long as I can remember had hung at Lew. When he and his second wife came to visit us at Lew,

my mother, thinking that the portrait of the first wife had better not remain in the chamber occupied by his second, had it removed and put in the laundry.

Almost as soon as my Uncle Charles arrived at Lew, he inquired after the painting, and when he was reluctantly shown it in the laundry, he locked himself in, and with his penknife cut the picture to pieces. He filled his pocket with the scraps, went out for a walk and strewed them in all directions. He then sent for the carpenter to break up the frame.

The reason of this destruction of a beautiful painting was that Charles Baring supposed the family did not appreciate his first love and wife, and he hacked the portrait to complete ruin rather than let it remain where the original was not respected. It has ever been to me a great grief that so lovely a painting should have been lost.

During the American Civil War, Alexander was sent to my father at Lew, and I did what I could to coach him. It was very difficult to communicate with Charles Baring in a Southern State, and when it came to finding a career for Alex, my father put him into the British Navy, and learned, when the war was at an end, that his father was very well pleased at the course that had been taken. But Alex did not remain in the Navy, he went out sheep-farming in Nevada, and later entered into business in New York with Oliver Northcote.

I arrived at Lew on October 1st, 1885. My wife had managed the transfer with great skill and everything was in perfect order. It was a great satisfaction to me at last to be able to settle into my own house. I hope to remain there till my time on earth is ended, and then to be carried to my last home in the churchyard, which is within the grounds.

I erected a boathouse on the lake, for which Gatrill supplied the following chronogram :

*“ Thy breaD upon the Waters Cast,
In CertaIn trust to fInd,
SInCe Well thou know'st God's eye doth Mark
Where fIshes eyes are bLind.”*

D = 500 + W = 10, (510) + C = (610) + I (611) + C (711)
+ I (712) + I (713) + I (714) + C (814) + W (824) + M
(1824) + W (1834) + I (1835) + L (1885).

I will conclude this chapter with an anecdote told me by Lady Young. She had been Lady Lawrence till the death of her first husband,¹ and then had married Sir George Young.

Lord Lawrence had been invited to Windsor to dine. When he arrived at the Castle, and was preparing for dinner, he found that he had not packed his dress trousers in his portmanteau, and had only a light dove-coloured pair on his legs. He rang and asked one of the servants if by any chance he could be provided with a pair ; but it was some time before he could be fitted. When he came down the Queen had already gone in to dinner. Lord Lawrence went into the dining-room, and slipped into his place at the left side of the Queen. He was the guest of the evening, but Her Majesty was offended at what she considered a gross breach of etiquette, and would not notice him. Lord Lawrence told his story in a low tone to the lady on the other side. She was vastly tickled, and repeated it to her neighbour, and so the story travelled round the table and reached the nobleman on the Queen's other side, and he told it to Her Majesty, who went into a fit of laughter, and turned to Lord Lawrence, all amiability, and ever after when she met him, could not forbear smiling at the recollection of his trouble.

¹ Lady Young's first husband was Sir Alexander Hutchinson Lawrence, Bart., who was a near relative of Lord Lawrence.

CHAPTER XIII

BOHEMIA

1886

IN the summer of 1886 my friend Gatrill and I went to Munich, taking Augsburg on our way. With this latter city we were grievously disappointed. Till comparatively recently it was a walled town, with sixteen picturesque towers forming a coronet. Its crown has been cast down, to reveal a shabby collection of houses.

The town consists mainly of one long, broad street, with the Cathedral at one end and the Church of S. Ulrich at the other. The former is an early Lombardic structure, having a low vault which rests on square piers, and interesting for its antiquity. The Church of S. Ulrich is in late Gothic style, and not good in that. Neither of these churches contributes to render Augsburg picturesque.

Augsburg was the cradle of the princely family of the Fuggers, just as Florence was of the Medici ; both risen from the loom, and both marrying into the best blood in their respective lands.

The founder of the princely and countly family of Fugger was a John Fugger, a humble hand-loom weaver in the village of Graben, near Augsburg. By his diligence and rectitude he earned sufficient money to enable his sons to settle in the city as burgher. John Fugger had eleven children, of whom the most notable were Ulrich, George and James, who lived under Frederick III and Maximilian I. These three amassed much wealth by becoming wholesale cloth merchants and bankers.

In 1473, when the phlegmatic Frederick III arrived in Augsburg on his way to meet Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at Trèves, Ulrich, with the assistance of his brothers, clothed the entire suite of the Emperor in gold, silver, silken and velvet

habits, so that they might present a majestic appearance before the Burgundians. Thereupon the Emperor ennobled the brothers, and gave them as arms two lilies, one gold and the other blue. "Lilies, we will have," said Ulrich, "for *they* toil not, neither do they spin." This was the origin of the connexion of the Fuggers with the Imperial crown. With Maximilian I, when he married the heiress of Burgundy, it became more intimate. The Fuggers obtained the privilege of coining money, and were granted in lieu the counties of Weissenhorn and of Kirchberg.

The hotel of the "Three Moors" was part of the mansion of the senior branch of the Fugger family. Here were entertained the Emperors Maximilian I and Charles V, the latter of whom spent here a twelve-month, during the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, as guest to the Fuggers. On the second story is the banqueting hall. After the unfortunate campaign of Charles V against Tunis, he was here the guest of Count Anthony Fugger, who had lent him funds for the venture. As the Kaiser began to apologize for not being able at the moment to repay the debt, Fugger said to him, "I consider myself so amply repaid by the honour of this visit that this bond now becomes worthless," and he threw it into the fire of cinnamon wood that heated and scented the hall.

The Fuggers had their houses of business nearly everywhere; one of much importance was at Antwerp. In 1505 Ulrich Fugger sent three merchant vessels to Calcutta, and on their return, reckoned that he had made a clear gain thereby of 175 per cent. Charles V mortgaged Venezuela as far as the Orinoco to Count Anthony Fugger; and so impressed there were the Spaniards with the wealth of the family that they entitled him a Fúcar. In *Don Quixote* the expression occurs, "as rich as a Fugger."

The Fuggers were great patrons of art, and were very charitable. The Fuggerei in the lower town was founded by James Fugger, "the Wealthy." It is a little town within a town, with walls, gates and church, and 106 houses that are let at an annual rent of one gulden (1s. 8d.) to needy persons, mostly such as have seen better days, but who must be Catholics; for the Fuggers have ever been staunch supporters of the Church. Their motto is "For God and Mary."

The family was made one of the Imperial Counts in 1530, with

a seat in the College of Counts ; in 1803 the head of the Babenhäusen line was made Princely, and is entitled *Durchlaucht* (Your Transparency), whereas the heads of other branches are merely *Erlaucht* (Your Highness).

The glory of Augsburg has long departed. Its period of highest prosperity as a free city of the Empire was during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when it ranked among the first in Europe in the extent of its commerce and the wealth of its manufacturers and merchants. It never quite recovered from its capture by that bandit, Gustavus Adolphus, and his Swedes in 1632. The population in 1612 was 70,000. In 1635 it had sunk to 16,422. Considering what Augsburg once was, it is with a pitiful eye that one looks on the city now. An old nobleman or an old city may become shabby, and be excused, but not if he or it puts on vulgar airs.

At Munich we put up at the Rother Hahn. It was then a very modest inn, frequented by tradesmen and students. The Speisesaal was low. Suspended from a rafter in the ceiling was a huge knife with little bells dependant from the blade. A cord ran from the handle to a pulley against the wall, over which it passed and ended in a brass handle within easy reach. This contrivance was called a *Lügenmesser*. Should anyone at table—and the tables were small, accommodating a party of friends—tell an incredible story, one of the comrades would rise quietly, touch the handle, set the knife swaying and the bells ringing, and without a word reseal himself. A silence at once would fall on all the occupants of the Saal, and all eyes would be turned on the narrator of things, to put it mildly, exaggerated.

The *Lügenmesser* I introduced at Lew in the dining-room, but it proved a damper on conversation, and had to be hushed.

The Rother Hahn has since completely changed its character. It has been entirely rebuilt, and is now one of the best hotels in Munich. There, if one asks for it, one can obtain the two Hungarian dishes, *Goulasch* and *Paprika* ; *Paprika* with a fowl, *Goulasch* with beef. And if the guest washes down either with *Schlievowitz*, he will not be ungrateful to me for having drawn his attention to these excellent dishes and to this admirable liqueur.

One great merit of *Paprika* is that it can be prepared at the shortest notice ; when a visitor drops in for lunch, and the larder

is empty. Take one or two plump hens or chickens, wring their necks, and whilst they are still fluttering immerse them in boiling water. Their plumes and skins come off immediately. Clean, cut into pieces, throw into a pot with water, butter, flour, cream, and abundance of red pepper. Very shortly after the dismembered fowls will be served up swimming in a dish of hot, greasy gravy, delightful to recollect, and a joy to consume. These hot dishes are or were making their way throughout Germany from Hungary, the land of their inception, where the red pepper grows abundantly. With the exception of the English with their curries, the Hungarians at one time were the only Europeans sufficiently civilized to know the value of that most indispensable article of culinary luxury—red pepper.

The Marienkirche is of red brick ; one vast roof covers nave, side aisles and chapels. A large number of monuments are affixed to the outside of the church. I noted one of interest, dated 1493, representing a musician, surrounded by harp, flute, one stringed sordine, and a lute. He himself is figured as playing a hand organ, as clumsy a contrivance as any employed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It could be played with one hand only, whilst the other worked the bellows.

Munich has always struck me as a remarkably ugly town. The kings Ludwig I and Maximilian II made it that. Not a structure raised by these princes is other than an eyesore. I was walking with Gatrill down the Ludwigstrasse, between rows of buildings in blocks, like bars of kitchen soap, yellow and white, scribbled over here and there with unmeaning ornaments, when he burst out with : “ For Heaven’s sake, let us get into a parallel side street. The houses there may be ugly enough, but are without pretence.” It is a pity that instead of being ennobled, the architects Klenze and Gärtner were not hung in the openings of the Feldherrnhalle, which is a miserable copy of Orcagna’s Loggie dei Lanzi at Florence. Such churches as S. Ludwig, the Allerheiligen, or Court church, and the Basilika, are beneath contempt. But on the other hand the new National Museum is admirable, and the church of S. Benno is delightful, as is also the new Rathhaus in the old German style.

The modern street buildings are now for the most part constructed of concrete made out of the clay and wash that underlies

the city. It is a cheap material, and possibly if treated intelligently might prove effective. But as employed by the builders of to-day, is very ugly ; the mouldings are coarse and the buildings look as though shaped out of rhinoceros hide.

Gatrill and I had resolved to explore the Bairischer Wald, a chain of granite mountains that divides Bohemia and Bavaria. The highest peaks are the Arber, 4780 ft. ; the Rachel, 4765 ft. ; and the Osser, 4240 ft. On the eastern side the range goes by the name of the Böhmer Wald, and is occupied by the Czechs.

The chain is actually a continuation of the Erzgebirge, so valuable to Saxony for their metal deposits. The Erzgebirge themselves constitute a continuation of the Riesengebirge that separate Silesia from Bohemia, and which we proposed to visit after a brief stay at Prague. The Riesengebirge are themselves continued eastward and acquire the name of the Sudetten. Then the range loops round to the south, declines in height, is covered with forests, and forms the division between Bohemia and Moravia. The Bavarian Forest is not itself perhaps of conspicuous and startling beauty, but it is interesting on account of the glass works and of the peasantry ; these latter live in primitive simplicity, remote from towns, hemmed in to the east by the Czechs, whose language they do not understand, and with whom they are by tradition and prejudice at variance.

One Sunday I was at Mass in a village church in the forest ; and at what we are wont to call the offertory, all the men in the congregation rose and walked two and two up to the altar, promenaded solemnly round it, from the north side round the back to the south, where each laid on the altar his small contribution which the priest blessed by touching it with his stole. I put down a mark, and at the unwonted aspect of silver a smile broke out upon the face of the celebrant, and he laid his stole on my hand, which he tapped in friendly acknowledgment. When all the men had made their contributions, the women went up in pairs, passed round the back of the altar, and deposited their humble alms at the south end, enlarging the little heap. I saw the priest put his finger into the brown mound and turn up my mark, as a hint for the women to give silver ; but the hint proved ineffective.

I witnessed a pretty sight at another village. It was the funeral

of a little child. Every one present had brought a coil of wax taper, lighted, and all planted their coils around the grave, so that the little coffin was lowered through a belt of stars.

The Bairischer Wald's principal attraction are the lakelets distributed throughout it. These are rather tarns than lakes, and usually present the aspect of still pools of bottle-green water under a granite precipice on one side, but enveloped on all others by thick forest. No springs feed these tarns, nor do streams flow out of them. Some are black, owing to their depth. In all, the water is crystal clear. They generally have the aspect of ponds occupying volcanic craters, like the Maars in the Eifel district. But this appearance is misleading, for there has been no volcanic action in the range.

Gatrill and I walked over a pass in order to visit Eysenstein with its remarkable church, very oriental in appearance. At the summit of the pass was a divergence of paths, and I asked a peasantess whom we met which was the one to take so as to reach our destination. "To the right hand," said she promptly.

Accordingly we did turn *rechts*, and were led thereby some four or five miles out of our proper way.

Upon reaching our destination, hot and tired, I told mine host of the inn how we had been misdirected.

"Who told you to turn to the right?" he inquired.

"A woman whom we met," I replied.

The landlord looked hard at me, and shook his head. "Inexperienced," said he. "Ever since the days of Eve woman has diverted the sons of Adam from the right road. Do you not know that a woman thinks of her left hand as if it were the left of anyone she meets. She is incapable of putting herself in the place of him she faces. In future, when you meet a woman and inquire of her your way and she bids you go to the left, then with positive conviction take the right hand direction. Mein lieber Herr, in coming to Eysenstein you have learned a lesson for life. I shall not charge you extra in the bill for this advice."

The church of Eysenstein with its red copper gigantic onion-like roof and its radiating chapels is curious enough, but cannot be set down as beautiful. Pleasant forest excursions may be made from the place. Enormous pines are to be seen in parts. They will not pay for cutting down because of the difficulties of carriage

and transportation to a railway. Moreover, some of these forest giants are regarded by the natives with superstitious reverence.

A singular custom prevails in the Bavarian Forest, but is not absolutely peculiar to it. When a man or woman is dying, he or she is taken out of bed and laid on a Todten Brett, a plank provided for the occasion, with a shelf for the feet to rest against. The body lies on this till buried, and after the funeral the board is painted and furnished with a pent-house roof. Where the



DEATH BOARDS AT CHAM

head rested is a circular disc in which is a painting representing the deceased kneeling in the attitude of prayer, and in the sky are representations of the Trinity, or of the Virgin and Child. Sometimes instead of a picture, the circle is figured to represent a clock-face, with the hands pointing to the minute and hour of decease. Below the disc, where the back of the corpse rested, an inscription is painted, recording the name, date of death, age, dignities and virtues of the departed. Occasionally the record is placed on two tables, black lettered on white.

Then the board is erected by the side of the road, near a

crucifix, or at a cross-roads ; in the case of an accident, at the place where the person met with it, and perhaps died. As the bases of these Todten Bretter decay they lurch, and the effect as darkness descends is startling. One sees near the road ranges of apparently drunken men, waiting to waylay the traveller. As every man, woman and child who expires is thus furnished, there are literally crowds of these death-boards. At Neukirchen, in the Oberpfalz, under the Hohenbogen, where the church is a mile from the village, the whole way is lined on both sides with these staggering mementos. I can conceive of nothing more trying to the nerves than a walk along this avenue on a night when there is just sufficient light in the sky to show their outlines.

The eastern slope of this granite range is the Böhmer Wald, where glass manufacture is the principal industry. The district favours the manufacture, both here and on the southern slopes of the Riesengebirge, owing to the vast stores that exist of fuel and potash, with the quartz ready at hand and lime accessible. The Venetian glass manufacture was soon distanced by that of Bohemia, which maintained its supremacy till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when English manufacturers discovered the process for making flint-glass with oxide of lead as an ingredient ; but this caused a heaviness in English glass which the other did not possess. The Bohemians, finding their craft in danger, introduced ruby and blue glass, engraved with figures and landscapes, that delighted the public. To our eyes at the present day such decoration is in bad taste, and of late has been abandoned for painted or enamelled glass ; a recovery of an adornment common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and very charming.

When we were in Bohemia in 1843 the engraved glass was produced in great quantities and found a ready sale. There were views of Prague, Dresden, the Prebisch Thor, the Bastei in Switzerland as well as hunting scenes, pastoral groups and mythological subjects. Over white glass was laid a coat of ruby or azure enamel. The engraver sat at a lathe with a little rack before him which contained a score of sharp-edged copper discs, mounted on spindles and of various sizes. He inserted a disc in the mandril, touched it with a drop of sweet oil, set it spinning and held the glass against it from below. The little wheel eat its way through the outer film of coloured enamel, and exposed the



REV. J. M. GATRILL

white glass underneath. A succession of discs, smaller and ever smaller, completed the design to the finest touches, such as tree leaves, blades of grass, tips of antlers, human eye-brows, etc. We brought home specimens. I never liked them, and I believe they have gone the way of all glass where there are domestic servants in the house. I cannot say that I regret their disappearance. Some of our white engraved glass is pleasant enough, and a fashion has set in again for cut glass. I fear that the painted glass is already going out of request, but I am glad to say I had a whole set for the dinner table painted for me with mediæval foliage, crests and arms, before this took place.

The peasant in the Bairischer Wald employs a glass bottle as his snuff-box. It is corked with a flock of wool. When he wants to obtain a dose, he turns up his nose, unplugs the bottle, and pours as much powdered tobacco into his nostrils as they will hold. The Icelanders do much the same with powder flasks. How completely snuff-taking has gone out of fashion. Formerly ladies were great snuff takers. Queen Charlotte laid a train of tobacco-dust on her left arm, held horizontally, and ran her nose down over it, picking up the snuff on the way by her inhalation. It were well if cigarette smoking were also to go out of fashion. Ladies' breath now does not savour of milk and honey, but of stale tobacco pipes.

We were at Prague on the Emperor's Name-day, when the city was in gala, and the troops were paraded. Then and there I witnessed a touching incident, on which I wrote some lines in *The Silver Store*, entitled "The Secret of Life."

The cardinal, Prince Franz von Schwarzenberg, Primate of Bohemia, pontificated in the cathedral in the morning. The Schwarzenbergs exercise all but sovereign rights in their vast territories in Bohemia, and the reigning prince is believed to have a fabulously large rent roll. The Schwarzenbergs possess one-thirteenth of all the land of Bohemia, and the Prince is entitled *Durchlaucht* (Your Transparency).

Whilst at Prague Gatrill and I went to the opera to hear *Tannhäuser*. The music was superior to the decoration. In the act wherein the evening star is addressed, there was a hole in the back scene, and against this latter was planted, in rear, a pair of steps. By some negligence a light had been left burning behind

the scenes, and we could see the shadow of a man ascending the steps with a lamp in his hand. When he reached the top he held the lamp to the hole, whereupon the bass addressed it in the glorious song "O du mein holder Abendstern." The song ended, the man behind the scene descended and carried off the star.

This reminds me of a story told in Vienna of a theatre in Hungary, where in one of the scenes the full moon is made to rise. The manager had contrived a round pale-faced orb with features stencilled on it. Upon the rising of this moon it was greeted with hooting and hissing, as a pale-faced, shaven German moon. This brought the scene to an abrupt end. In the next performance the manager, having learned wisdom, provided his full moon with a pair of hussar's moustaches. When it rose, it was saluted with uproarious applause. "Ah! at last a real Magyar moon!" was acclaimed from pit and gallery, and boxes as well.

The Cathedral of S. Vitus on the Hradschin is one of the finest Gothic monuments in the Austrian Empire. It was robbed of all its contents that were worth taking by Gustavus Adolphus, who, posturing as a Protestant hero, swept through Germany and Bohemia plundering and murdering wherever he went. He carried off sufficient spoil from this and other churches of Prague to load several vessels which he sent down the Elbe to Stockholm, where the booty may be seen to this day. There is hardly a nobleman's or gentleman's castle or manor house in Sweden that is not furnished with the plunder amassed by Gustavus Adolphus and his horde of robbers. It were as well to celebrate the exploits of Claude Duval, of Jack Sheppard and of Jonathan Wild as to talk of Gustavus Adolphus as a Protestant hero. He met with his deserts on the field of Lützen. I think it was at Vienna that I saw the buff coat he wore when shot, splashed with his blood.

The cathedral is incomplete, but the plans drawn by the architect are preserved. If finished it would be three times its present size.

The treasury is rich in ecclesiastical vestments. One of them is a cope of wheaten straw, plaited and worked with great ingenuity so as to resemble elaborate embroidery. Many of the vestments are converted wedding dresses; such is a chasuble made from the bridal dress of the Countess Tschernin. Another,

the gift of Prince Schwarzenberg, is decorated with the buttons worn at his wedding, and each button is a jewel. But of embroideries the most remarkable is one worked by the hands of Anne, Queen of Bohemia, the last of the ancient house of Przemysl. It is of white linen worked over in gold thread to represent flowers and fine leaves in arabesque. The pattern is constantly varied through the introduction of new figures and devices, and the entire piece is thirty-three ells in length. "The length of the way which the little needle and the dainty finger of the Queen must have traced over the linen with gold thread," says Kohl, "is estimated at about ten leagues, and to me it seems as if the labour of half a life must have been devoted to the work, which was executed in exile, and sent to the Hradschin, as the parting gift of the last scion of a long line of kings." Anne married Duke Henry II of Göritz and died in 1313.

The national and popular saint of Bohemia is unquestionably S. John of Nepomuk. He has an altar and statue in every church ; his festival, May 19, is kept as a general holiday ; and his relics, with lamps burning before them, are preserved in the cathedral at Prague. On the bridge over the Moldau is a metal plate engraved with five stars, as also his image, because it was from thence he was precipitated into the river. The date of his execution or martyrdom was 1393.

The received legend relative to him is as follows : He was incumbent of S. Gallus in Prague, canon of S. Ægidius in Old Prague, and also a doctor of canon law. In 1389 he was made Canon of Wischerad and a member of the cathedral chapter. The queen of the Emperor Wincelas was Sophia of Bavaria, and she chose John of Nepomuk as her confessor. The emperor, suspecting her of infidelity, endeavoured by bribes and by violence to extort the subject of her confidences from the confessor. Because John refused to disclose what had been confided to him, Wincelas had him barbarously tortured and then drowned in the Moldau. At night five stars were seen glimmering over the pool in the river into which the corpse had been flung.

That this atrocious act took place, by the orders of Wincelas, admits of no doubt. But the *motive* inducing the emperor to murder him is by no means certain ; contemporary chroniclers give the occasion of his being sentenced to death, being tortured

and drowned, as his resistance to the purpose of the king to confiscate the emoluments of the abbey of Kladrau, wherewith to endow another episcopal see in Bohemia ; a very reasonable proposal. The Bishop, in his appeal to the Pope against Winceslas, mentions the tortures and murder of John of Nepomuk, but says not a word of his refusal to reveal the queen's confession. Two contemporary writers state that the canon was drowned because he had ventured to remonstrate with the emperor for his crimes. Thomas Ebendorfer, who died in 1460, was the first to state that John of Nepomuk " was drowned in the Moldau, *as it is reported*, because he refused to break the seal of confession." Paul Zidek, writing in 1470, says that " the king having a bad opinion of his wife . . . came to John of Nepomuk and asked him to tell him with whom she had had forbidden relations . . . and as John would not inform him, the king had him drowned." Not till seventy-seven years after the death of John was the refusal to break the seal of confession, stated to have caused John's execution.

Bohemia is one of the most Catholic countries in Europe, and yet it was a cradle of a revolt against the Papacy and the scene of furious religious wars between the Calixtines and the Catholics. The demand of the former was the restoration of the cup to the people in communion. Later Bohemia was honeycombed with Protestantism. Yet here the Counter-Reformation was most successful. It is true that the Council of Basle restored the chalice to the Bohemian laity ; but this did not satisfy them, and a revolution broke out which was only crushed by the victory of the White Mountain. The battle destroyed the prospects of Calvinism in Bohemia, when it was almost the master, and after it the imperial troops occupied the capital, the heart of the whole country. Ferdinand II, advised by Jesuits, subjected the people to inquisitorial inspection, and in every house of every Czech town, the heads of the families, their wives, work-people and servants were required to return a categorical answer to the questions : 1. Are you a Catholic ? 2. Have you been converted to the Catholic faith ? 3. Do you promise to become or to remain a Catholic ? Whoever refused to embrace Romanism was declared incompetent to exercise any corporate trade, was generally deprived of his property and expelled the country. These summary proceedings proved successful. But one may well ask

whether such a procedure could have had a lasting effect. It is possible that, when the Czechs have shaken themselves free from the clutch of the Austrian eagle, there may ensue a religious revolt, and S. John Nepomuk may be tumbled into the Moldau once more, and his pedestal usurped by John Huss.

After the rout of the White Mountain and the flight of the Winter King, Germanization became the order of the day, and the noble families dropped their Czech names for titles derived from their castles. These castles had been built in the German fashion and by German architects on rocks, in place of being planted in marshes, as had been usual among the Czechs. The Vitkovy family called itself Rosenberg, the house of Dipolditz changed into that of Riesenburg, Ransko was metamorphosed into Waldstein, and Divishofzi into Sternberg. Even the family of John Nepomucen Germanized themselves from Hassil into Löschner.

There is a strong and growing patriotic feeling in Bohemia, and a waxing hostility to Austria. But just as the Welsh owe all their noble churches and castles to the Norman invaders, so in Bohemia all that is architecturally beautiful came from German architects. Their literature has been nothing but folk ballads, their music mostly imported from Vienna. Their language isolates them, and they are compelled to speak German if they want to become manufacturers, lawyers or physicians.

In Bohemia not only are the inns in the hands of the Jews, but so also are the factories. If an inn or a factory were carried on by a German, no Czechs would enter it, and so, on the other hand, would one possessed by a Bohemian be scouted by the Germans. In Prague there are two opera houses, one for each nationality, two book-sellers, two apothecaries, two confectioners, in fact, everything is duplicated. The Jews thrive and become wealthy through the mutual antipathies of Teutons and Czechs.

Artistically the Bohemians have only distinguished themselves, as did the Huguenots and the English Puritans, as destroyers of everything that was beautiful—churches, statuary, coloured glass and paintings. Wherever the Hussites swept, they made havoc of the houses of God. At the present day the proportion of Protestants to the Catholics in Bohemia is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In Moldavia the proportion is double that.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RIESENGBIRGE AND DRESDEN

1886

AS a child I had been attracted by the stories of Rübezahl, the spirit who is supposed to haunt the chain of granite mountains that separates Bohemia from Silesia, and I resolved to visit the Riesengebirge. I confess that I had formed an incorrect notion of them. I imagined that they themselves were gigantic, and that their highest point, the Schnee Koppe, was covered with eternal snows. But I learned my mistake from Bædeker. The heights derive their name, not from their elevation above the Silesian Plain, but from Rübezahl himself, who haunts them. Rübezahl, or the turnip counter, is actually a nickname applied to Wuotan, the storm deity of the old German mythology. His presence in the range is significant. Originally the whole of Silesia and Bohemia was peopled by Teutons, in fact, by the Lombards and the Rugii. But there came a shuffling of cards in the sixth century, when Slavonic races swept like a tidal wave over the eastern frontiers of Germany and sent the native Teutonic tribes flying over the Alps into Northern Italy. Only a few remained, clinging to the mountains, and the population of the Riesengebirge is of pure Lombard origin; an islet of Germans left in the midst of a Slavonic sea. Naturally they carried their god Wuotan with them, and worshipped him till they became Christian, when he was degraded to an evil spirit. Still later he sank to be an object of ridicule, and acquired the nickname of The Turnip-Counter from the following circumstance.

One day he issued from his underground abode and carried off a pretty girl whom he found in the fields. He took her down to live with him in the heart of the mountain. There she com-

plained of her loneliness. To remedy this grievance, the giant went up to earth, collected a number of turnips, transformed them into damsels, and presented them to his lady as companions and serving-maids. After a while they shrivelled, and the lady objected that they were become old and wizened. Wuotan tried to console her by assuring her that the supply of turnips was inexhaustible. This she professed to doubt, and sent him aloft to count the roots that remained. Whilst he was numbering them, she made her escape. And so the old god Wuotan acquired the name of Rûbezahl. The Silesian youths throw it in the teeth of every lumpish damsel, saying: "You are doubtless one of Rûbezahl's transformed turnips." For my own part, I think there are more turnips among the German women than are to be found among the Slavs.

Although I had come two thousand miles to see the Riesen-gebirge, I all but missed seeing them through the intervention of a nurse, a baby, a parasol and a mug of beer.

We had reached Hirschberg in the heat of the day. Here we had to stay an hour before the branch train to Schmiedeberg would carry us to the foot of the Riesengebirge. Said Gatrill to me, "I will ascend the hill from which this station takes its name and obtain thence a view of the range." I declined to accompany him on account of the heat, and also because of a little episode which was being enacted on the platform. There was present there a Silesian Baroness, attended by two young and pretty Polish nurses, who had charge of a couple of children. The Baroness was, like ourselves, waiting for the Schmiedeberg train. She ordered for herself a glass of beer, one to be shared by the nurses, and a cup of milk for the babes. In a playful mood, so soon as she had drained her mug, she began to tickle the ribs of her infant son across the table, with the end of her parasol. The babe in the arms of its nurse crowed, kicked, and clutched at the ferule of the sunshade. In its efforts to grapple the parasol, it knocked over the glass of ale provided for the nurses, which fell on the pavement and was smashed. This was one of those vitreous mugs with a pewter lid so common in Germany and Austria. Up sprang the Baroness in a towering wrath, and in no measured words she rated the nurse for her inattention to the babe. The girl replied that she was no Briareus with a hundred

arms, that she had but two with which to hold the infant, and that if the child had broken the mug it was the fault of her Graciousness for tickling its ribs. The Baroness, in no way pacified, declared that she would allow the nurses no more beer and rushed off to the "Restauration" to ascertain what she had to pay for the broken vessel.

During her absence the nurses drank the milk provided for the children. At a table hard by sat two young lieutenants, who commiserated with the pretty nurses and insisted on sharing with them their beer. The girls were cheerily sipping, when meine Gnädige emerged from the refreshment saloon, and the storm broke loose with renewed vigour. At this juncture my friend returned, rather downcast. "I have seen the range; rather like the Malvern Hills but not so bold in outline. A storm is about to descend on us." This storm developed into three days of rain and cloud which enveloped the mountains and concealed them. We went on by train to Schmiedeberg, the engine ringing a bell that was attached to the funnel, to warn off cattle and men from the line.

At Schmiedeberg we were detained for three days by a heavy downpour, and I declared I would return to Prague, without having seen the Riesengebirge.

"You might have seen them," said Gatrill dryly, "had you not been attracted at Hirschberg by those pretty Polish nurses."

"It was not the nurses," I replied indignantly. "It was the babies that kept me at the station."

"Quite so," responded Gatrill, "and the babes were the attraction to the lieutenants, as well."

Happily, on the fourth morning the sky cleared, the sun came out, and we were able to prosecute our journey.

It is a saying in the neighbourhood of Tavistock :

"O the glorious County Devon,
Where it rains six days in seven!"

Much the same might be said of the Riesengebirge. They condense the moisture gathered both by the North wind from the Baltic, and by the North-west wind from the German Ocean.

The story goes that a farmer of Schmiedeberg made seventeen several attempts to see the view from the Schnee Koppe, and on

each expedition was driven back by the rain. He vowed that he would not renew the venture. However, an unwonted period of drought ensued, and the neighbouring farmers in a deputation besought him to reascend the Schnee Koppe.

“Go up the Schnee Koppe! What for?”

“To bring us rain,” was the reply; “you are Aquarius incarnate.”

There really is snow on the Koppe, but only in its pockets, the *Schnee gruben*. At the bottom of the largest of these the snow does not melt throughout the summer, for the sun cannot get at it. Beside it is a green patch of meadow, which the owner mows, sets up the hay on a rick of poles, and leaves there until the winter, when he can reach the spot by means of a sledge. During the warm weather the place is inaccessible by any vehicle, on account of fallen masses of rock.

The comic paper, *Kladderadatsch*, had an engraving representing some Berliners on the Riesengebirge, making believe that they were on the Alps. They had spread an umbrella over a patch of snow about the size of a door-mat to protect it from the solar rays. Above was a notice board inscribed *Verboten*, and severe penalties were provided by the police for such individuals as should approach so near as to threaten the sheet of snow with dissolution, either by their breath, or by their personal heat.

The *Veilchenmoos*, a grey lichen that grows on these bare mountains, exhales a faint odour of violets. It is sold to visitors as a rarity.

An object often visited is the Wanderstein, a granite block shaped somewhat like a die, weighing thirty tons, which is said to shift its quarters occasionally. This was first observed in 1807; it resumed its travels in 1810, when it descended the slope 300 feet; in 1822 it advanced 200 feet, and in June in another year it progressed 72 feet. The block rests on moss and soft earth, and is not very firmly balanced on its base. Probably a slight earthquake shock, or even a furious blast of wind may cause it to move over the spongy soil.

Much *Krummholz* grows on the range. This is a dwarf pine that crawls along the ground, and never rises above one's knee. The natives carve out of it heads of Rübzahl, and cigarette holders. A favourite figure is that of a mother holding a babe in

her arms. The babe is the holder for the cigarette, and to employ it, the babe has to be removed from the arms of the mother.

At the top of the Schnee Koppe is the Rhigi Hotel, much frequented by Germans from all the northern provinces. Visitors to this hotel are roused by a horn to get up and see the sun rise. I prefer that the sun should get up and see me rise. There is nothing of interest to be seen from the top of the Schnee Koppe save the vast Silesian plain to the north. What one does see in this hotel are the contrasts of faces of the Silesian, the Bohemian and the North German. The latter has a round visage, flat, broad, and usually ignoble in profile and feature, and eyes of a frosty blue. The Silesians have angular visages, with prominent chins. The faces of the Czechs are oval, often finely shaped in feature, and furnished with bright, intelligent, dark eyes.

If the granitic range proved disappointing, there were subsidiary objects of interest that well repaid our visit; and these were the stony labyrinths of Weckelsdorf and Adersbach, where the rock is sandstone. These are reached via Landshut, and are in Bohemia. The appearance of the country affords no idea of what lies hidden in the recesses of hill and forest. Indeed, the existence of a marvellous labyrinth of rocks at Weckelsdorf was unknown except to the neighbouring farmers, who held their tongues about it till the year 1824, when the forest caught fire, was burnt down, and disclosed the secret.

During the Thirty Years' War, on the approach of the Swedes, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages disappeared along with their cattle and household goods. The mountain had swallowed them up. After the fire of 1824 a fresh forest arose above the charred stumps, and again drew a curtain over the district. In 1866, when the Prussians poured through the mountain gate above Friedland, on their way to Königgrätz, once more the entire population vanished; the earth had opened her mouth and they had gone down quick into the bowels of the hills, with all that appertained to them.

Let my reader imagine a huge mass of veined marble and suppose all the felspar washed out of the veins, leaving the block cleft in every direction. Such are the sandstone formations of Weckelsdorf and Adersbach. It takes three hours to thread the passages made accessible to the public. A path leads up a glen,

on each side of which start up pinnacles of sandstone, till it contracts, and is partially closed by a wall of rock. The opening has been artificially closed with a door that opens only in answer to a silver key. High aloft is Rübezahl's axe extended over the head of the intruder. On passing through a door one is in a narrow



RÜBEZahl's TOOTH AND THE Devil's BRIDGE, ADERSBACH

street between blank walls rising a hundred and twenty to two hundred feet, sheer and smooth. Between them the passage in places is so narrow that it can be trodden in single file alone. The rocks assume the strangest shapes. Here is the Rübezahl's Tooth, and the Devil's Bridge with pines growing above the arch, and there, squatted on top of a pedestal, is a monstrous stone toad. Further on we reach a colossal Virgin and Child. High aloft in a cavern, visible only in certain lights and wholly inaccessible, is

a snow-white lamb ; of what composed one cannot say, since there is no stalagmitic deposit in sandstone.

The walls suddenly fall apart and we are in the Market Place ; before us rises the natural spire of Rübezahl's Cathedral. Through a narrow fissure one creeps into the Cathedral, all at once an organ begins to play, and then the guide is seen aloft in a natural pulpit, whence he holds forth on the virtues of charity, and exhorts his hearers to be liberal in the matter of tips of which his pocket will hold any amount.

Again we pass through lanes in the rocks, traverse a natural gateway and at once find ourselves on a vast stage with side scenes, each side scene being composed of sandstone precipices rising a hundred and thirty feet. We are now in sunlight, and look down on a vast amphitheatre covered with pine, a crater-like depression ; and at the distance of a mile is seen the hamlet of Zaboř. One lives to learn. In Bohemia the symbol ř has the sound of *rsch* ; consequently Zaboř is pronounced Zaborsch, and Jaromír is pronounced Jaromirsch.

Recently fresh explorations have been made in this strange region, and fresh phenomena have been discovered. The sandstone rock faces are glazed with moisture in summer and with ice in winter. This is due to the salt in the stone that exudes in warm weather.

About three miles from Weckelsdorf is the Adersbach labyrinth, equally curious but with features peculiar to itself ; a lake in it and a waterfall in one of the chasms. The sandstone here is softer and more worn than at Weckelsdorf, and some of the pinnacles stand in the open like gigantic prehistoric monoliths. The Adersbach labyrinth has long been known. In 1772 a couple of Englishmen when exploring it, were struck by lightning. In 1820 a lightning flash fell into the chasm and split a rock.

It seems to me apparent that the upheaval of the Riesengebirge is one of comparatively recent geological times ; and that the granite was forced through an overlying bed of sandstone of vast thickness, cleaving it in half, leaving one-half on the north, as the so-called Saxon Switzerland, and on the south the formations of Adersbach and Weckelsdorf. All between splintered and crumbled, and has been washed away. As might have been anticipated, this region has long served as a haunt of bandits.

One evening in the autumn of 1839 at 5 p.m. a carriage drove up to a little inn at the fringe of the Dobřish forest. A couple of ladies were in it, and, when the Jewish landlady appeared at the door, they inquired if she could furnish them with a room and a supper. She assured them that she could supply them with both.

"We hardly like to drive into the forest at night," said one of the ladies, "because of Babinsky, but"—as she saw rough, wild faces peering at her out of the guest room—"what sort of fellows have you here?"

"Oh! respectable packmen," answered the hostess. "Babinsky has never visited this house; in fact has not been seen in these parts."

The ladies were shown into a plain, tidy, scantily furnished apartment. The stove was lighted, and they were served with a creditable supper in their room.

Now there was, against one side of the chamber, a large old-fashioned wardrobe. Whether it were curiosity, or whether the ladies required the use of it, I cannot tell, but, though it was locked, before they retired to bed they managed with a knife to force back the bolt and throw open the doors. The wardrobe was empty, but they discovered a trap-door at the bottom. This they succeeded in raising, and to their dismay found that it revealed a well, from which an unpleasant odour was exhaled.

They lighted some sheets of newspaper, threw them down the pit, and, to their unspeakable horror, perceived by the flames a half-naked corpse lying at the bottom. The ladies closed the trap door and the wardrobe, and considered what was to be done. It was clear that they had stumbled into a den of murderers, probably one of the haunts of the notorious Babinsky.

The youngest lady, who had more presence of mind and was endowed with courage, at once descended the stairs, and opened the guest-room door. Seeing her coachman at the table, she said: "Hans! it is now half-past nine o'clock. This is the time when my brother-in-law, Captain Feldegg, promised to leave Prague at the head of a military escort to conduct us through the depths of the forest." Then turning to the hostess, she said: "You seem to be too full to be able to accommodate a body of hussars, so we will drive back and meet them." Then, addressing the

coachman, she said : " Hans ! we will start as soon as you can harness the horses, and meet the party on the road and not compel them to come on here, where there is obviously no accommodation for them."

Hans finished his glass of wine and rose. The men looked at one another, but uttered not a word. The young lady put money in the hostess' hand, apologized for the trouble she and her mother had given, and left the room. In half an hour the carriage rolled away, unmolested, and passed out of the fringe of the Dobřish forest—pronounce the name Dobrschis. It is like honey to the mouth, and music to the ear.

Next morning the police were informed of the discovery, but the inn was not searched. It need hardly be said that the ladies had met with no escort, and that the account of the arrangement with Captain Feldegg was an invention on the part of the girl.

A few days later a ragged middle-aged fellow with a grinding organ arrived at the inn, entered it, and called for a glass. In the guest room were the same " honest packmen," and some equally wild-looking wenches. The party were quite unsuspecting that the ladies had detected what manner of men they were, and had given notice to the police.

The grinding organ was put in requisition, and to its strains the revellers danced till past midnight, when the door was flung open, and a stalwart man, well armed, entered the room. A whisper of " Babinsky " passed through the room, and the dancing ceased.

The organ-grinder had so ingratiated himself into favour with the robbers—for these were in fact some of Babinsky's band—that they resolved on retaining him as their special musician. He was conveyed across country, through deep forests, till the gang reached such another rocky refuge as Weckelsdorf or Adersbach. There the musician spent three weeks, and he was only suffered to leave it when he was made to accompany the band for a frolic and a dance at one of the Jewish taverns that they frequented.

To reach these rendezvous they went by twos and threes so as not to arouse suspicion. One day, as the organ-grinder and two of the bandits were passing along a road that was tolerably frequented, they saw a blind beggar sitting in the hedge, soliciting alms with a dismal whine. Some coppers were thrown into his

cap by the robbers. The organ-grinder lagged behind to bestow a few kreutzers on the man, and at the same time slipped a scrap of paper into his hand.

That night, the tavern, which had been chosen as the scene for a revel, was surrounded by the military, and the whole band, along with their captain, was captured. This occurred on October 15, 1839. The organ-grinder was the Prague detective, Hoch.

The trial was conducted in the usual dilatory way that was customary on the Continent, and dragged on for several years. Finally, some of the robbers and murderers were executed, and some were condemned to ten, some to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour. No sufficient evidence was producible to justify convicting Babinsky of murder, or of participation in the murders that had been committed, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Conceive of the state of my feelings on reaching England when I read in the letter of the Vienna correspondent of the *Standard*, that at the little town of Leitomischl in Bohemia, at the foot of the range of mountains Gatrill and I had been visiting, an inn-keeper and his wife and son had been arrested on the charge of murdering their guests, during a succession of years.

Hirschberg we found to be a cheerful and pleasant place at which to stay for a few days. It is a starting-point whence Prussians, Berliners especially, make excursions to explore the Riesengebirge. A local guide-book says that "in this superb range one might well expect to meet with avalanches, like those that occur in the Alps, but so far few have occurred." In the nineteenth century only three were recorded, whereof one fell on a frozen pool, and cracked the ice; a second knocked off a man's hat; but on the 29th November, 1875, the third did actually overwhelm a tipsy individual. Further, the author remarks that in such a magnificent range one might anticipate meeting with waterfalls; unhappily, however, there are no streams to precipitate themselves from heights, and no precipices over which they might plunge, did such streams exist. There are, however, in the neighbourhood numerous lakes, if that designation can be applied to the puddles.

Hirschberg is a little town of 14,400 inhabitants, of whom only 3070 are Catholics.

The place was not a little interesting to me, for a worthy priest there, named Putz, in 1810 was the first to introduce vernacular hymns into Silesian Catholic churches. He was followed by Rachner of Haspersdorf, and by others, such as the Provost Scharfenberg and Counsellor Kiessling. The Ultramontanes would have nothing to do with them, and in their churches fiddles rasped and a few voices sang in Latin. The people, however, were delighted to be able to raise their voices. As a Silesian with a stolid face, but with a roguish twinkle in his eye, said to a Jesuit father : “ We are told that in Heaven, angels and archangels sing the praises of God. Is it so, reverend sir ? ”

“ Most assuredly it is, and so do all the Saints.”

“ Then, Father, I presume they are required to sing in some tongue of which they do not understand a word, let us say that of the Berlin Junker or of the Reindeer Lapps under the Arctic Circle ? ”

“ It is my dinner hour,” said the Jesuit, and walked away.

The parish priest Rachner, mentioned above, spent great pains in collecting the best German hymns and tunes. Having completed his manuscript, he sent it to the authorities of Breslau Cathedral with an application for approbation and permission to print. Three years passed and no notice of his petition was taken. He wrote and requested the return of his manuscript, but again he received no answer. By this time he had become wiser, and he published his Hymnary without any further solicitation for permission. His book was at once adopted by the churches of Liegnitz, Schönau, Heinau, Burzlau, and those of a great many villages. Let anyone at the present day go into a Silesian church for Mass on Sunday, and he will welcome a hearty service of song.

There has long existed a Liberal Catholic party in the dioceses of Ermland and Breslau. In 1825 Professor J. H. Achter issued his *Instruction in Christian Catholic Doctrine and Morals*, which received the *Imprimatur* of Joseph v. Hohenzollern, Bishop of Ermland, who not only licensed it for use, but also most strongly and emphatically recommended it “ to be sedulously used by all faithful Christians throughout Our diocese.” The tone throughout is wholesome and moderate, the teaching clear and definite, and very far removed from Ultramontanism.

Apparently the electricity generated in the sandy plains to the north is so gratified at meeting with the Riesengebirge that it discharges itself there with liberality. Some years ago a flash of lightning struck the spire of the Protestant Church of Hirschberg on Sunday when the pastor occupied the pulpit. The electric fluid ran down the chain that supported the sounding-board, set fire to the preacher's wig and killed him. However gratifying it may have been to the congregation to have the sermon cut short, their satisfaction was qualified by the consideration that they would be put to the inconvenience of procuring a successor.

From Hirschberg we paid a visit to Görlitz, a dull town, and then proceeded by rail to Dresden.

I was very glad to revisit Dresden and once more to see its glorious gallery. I had haunted it as a child when we spent a winter in the Saxon capital, till an order came that no children should be admitted till over ten. In 1843 I was but just turned nine. I had a good cry over it. The pictures that had most impressed me then were the group of the children of Charles I, the Madonna di San Sisto, the Magdalen of Correggio and a modern painting concerning which more presently. After the lapse of forty-three years my recollection of those four pictures remained distinct, whereas I could not recall any others. When I entered the gallery in 1886, I went direct to them. The delightful group of the children of Charles I by Van Dyck is a replica of that in the Pinacoteca at Turin. Beside it is one of Charles I and Henrietta Maria, but I had not noticed it when I was a child. The Magdalen of Correggio is by some authorities pronounced to be an early copy. The Madonna di San Sisto is to my mind the very finest of Raphael's works. His Transfiguration is to me a disagreeable picture, nor do I like his cartoons at Hampton Court. But the Sistine Madonna has never been surpassed. It was painted in or about the year 1515 and was purchased in 1753 by Augustus III for £9000. The picture has been copied repeatedly, but the wondrous depth and luminosity of the eyes have not been caught as far as I can judge. The painting, as I saw it in 1886, was given a cabinet to itself with the light suitably arranged to fall on it and bring out its full beauties.

When I was a freshman at Cambridge in 1853, I was invited to a boating supper. The feeding process ended, the drinking

order succeeded, and with the wine and punch, songs were sung. Amongst these latter was one by the cox, so filthy that I writhed in my chair. Opposite me on the wall was an engraving of this very painting, and looking at it I saw the well-remembered eyes meeting mine. I started from my seat, and, disregarding the hootings and groans of several at table, left the room.

The modern picture that had delighted me as a child was one that represented a wealthy and noble boy showing his picture-book to one or two ragged children. The owner of the book was looking away, disregarding his possession, and rather despising the poor urchins for taking so much delight in the pictures. That subject has haunted me ever since.

It is singular how little matters affect the after life ; things at the time not of much apparent importance have gone to build up a character and to give direction to conduct. I learned and took to heart from that picture the duty of sharing such things that we possess with those to whom they have been denied. I do not know that I consciously thus moralized at the time ; but ever and anon that picture has recurred to me, and checked selfish enjoyment. My mother was ever ready to inculcate altruism as true Christianity ; but the teaching by mouth that enters the ears is not so effective as the silent teaching that comes from what one sees.

Some possess very beautiful houses, with gardens and grounds, and many strangers ask leave to see them. Some I know do not approve of this. They say, and there may be truth in it, that the sight of things possessed by others and unattainable by themselves may breed envy and class hatred. I do not think so. I allow that one's good-nature, as it is termed, is liable to be imposed upon. Lord Mount Edgcumbe throws open his grounds once or twice a week to the Plymothians, who picnic in the park and strew the sward with ginger-beer bottles, often broken, with cigarette cases and empty match-boxes, as also with discarded, crumpled and dirty newspapers. He has to employ men for a whole day after such invasions in clearing the grounds of this refuse.

Again, Mr. Rodd of Trebartha has a waterfall in his grounds, as well as pretty ponds. He is often solicited to suffer Sunday Schools, or the Salvation Army, or Clubs, to be allowed free run of his grounds on specified days. On one occasion lately he met

a Sunday School teacher, heading his class, with his arms full of *Osmunda regalis* that he had dug up, and was carrying away.

"Are you aware," said Mr. Rodd, "that this fern was planted by me five years ago, and has only now attained to the size at which you have torn it up?"

Nevertheless, I think that anyone who *has* must share with the *have nots*.

There was a fifth painting in the Dresden gallery that I remembered having impressed me as a child, but I cannot recall any more than these four.

The famous Mary Magdalen of Correggio is a beautiful painting, but I fancy that the principal reason why it interested me as a child was that outside Launceston Parish Church, in the east wall, is a recess cut in the granite, and in this recess S. Mary Magdalen is represented lying in the same attitude as in Correggio's painting, with her pot of ointment at her side. Thus, when at Dresden I looked at the picture, I contrasted it with the sculptured figure; and whenever I am in Launceston and look at the granite figure, very clumsy and grotesque, of the patron saint, my memory spreads its wings and darts back to the Correggio in Dresden.

CHAPTER XV

FOLK SONGS

1887-88

IN 1888 I began to collect folk-songs and melodies in Devon ; and later those in Cornwall as well. The occasion was as follows. I was dining at Mount Tavy, at the hospitable table of Mr. Daniel Radford, a man for whom I entertained the highest esteem, when the conversation turned upon Devonshire songs. Some of those present knew "Arscott of Tetcott," and some knew "Widcombe Fair," but none could recall others such as : "The Oxen Ploughing" and "Green Broom," in their entirety, though some remembered snatches of them. I remembered how, when I was a boy, I had ridden round Dartmoor, and had put up at little taverns. In them I had seen men sitting and smoking, and had heard them sing ballads. I mentioned this. My host said to me : "Come, you are the man to undertake the job of collecting these songs and airs. It must be done at once, or it cannot be done at all, for in a few years they will be lost."

I shall not forget my walk back next day from Mount Tavy to Lew. My mind was in a ferment. I considered that I was on the outstart of a great and important work ; and to this day I consider that the recovery of our West-country melodies has been the principal achievement of my life. I had a great friend, the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, rector of Thurnscoe in Yorkshire, an accomplished musician, and one who was not a formalist, but could throw himself into a ballad air, make it his own and surround it with a flood of dainty harmony. He had the poetic faculty in music, which is so wanting in many who can write an accompaniment that is scientifically correct, but is void of feeling.

So soon as I saw that the material was plentiful, I invited him

to come to me and assist in gathering up the melodies. The words I could collect, but was able to recover the tunes only when I had the singer by me at the piano. But to work the country properly, it needed that we should visit the cottages and taverns, where no such adventitious aid was to be obtained. At that time the gramophone was not invented.

During the Christmas and the Long Vacations I could calculate on the assistance of Mr. F. W. Bussell of Brasenose College, Oxford, whose mother and sister had taken the Cottage on the Ramps that I had built. Later Mr. Bussell became a Mus. Doc. and Vice-Principal of his College.

At first I went to the farmers and yeomen ; but soon ascertained that no material of any value for my purpose was to be obtained from them. All the songs they knew were such as had been published early in the nineteenth century, and were to be found in sundry "Vocal Charmers," "Apollo's Cabinets" and the like. There was, however, one exception, Jimmy F—— of Chaddlehanger, a great fox-hunter, and a merry soul to boot. He was married to a stern, solemn, Puritanical wife, who regarded us with indignation for encouraging the frivolity of her husband. From him we did obtain some good hunting and drinking songs.

It was necessary to drop to a lower level if we were to tap the spring of traditional folk music. I speedily discovered that what I wanted was to be obtained mainly from such men as could neither read nor write. At the outset we did not attempt to extort songs from the old women ; in fact, we worked that field very little, and very inadequately, but it was one that Mr. Cecil Sharp found later to be fruitful in Somersetshire.

I soon learned to mistrust the words of the songs, which were often, but not always, corruptions of Broadside Ballads, transmitted orally. Thus "the Northern Knight" was changed into "the Northern Cat," and the expression "And she the laurel wore" had become "And she was lorriowere." In the ballad of "Death and the Lady," the former was described as "he was of the Branchy Tree," in place of "he was an Anatomy."

The printed ballads of Such, Fortey, Ryle, Catnash and others are not trustworthy. The Broadside Ballad publishers received the songs and ballads that they printed from itinerant singers,

extremely illiterate, who had themselves received them orally, and had corrupted them unintentionally. They were paid a few shillings by the publishers for what they supplied and no attempt was made to verify or to edit them from earlier copies.

There were, however, a certain number of ballads that we received from our "song-men," that were obviously more correct in diction than those produced by the publishers who furnished the sheets that were hawked about at fairs.

That which became daily more evident was that the melodies were incomparably more valuable than the words. The latter might be borrowed, and be in common circulation over England, but the tunes were for the most part local. And, what was more, the melodies had a character of their own distinct from those of Somerset and Dorset.

Robert Bell, in his *Ballads of the Peasantry* (1857), gives "Sweet Nightingale," of which he informs us: "This curious ditty we first heard in Germany, at Marienbad (burg) on the Moselle. The singers were four Cornish miners, who were at that time (1854) employed at some lead mines near the town of Zell. The leader, or captain, John Stocker, said that the song was an established favourite with the miners of Cornwall and Devonshire, and was always sung on the pay-days and at the wakes; and that his grandfather, who died thirty years before (1824) at the age of a hundred years, used to sing the song, and say that it was very old. The tune is plaintive and original."

I wrote to the *Western Morning News* to ask whether anyone in Cornwall could furnish me with the melody, and it was promptly sent to me by a gentleman of S. Ives, who wrote that "the melody had run in his head any time these thirty years." I have since had it as well from old miners.

Now the interesting feature about the song is that the words come from Bickerstaff's *Thomas and Sally*, 1760: a ballad opera, the music by Dr. Arne. The words may have travelled down into Cornwall (where, by the way, there are no nightingales)¹ on a Broadside, but not the music, which was either an adaptation of an earlier traditional air, or was one composed by some local

¹ Baron Wrangel found in Northern Siberia, i.e. on the edge of the frozen sea, Russians who sang poems on the nightingale.

musical genius. If old Gaffer Stocker learned it in 1820, and then considered it an old tune, the new setting must have occurred very soon after the publication of *Thomas and Sally*.

From a lame road-maker at South Brent I got the song " 'Twas on a Sunday Morning." Now the words were by Charles Swan, and were set to music by Francis Mori and published in 1853. But the stone-breaker's tune was totally distinct from that by Mori, and in my opinion superior to it. In this instance also the words had come to the poor working man in South Devon and he had fitted them to a melody, whether original or traditional who can say ?

One day I asked a tanner at Launceston whether he recalled any song upon cyder. He replied that he would think the matter over. Next week he came to me with a cyder song. There was no merit in the words, which, on being pressed, he admitted that he had himself composed ; but there was an antique flavour in the air, and again, on being questioned, he told me that he had fitted his composition upon cyder to an old tune that he recalled, but what the words had been he could remember no more save in snatches.

At first I supposed that village organists and conductors of village choirs had originated these melodies, but I have come now to an entirely different opinion. A great many of the compositions of these worthies, mostly carols, exist in manuscript. Collections of them have been published, and not one of them is worth the paper on which printed ; what is more, not one of them has survived to be sung by any choir.

The real composers were either the ancient wandering minstrels, whose tunes live still, orally transmitted through many generations ; or else they were the spontaneous compositions of ignorant village song-men, who chirped, supping their cyder in the settle by the fire of the taverns. As these airs were unaccompanied, their vitality depended entirely on the quality, the originality, and the freshness of the melody. If a tune has lived and has been orally transmitted from one generation to another, it cannot be commonplace. It must have musical character, that is to say, must enshrine an original melodious idea.

In the West of England, and it was probably the same elsewhere, every village inn retained its Song-man who amused the

company by his ballads and lyrics, and was repaid by the toppers with free drinks.

Their *répertoire* was extensive. James Parsons, who went by the name of "the Singing Machine," was one evening at the tavern at Sourton with three other men, one of whom, named Voysey, worked for me. Parsons by profession was a hedger and thatcher. He told me that upon the occasion mentioned, a bet had been laid that he could not go on singing fresh songs all the night from sunset to daybreak. He did so, and won the bet. I found it difficult to credit the story, so I asked Voysey whether it were as Parsons had related.

"Ay! it's true enough," said the man, shaking his head. "I reckon I shan't forget that in a hurry, as I had to empty my purse to pay the bet."

Some of the songs are of considerable antiquity, and may be discovered in Early Garlands, but not on Broad-sides. One that I published in my *Songs of the West* as "Strawberry Fair," is actually "Kit hath lost her key (cow)" that was issued, words and melody, in 1561. But as it is an indecent ballad, I was fain to write fresh words to it. The tune had hung on from one generation to another, and it was adopted by Beuler, in or about 1835, for his comic song "Ben was a hackney coachman rare."

I got from Sam Fone, a workman on Black Down, the ballad of "The Death of Queen Jane," that relates to her having submitted to the Cæsarean operation for the birth of Edward, afterwards King of England. The circumstances are not true, as she survived the birth several days, but it was generally believed at the time in England. Dr. Alexander Barret also obtained the ballad from a gipsy woman in Somerset. The tune was a canon.

Hall in his *Chronicle* under 1511 gives an account of the piracies of Andrew Barton; and Percy, in his *Reliques*, printed a ballad relative to him and his achievements. But this is a recast made in the reign of James I, at which period many of our old English ballads were rewritten in the affected style and measure of the period. But this tune has gone past recall, and the recast ballad is unknown to our village singers. They do, however, retain the original words and melody, but have transformed Andrew Barton into Harry Martyn.

From Fone, the miner, I also recovered a lengthy ballad called

"The Duke's Hunt," concerning a chase by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of James I. This was printed in 1650, "to an excellent tune, much in request." The tune, however, was not published, nevertheless it has been retained in the memory of our peasantry for three hundred years. We obtained it not only from Fone, but also from singers at Launceston, Stoke Gabriel, and Menheniot. Consequently it is "much in request" still.

One song we recovered from a tanner at Liskeard, entitled "Ormond the Brave," relative to James Butler's attempted landing in 1714, in favour of James II. It is a stoutly expressed Jacobite song glorifying Ormond, who was a rather contemptible creature. This ditty must be of local origin. It is as vigorous as an air as it is in diction.

From an old woman at Kingswear, opposite Dartmouth, I acquired the early ballad of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

I have transmitted to the Public Free Library at Plymouth copies of all those ballads and melodies we collected with the original words and the variations in the airs, as also the pages of music-paper on which the airs were taken down by Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Bussell. As a great part of the words was obscene or indelicate it became absolutely necessary for me to write fresh verses to such as were not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. Unhappily some of the most dainty airs were wedded to the most indecorous words. I had the example of Burns to justify me in this course, for he did precisely the same thing, and it is due to this procedure that so many charming Scottish melodies have been preserved.

A Plymouth dentist, Mr. Spence Bate, who had retired from business, had a house at South Brent. He wrote to me to inform me that there were living in the place a miller, John Helmore, ruined by the setting up of a steam-mill, and a crippled stone-breaker, named Robert Hard; both notable song-men. He invited Mr. Sheppard and me to pay him a visit and gather up the fragments of folk music that remained to be discovered at South Brent. Accordingly we went. It was the depth of winter, and the weather was bitter. Mr. Bate's house was built over a stream from the moor, a so-called "leet," and it was like an ice-house.

After dinner we adjourned to the kitchen, where was a roaring fire, and the old men were set up with jugs and tankards of ale. But some neighbouring gentlemen and ladies, notably the latter, had been invited to be present at the performance. This I saw at once would never do. Tunes have to be repeated several times to be noted with accuracy, as peasant singers are disposed to embroider them with twirls and flourishes of their own device ; and further, I was not at all sure that the words of the ballads would in all cases be fit for ladies' ears. And so it proved. For after the singing of " The Mole-Catcher " by John Helmore, the aged miller, there ensued a rapid dissolution of the company. I inserted the song in the last edition of *Songs of the West*, but to very much chastened words.

On the following day Mr. Sheppard and I had the two old men to ourselves, and between us we recovered the words and airs of some very interesting pieces. In the summer I went to Mr. Bate's house along with Mr. Bussell, and gleaned more songs. Finally I went alone in the winter of 1890, and the Vicar of South Brent very kindly surrendered to me his drawing-room and piano, and gave me a good fire. I had in old Hard. Then and there I obtained from him a further crop of ballads. That was the last reaping, for in the ensuing bitter frost the aged man was found dead, frozen on a heap of stones by the roadside.

John Helmore, the miller, after his wife's death, ended his days in the Workhouse. I asked him one day when he began courting his " Missus." " I reckon," said he, " when I was a baby. Us growed up together, and us did ever love one another ; and now her's took, please God I be took soon too, for I want to be wi' her. Us till now have niver been apart, and I du feel queer and lone at present."

Fone told me that in former days, before the train ran from Exeter to London, he went up to town in a carrier's van, along with his little sister, and that all the way up, day by day and hour by hour she sang " Seventeen on Sunday," which is not quite such a song as one would expect from a child. One day I was at Belstone visiting a famous singer, Harry Westaway, when he sang a ballad to us, but dropped one of the verses, whereupon his daughter, a tall, handsome girl of about eighteen, shouted



ROBERT HARD

from the kitchen : “ Fayther, you’ve left out someut,” and she struck up and sang a most—to say the least—indelicate verse.

There was an old man named Masters at Bradstone. The rector of Lifton heard that he was a song-man and that he was bed-ridden. Accordingly, to do me a kindness, he drove over and visited the apple-faced old fellow, who was in bed, but quite well enough to sing. The rector, the Rev. W. W. Martyn, was a specially modest-minded man. He could not note the music, but he could take down the words ; so placing himself on a chair by the bed, he pulled out a copy-book, and pencil, and settled himself to write what Masters sang. The ballad selected by the sick man was “ Polly Oliver,” and it relates how that Polly fell in love with a gay cavalier, and, so as to be with him, dressed herself as a page boy and accompanied her beloved. The *dénouement* of the tale is what might have been anticipated. Mr. Martyn, later, gave me the manuscript. It was begun in a firm hand, but after a few verses, the writing became shaky, and the final stanzas were quite illegible.

Of course, it is only some, and they not very numerous among the popular lyrics, that are objectionable, and the singers have no thought that they are offending ears polite, when they mention in their songs and ballads matters not generally talked about, and when they call a spade “ a spade ” and not “ an agricultural implement employed by gardeners.” The relation of the sexes is the basis of most poetical compositions that circulate among the peasantry. “ Its very intimacy,” wrote Mr. C. J. Sharp, “ and mystery cause many minds to shrink from expressing themselves openly on the subject, as they would shrink from desecrating a shrine. The ballad-maker has no such feeling. He has none of that delicacy, which, as often as not, degenerates into pruriency. Consequently, he treats ‘ the way of a man with a maid ’ simply and directly, just as he treats every other subject.” It is therefore necessary for the editor to modify words, expressions, even statements of events recorded, so as to make the ballads and songs tolerable to men and women of culture. Burns, as already said, undertook this task for the Scottish songs. Sir Walter Scott did the same for the Border Ballads. The task had—and has—to be undertaken so as to rescue exquisite melodies from being killed by the words to which they are wedded. To do this, an editor

must be imbued with the feeling of the folk-poet, and must divest himself of literary tricks. In a word, he must reverse the process of the early Stuart rhymers, who tricked out the ancient ballads with gew-gaws of their own fancy, and made them trip to unaccustomed measures.

Occasionally, but only rarely, do we obtain traces of early superstitious beliefs. There is a song sung throughout the South of England, entitled "At the Setting of the Sun." It tells how a young maiden went out one showery day, and, when the rain came on, threw a white apron over her head and hid behind some bushes. Her sweetheart happened to be out poaching, and seeing something white behind the hedge which he believed to be a swan, fired "and shot his true-love, at the setting of the sun." The lover was tried at the Assizes for the murder :

"In six weeks' time when the 'sizes came on
Young Polly appeared *in the form of a swan*,
Crying, Jimmy, young Jimmy, young Jimmy is clear,
He never shall be hung for the shooting of his dear."

But the ballad has in some cases undergone modification, and in place of the apparition of the dead girl in court in the form of a swan, she appears in that transformation in dream to her lover and foretells his acquittal.

A very popular ballad, often recovered in a fragmentary condition only, is "The Unquiet Grave." I have related in an earlier chapter the story of Joanna Worden, to whom a former lover appeared and demanded the love pledge he had given to her. The ballad evidently turns on the same conviction that when an engagement between a lad and a lass has been sealed by the gift of a token, or by a kiss, there is no release for the survivor till the pledge has been restored. The idea of the living appertaining to the dead is the foundation of Bürger's ballad of "Leonore."

The complete form of "The Unquiet Grave" is as follows : The eighth and last verses are my addition :

"Cold blows the wind of night, sweet-heart
Cold are the drops of rain ;
The very first love that ever I had,
In green-wood he was slain.

I'll do as much for my true love
 As any fair maiden may ;
 I'll sit and mourn upon his grave,
 A twelvemonth and a day."

A twelvemonth and a day being up,
 The ghost began to speak :
 ' Why sit you here upon my grave,
 From dusk till dawning break ? '

' O think upon the garden, love,
 Where you and I did walk,
 The fairest flower that blossomed there
 Is withered on its stalk.'

' What is it that you want of me
 And will not let me sleep ?
 Your salt, salt tears they trickle down
 My winding sheet to steep.'

' Oh I will now redeem the pledge,
 The pledge that once I gave ;
 A kiss from off thy lily-white lips
 Is all of you I crave.'

' Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,
 My breath is earthy strong.
 If you do touch my clay-cold lips,
 Your time will not be long.' "

(Then through the mould he heaved his head
 And through the herbage green
 There fell a frosted bramble leaf,
 It came their lips between.)

" Oh ! if you were not true in word,
 As now I know you be,
 I'd tear you as the withered leaves
 Are torn from off the tree.

(And well for you that bramble leaf
 Betwixt our lips was flung.)
 The living to the living hold ;
 Dead to the dead belong."

The last two lines of the final stanza are generally remembered, but the recollection of portions of the ballad is lost. There is, however, another version, in which is a contest of wit between the dead lover and his damsel.

In *Charming Phillis' Garland*, *circ.* 1710, but perhaps earlier, appeared a song "The Three Drunken Maidens," but nowhere that I could ascertain had the melody been published. Now at Lydford lived a workman, Edmund Fry, an elderly man, very much addicted to his bottle, and that bottle, which he carried about with him whenever and wheresoever he went to work, was of lead. To my surprise and delight one evening he sang to me and Mr. Sheppard, the whole of this early ditty. Why the Drunken Maidens should be said to have come from the Isle of Wight, the hotbed of Puritanism, I can only conjecture. Singularly enough in Breton is a version "Merc 'hed Caudan," but to what air I cannot discover. I give the English ballad, merely premising that I have had to modify the final verse.

"There were three drunken maidens
 Came from the Isle of Wight.
 They drank from Monday morning,
 Nor stayed till Saturday night.
 When Saturday night was come, Sirs!
 They would not then go out,
 Not the three drunken maidens,
 As they pushed the jug about.

Then in came bouncing Sally,
 With cheeks as red as bloom.
 'Make space, my jolly sisters,
 Now make for Sally room,
 For that I will be your equal,
 Before that I go out.'
 So now four drunken maidens
 They pushed the jug about.

It was woodcock and pheasant,
 And partridges and hare.
 It was all kinds of dainties,
 No scarcity was there.
 It was four quarts of Malaga,
 Each fairly did drink out,
 So the four drunken maidens
 They pushed the jug about.

Then down came the landlord,
 And asked for his pay.
 O ! a forty pound bill, Sirs,
 Those damsels drew that day.
 It was ten pounds apiece, Sirs !
 And yet they would not out.
 So the four drunken maidens
 They pushed the jug about.
 ' O where be your spencers ?
 Your mantles rich and fine ? '
 ' They all be a swallowed
 In tankards of good wine.'
 ' O where be your characters,
 Ye maidens, brisk and gay ? '
 ' O they be a swallowed !
 We've drunk them clean away.' "

I do not think I heard any songs or ballads expressing discontent at the life led by the country labourer. Rather he vindicates his position and happiness against the valet and the town dweller, and there is a ring of joyousness in his ditties concerning an agricultural career. As has ever been the case with men since Moses, or whoever it was, wrote the Story of the Fall, man has girded against womankind, *after his marriage*, rarely before. In one of Æsop's fables a man exhibits to a lion the statuary group of a hunter striding over a fallen and slaughtered King of the Beasts, and the exhibitor asks the lion his opinion of it. "Humph !" growled the beast. "It was carved by a man. If a lion had been the sculptor, the positions would have been reversed."

The ballad I now give I have never heard sung by a husband in the presence, or, indeed within the hearing of his wife ; but it is favourably received in a tavern over beer and pipes. I took it down from Robert Hard, a little over a month before he died. I find that in the original as it occurs in *Garlands*, it is much longer, consisting of eleven verses, and that the first four are concerned with the happiness of the man previous to his marriage. I am not aware of the tune having previously been published.

" On Monday morning I married a wife,
 I thought to live a sober life.
 As it fell out I better were dead
 Than mark the time when I was wed.
 Laddy-heigh-ho ! Laddy-heigh-ho !
 Fal-de-ral-li-do ! Laddy-heigh-ho !

cow, which belonged to a poor peasant named Colas, was killed in consequence. Thereupon the Catholics made a collection in every town and village in France to raise a sum for the indemnification of Colas. The day after the murder the singing of the song of "Collas his Cow" was forbidden under the penalty of the gallows, and it was even dangerous for anyone to hum the tune in the streets. The song, very much modified from the original, was brought to England after the Restoration, and, as the origin of the song was forgotten, the subject was somewhat altered. The first verse runs :

" A story, a story, I'll tell you just now,
It's all about killing of Colly, my cow.
Ah ! my pretty Colly, poor Colly, my cow !
Poor Colly will give no more milk to me now.
And that is the way my fortune doth go ! "

I got the tune from an old woman at Kingswear. This was an interesting find.

The setting of tasks impossible of execution occurs over and over again in folk tales ; it was a mode adopted of evading a request. Sometimes the task is the solution of a set of riddles. In " The Elfin Knight " an elf appears to a damsel and sets her tasks. If she cannot accomplish these, she must accompany him to the elf world.

" In all stories of this kind," says Professor Child, " the person upon whom a task is imposed stands acquitted if another of no less difficulty is devised which must be performed first."

We were happy enough to recover one such, which used to be enacted at Christmas-time by a youth and a maiden, in Cornish farm-houses. Among many other tasks set the girl is to buy a cambric shirt, and stitch it without any needlework. She sets the youth in return to " reap a field with a bit of leather and bind the sheaves with a peacock's feather," and the like.

I have already mentioned James Parsons, " the Singing Machine." He was not in my parish. Hearing of his vocal exploits, I sent for him one winter, and many a cheerful evening did we have together, he sitting in the settle by the hall fire, with a little table before him, singing and sipping hot spiced wine and water. He told me that when first invited to Lew House, he

trembled with fright, but he soon got over that, and came to relish his musical evenings with me. He was very strict with me, and insisted on my taking down his airs correctly. "Thicky wi'n't do," he would say. "You've gotten that note not right. You mun know that I'm the master and you'm the scholar ; and I wi'n't have any slurs or blunders. What is right is right, and what is wrong niver can be right to the world's end."

The bulk of his airs were in the Gregorian mode, not that he was aware of the fact. Indeed, he did not relish the tunes of modern style. "Now," he would say, "I'll gie you a purty old tune, as lively as they be made," and he would strike up a ballad in the Dorian mode.

After having pretty well exhausted his store of songs, I learned that he had met with an accident. In making "spears" for thatching, he had cut with the chopper into his knee cap, and the oil had run out. The local doctor told me that he feared he would hardly be able to pull the man through, so I said to Mr. Bussell, "Come along with me, and we will see old Parsons in his bed, and will try to extract some more songs from him. It will never do to let him carry his treasure into the churchyard." So we went, and he gave us "Bryan o' Lyn" and "Old Wichet." This last is still sung in North Britain :

"The gude man cam' hame at e'en
And hame cam' he.
And there he saw a saddle horse
Where nae horse should be."

In fact it is an old troubadour tale, that is given in Barbazan's *Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François, XI-XIV Siècles*. Parsons died in March, 1889, and in memory of him I wrote "The Old Singing-man" to one of his few melodies that was not in an ancient Gregorian mode. The last verse runs :

"O Lor ! what wi' their edication,
And me—neither cypher nor write ;
But in zinging the best in the nation,
And gie the whole parish delight.
I be goin', I reckon, full mellow,
To lay in the churchyard my head ;
So say—God be wi' you, old fellow !
The last o' the Zingers is dead."

Another of my finds was John Woodrich, a blacksmith, a small, dwarfish man, living in a lonely spot in Thrushelton parish. His story was peculiar. When aged fourteen he ran away from home and rambled about the country picking up work and wages, and did not return to his parents during their lives. As he was not a strong man, and as the vein of roving was in him, he could not remain in any situation for a length of time. He was really not fit for more at the forge than to blow the bellows, and that was work which he found monotonous. Finally he became a stone-breaker on the roads.

He had married a pretty young woman and she had given him children ; but this did not chain him down. He deserted them and went to Wales. For this, and for throwing his family on the rates, he was sent to prison. His wife died of cancer ; his children scattered, and finally he died, nursed by one child. By wandering about he was able to collect a good many songs, and, having a good pipe, was a favourite in the taverns, where he got his drink for nothing out of his own pocket. His nickname was Ginger Jack.

On one occasion he was in a public-house in North Devon, when at night a tramp entered soaked to the bone by the rain. He stood before the kitchen fire and dried himself. Whilst in the process of throwing off the moisture in steam, he sang and recited the story of "Go from my window," that is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613, and in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639. It was licensed to be printed in 1587-8 ; and was parodied as a hymn in 1590 in *Ane compendious booke of Godly Songs*, published in Edinburgh. The tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*. But, and this is interesting, the significance of the song is lost without the tale which it illustrates, and that tale I was able to recover from Woodrich. The melody is the same as that in Queen Elizabeth's music book. I had to recast the words as the original related to a story of a false wife who deceived her husband.

Another very interesting recovery obtained through Woodrich was "The Mallard." The words are silly and concern only the several parts of the bird. It was, however, a dance tune. Not till long after we had published it restored as a dancing song, did Mr. Sheppard detect it as identical with the ecclesiastical Easter sequence *O Filii et Filiæ*. I discovered that the original had been

a May carol in France, whose melody had been adopted by the Church for an Easter hymn. The story of this melody is accordingly very instructive. It is a song to the coming of Spring of remote antiquity. Somewhere about the eleventh century it was adopted by the Church, and was sung as a sequence at Easter wherever the Latin Church prevailed, in England as in France. But although appropriated by the Church, it had not been discarded as a secular air, either in France or England. Then came the Reformation, and *O Filii et Filiae* was no longer heard in church or minster. But the air as a secular melody lingered on for four centuries, till the publication of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in 1861, when once more the sequence was revived as *O, Sons and Daughters let us sing*, with its old tune as chanted in our churches before the Reformation.

When a new edition of *Songs of the West* was issued by Mr. Cecil Sharpe and myself in 1905, it was deemed by us advisable to omit "The Mallard" as a dance tune.

What an example of continued vitality in a good melody !

A man from whom we collected a great many songs, and whom I have already quoted, was Samuel Fone, of Black Down, in Mary Tavy parish. I cannot but think that he had gipsy blood in him. When he came to see me, he wore white trousers tied below the knee and a scarlet handkerchief about his neck. His father had deserted wife and children. One day the cottage door was partially opened, and a hand appeared holding it ; apparently the owner of the hand was doubtful whether to come in or retire without showing himself. Sam exclaimed to his mother : " This is father's hand ! " Instantly the hand was withdrawn, and when Sam and his mother ran to the door, its owner had disappeared. They ascertained that the father had been seen in the neighbourhood, and had made inquiries about his family ; but was now gone, none knew whither, and no tidings of him ever after reached the family.

For some time before his death Fone was bed-ridden, and to his great delight, I lent him a thick folio of Broadside Ballads I had collected. His daughter said to me : " Oh dear, we wish you had not let him have that book. He sings all night long. As he turns a page and comes on words he knows, he shouts them with the tune, and mother and I can get no sleep."

Mr. Bussell and I went to Prince Town on one occasion and visited a bed-ridden, or partly bed-ridden man, who was well known as a singer. He was, however, up and dressed when we visited him and came downstairs and sang to us, among other songs, "John Barleycorn." After a while we left, and I forgot my pencil, which remained on the table. Next day I returned to the cottage and asked for the man. A grim woman scowled at me : "What do you mean coming here and getting my 'usband to zing his old drashy songs, when he ought to be preparing to meet his Saviour? No, you shan't zee him. He's in bed and shall remain there. I've took away his trousers and burnt 'em so he must remain abed till he dies, and as to thicky pencil you axes about, I've chucked him into the vire after his trousers. I don't want nother you, nor nothin' of yours here." I suspect the poor old fellow had enjoyed his afternoon singing to us, as he had not enjoyed one for many years. It was happy for us that we caught him when we did, when his wife had gone marketing to Tavistock.

One New Year's Eve, Mr. Bussell and I were at the "Saracen's Head," an inn at Two Bridges, on Dartmoor. It has since become an important hotel. Then it was but a modest tavern. We sat in the kitchen in the evening, where a number of moor-men were gathered to drink in and welcome the New Year. One of the singers gave us "Barbara"—or, as he called her, Barbaroo-Allen, with some additional verses to those in print. This was capped by another, who sang "The Brown Girl," of a somewhat similar character, which I sent to Professor Child for his great work on the Ballad Songs of England and Scotland, and which he inserted therein. But the most delightful melody we then obtained was "The Bell-ringers." We learned something from the singers ; not to press these men to give more, at a time, than a limited number of songs, for they are inclined to mix the tunes.

At Post Bridge, in a rude cottage of granite blocks put together without mortar, and in the midst of a marsh, lived an old blind man, Jonas Coaker, who died in the spring of 1890. When Mr. Sheppard and I saw him he was aged eighty-three, and came downstairs for a few hours only in the day. He called himself "The Poet of the Moor," but there was not a glint of poetry in his compositions. They were bad jingles, void of ideas. From

him we obtained "Brixham Town," a very interesting song of the period of the Commonwealth, both words and air characteristic of the period. Jonas was too old and infirm to be able to sing, but Mr. J. Webb, the landlord of the little inn, who had a good voice and a retentive memory, was able to sing it to us, as he had frequently heard it from Coaker.

Jonas had composed what he was pleased to call "a poem" on Childe the Hunter, who perished on the moor in a snow-storm, after having cut open his horse and installed himself for warmth in its paunch. Jonas recited to us portions of his composition, but when his memory failed, he reverted to the original ballad, which he thought to supersede. I could not obtain the original melody from him. However, I acquired it later from two Misses Phillips of Shaugh, who informed me that they had heard the ballad of Childe sung to this melody some fifty years ago. We obtained the same air from Mrs. Gibbons, *née* Trelawny, who had learned it from her nurse as a child to the weird ballad "Cold blows the wind to-night, Sweetheart."

On one occasion Mr. Sheppard and I drove in a storm of wind and rain across Dartmoor to Huccaby, where a young fellow named Moses Cleve gave us "The Bold Dragoon," that begins :

"A bold Dragoon from out of the North
To a lady's house came riding :
With clank of steel, and spur at his heel,
His consequence noways hiding.
'Bring forth good cheer, tap claret and beer,
For here I think of abiding.'"

The poor young fellow not long after hung himself in his father's barn.

I shall never forget our return from Huccaby. We were drenched to the skin, and as the seat of the dog-cart was of leather, it had accumulated the wet that had run to seek the lowest level, and the lowest levels were precisely where we had sat. We went into Mount Tavy, where Mr. Radford hospitably entertained us to lunch ; but previous to the meal, Mr. Sheppard and I had stationed ourselves, with our backs to a roaring coal fire, with the tails of our coats gathered over our arms. Mr. Radford maliciously called in his wife to observe us. As he said, we resembled a pair of peacocks with tails spread.

Mr. Bussell and I, on another occasion, again visited Huccaby, this time to interview old Sally Satterly, who knew a number of songs. But she was busy, she had to do her washing. Mr. Bussell seated himself, inconsiderately, on the copper for the boiling, till she lighted the fire under it and drove him off. I had to run after her as she went about her work, dotting down her words, while Bussell followed, pencil and music book in hand, transcribing her notes. The cottage she lived in had an interesting story. It was built in a night and a day and was named Lovingcot. When Sally was about to be married she and her intended husband had no house into which to enter. But it was believed to be legal that, if a house were built and a fire kindled on the hearth before sundown, the habitation would be secured for ever. The neighbours took occasion of a fair day, when the farmers were absent at Ashburton, and built the cottage and lighted the fire before the farmers returned in the evening. Ever since the bride and bridegroom had occupied this rude hovel. It has of late years been entirely rebuilt.

Mr. Bussell and I went to South Zeal, a quaint old village, which was once on the high-road from Exeter to Okehampton and Launceston. When the new road was made, it was left very much to itself. We put up at the Oxenham Arms, an inn occupying the old manor house of the Burgoins, with granite porch and windows. A number of singers were collected in the evening, and the villagers crowded the entrance and peered in at the windows to see and hear what went on. But we had no success that evening, as one of the men present got drunk and was uproarious. However, we had the singers in one by one next day, and obtained from them some very rugged and peculiar tunes. One of the best singers went by the name of "Lucky Fewins."

On another occasion Mr. Sheppard and I were at Holne and had supper, and several notable song-men supped with us. But hardly had they begun to sing before the village policemen appeared and dispersed us, as the time for closing had arrived. Here again we arranged for the singers to meet us the next day. Among other delicious melodies we there obtained was "Down by a river side," sung to us by the grandson of the old parish clerk who had died in 1883 at the age of eighty. It had been one of this old man's grandfather's songs.

There was a handsome old man named Hannaford, on the east side of the Moor, from whom we had several songs. He had two daughters of really extraordinary beauty. One was married to the lodge-keeper of the Hon. Richard Dawson at Holne; the other came to us as parlour-maid, and she was a great attraction to the hunters whenever we had a meet in front of Lew House. But as she began to spread her toils about our groom, who was a married man, I found it advisable to send her away.

At Dartmouth I made the acquaintance of Miss Bidder of Stoke Fleming, daughter of the "Calculating Boy." She introduced me to a number of old women who had their songs, and as she was an accomplished musician, she was able to take down their melodies.

There was a song I was particularly anxious to recover, "The Oxen Ploughing." I could get the chorus in many places, but not the main part of the song. At last I heard that there was a man at Liskeard who knew it, so Mr. Sheppard and I went thither, and called at his house, to learn that he was dying, and could not be seen. However, I heard of a singer near Trebartha, in Cornwall, and drove there to see him. I found him cutting ferns in a field. I asked him if he knew "The Oxen Ploughing." He did. So I sat on a heap of cut fern and he on another and he sang it, and I after him, till I had got it by heart. All the way home, a drive of eighteen miles, I continued singing it till I reached Lew, and was able to note it down with the aid of my piano.

Mr. Bussell and I went to Fowey, in Cornwall, and put up at the quaint old inn of the "Lugger," kept by Mr. Varcoe. We heard that there were some singers among the navvies engaged on the line up to Lostwithiel. But the difficulty was to get them. I went to the station-master. "I will do all I can for you," said he, "you were so good to my brother-in-law." That same brother-in-law had come to Lew as schoolmaster, but had gone off his head and had run away. I rode after him and found him in Launceston where he was smashing his watch in the street. I got him back to Lifton and wired to his relations, and he was removed. Before the magistrates he behaved most strangely; he assured us that a hole was bored through him, and that if we stooped and looked through his stomach we would be able to see the sun on the further side. I had done all I could for him, and his

brother-in-law was willing to assist me ; and so Mr. Bussell and I had the navvies and got from them some songs, but they were not of much value. We had better luck with the harbour-master of Charlestown, who had been an old smuggler. He told us many yarns of old smuggling days and also sang us some good songs.

At Chagford, Mr. Bussell and I put up with the Perrots, well-known guides to the Moor. They kept a boarding-house, but some of the family were wheelwrights. They claimed descent from Sir John Perrot, natural son of King Henry VIII by Mary Berkley, who was afterwards wife of Thomas Perrot. She was a beautiful woman, and Perrot was old. Sir John was the living image of his father. He was one of the four appointed to uphold the canopy over Queen Elizabeth at her Coronation. He was made Lord-deputy of Ireland in 1584, but having uttered a gross and insulting remark relative to the Queen, was recalled in disgrace and committed to the Tower under a charge of high treason, and there he died in 1592. The Perrots of Chagford have their coat-of-arms emblazoned, and their pedigree framed and hung up in the house.

The organist of Chagford parish church was a blind man. We invited him and several others who were said to be singers to dine with us, and after the meal, with a bowl of punch on the table, the singing began. We here obtained a good haul. Mr. Hurrell, the organist, sang to us "Barley Straw," which he had learned from a carpenter, William Beare, fifteen years before. The air is fine and robust, but Mr. Sheppard was obliged to rewrite the words, softening down what was indecorous. Another capital song was "In Bibberly Town,"¹ sung by John Bennett, a day labourer, aged sixty-eight. The words were vulgar, the point being that a tinker goes round the country and kisses all the girls he meets who pay him with "guineas of gold" for these kisses, and he drinks the guineas away in the tavern. There was a spice of impropriety in the song, and for publication Mr. Sheppard had to re-write it. We were fortunate as well to get a correct version of "I Rode my Little Horse," from John Bennett. We had obtained the words before from Edmund Fry, of Lydford, but his tune was faulty. So also we got "Tobacco is an Indian

¹ By Bibberly Town no doubt Beverly was meant.

Weed," supposed to have been written by George Withers in the reign of James I. Chappell gives the tune to which it was set in Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," 1719; but the Devonshire air is quite distinct, and in my opinion superior. Another capital song we obtained was "Joan's Ale was New," which we gave in *A Garland of Country Song*. This, without the melody, was published in 1594 "A ballet intitulated Jone's ale is newe." The tune was printed later, and is given by Chappell, but that sung in Devon is again quite distinct. We did not include it in *Songs of the West*, ever hoping to obtain a variant of the air.

Right noble drinking songs were obtained from Edmund Fry at Lydford. We published two in *Songs of the West*, but in the second edition, which Mr. Cecil Sharp arranged, he excluded them as doubting whether they could be considered folk-songs.

I also had great help from James Olver, tanner at Launceston. He was born near Liskeard, and his parents were strict Dissenters, who would not tolerate any songs other than Wesleyan hymns. But as a lad James had been accustomed to get out of his bedroom window and steal away to the public-house, where he listened to and learned the songs of the quarrymen, and with his boy's treble pipe sang them to the toppers. Thus he had obtained a goodly supply of traditional songs and music.

But to return to Chagford. From William Aggett, an old crippled labourer, we recovered the "Midsummer Carol." From Roger Hannaford, already mentioned, we noted the plaintive tune and quaint words of "Death and the Lady." This is quite different from the early black-letter "Dialogue of Death and the Lady," the tune of which is given by Chappell.

I cannot recall having seen oxen employed in a cart or yoked to a plough anywhere in Devonshire, though I have seen them thus employed over and over again in France. That they were so employed, I have heard from old men. The existence of the song of "The Oxen Ploughing," the story of the recovery of which I have related, points to such a use having been made of oxen. Moreover, I have seen on steep slopes upon Dartmoor the traces of furrows where a plough could never have been drawn by horses. I presume that it is the slowness of motion of an ox that has caused its abandonment as a beast of draught. His pace is

slower than that of a man walking, and no ox can be induced to quicken his speed for more than a minute at a time. The beast has considerable intelligence, and is very docile. In France every ox knows his name as surely as does a dog his, and in being driven, the word of the driver, and perhaps a flourish of the goad without a stroke being dealt, meets with prompt obedience. The breed of oxen formerly employed in draught seems to have died out, for now the sole care of the breeder is to produce animals of flesh rather than of muscle. When I was a boy at school at Warwick, every market day little carts came into the town bringing garden produce, drawn by dogs. This is just as in Belgium at the present day, where the dog draws the milk to the town every morning. But good yet inconsiderate persons managed to pass a law forbidding the employment of dogs for draught in England, with the consequence that the breed suited for the purpose has become extinct. It was a cruel hardship to the small market gardeners to be forbidden the use of dogs for draught of their produce, and it is questionable whether it was any gain to the dogs. The task of drawing light carts did not hurt them, so long as they were not overloaded ; and if the matter had been proposed to a canine parliament, I have very little doubt that the measure would have been rejected, as one certain to extinguish a whole class of dogs.

As a reminiscence of the old custom of using oxen yoked to the plough, I give here the song, as I took it down. Those who desire the charming air must look for it in my *Songs of the West*.

“ Prithee lend your jocund ¹ voices,
 For to listen we’re agreed :
 Come sing of songs the choicest
 Of the life the plough-boys lead.
 There is none that lives so merry
 As the plough-boy does in Spring,
 When he hears the sweet birds whistle,
 And the nightingales to sing.
 With my Hump-along ! Jump-along !
 Here drives my lad along !
 Pretty, Sparkle, Berry,
 Good-luck, Speed-well, Cherry !
 We are the lads that can follow the plough.

The singers always sang “jocund voices” as “vocal voices.”

For it's, O my little plough-boy,
 Come, awaken in the morn,
 When the cock upon the dung-hill
 Is a-blowing of his horn,
 Soon the sun above Brown Willy ¹
 With his golden face will show ;
 Therefore hasten to the lin-hay,
 Yoke the oxen to the plough !
 With my Hump-along ! etc.

In the heat of the day-time,
 It's but little we can do.
 We will lie beside our oxen
 For an hour, or for two.
 On the banks of sweet violets,
 I'll take my noon-tide rest,
 And it's I can kiss a pretty girl
 As hearty as the best.
 With my Hump-along ! etc.

When the sun at eve is setting,
 And the shadows fill the vale,
 Then our throttles we'll be wetting
 With the farmer's humming ale.
 And the oxen home returning
 We will send into the stall ;
 Where the logs and peat are burning
 We'll be merry plough-boys all.
 With my Hump-along ! etc.

O the farmer must have seed, sirs,
 Or I swear he cannot sow,
 And the miller with his mill-wheel
 Is an idle man also.
 And the hunter gives up hunting,
 And the trades-man stands aside,
 And the poor man bread is wanting ;
 So—'tis we for all provide.
 With my Hump-along, etc."

Note.—Since writing the above I have been informed by my son-in-law, Mr. Calmady-Hamlyn, that his mother, now in her seventy-ninth year, has a clear recollection of seeing oxen used for ploughing in the early 'sixties on the family property at Paschoe, near Bow. He tells me that one of the yokes is still in his possession.

¹ The name of the hill varies according to the locality.

C. (Addison) in the seventieth number of *The Spectator*, May 21, 1711, says: "When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the Common People . . . for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man." He goes on to refer to the ballad of "Chevy Chase," and extols its merits. "The old song of 'Chevy Chase' is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?'"¹ What would it be thus decked out? It would have been utterly spoiled. The poets of the period of Sidney and Ben Jonson did seize on many old ballads, rewrote and spoiled them. But we still have our English ballads not thus mutilated, as those relating to Robin Hood, Barbara Allen, The Maid and the Box, The Golden Glove, King Henry V and the Tennis Balls, The Golden Vanity, and a score more, that have escaped the murderous hands of the poetasters of the days of Queen Bess and James I. But if these early ballads and songs be precious and deserving of preservation, quite as precious and as worthy of preservation are the exquisite melodies that are also traditional, as, for instance, that lovely air "Early one morning just as the sun was rising," or again "Twas down in Cupid's Garden," and "Farewell and adieu, ye Spanish Ladies."

An extremely interesting fact has been revealed by Mr. C. J. Sharp who, when lecturing in the United States a few years ago, heard of primitive English and Lowland Scottish settlers in a

¹ In No. 85, another writer, L., extols the beauty of the ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. What is strange is that so many writers, such as Bishop Percy, and Sir Walter Scott, should have paid so great attention to the words, and have taken no pains to preserve the almost more valuable melodies.

remote part of the Southern Appalachians. "The region is poor, and owing to its inaccessibility a very secluded one. There are but few roads—most of them little better than mountain tracks—and practically no railroads. Indeed, so remote and shut off from outside influence were, until quite recently, these sequestered mountain valleys that the inhabitants have for a hundred years or more been completely isolated and cut off from all traffic with the rest of the world. Their speech is English, not American." Now from among these colonists, Mr. Sharp and his fellow-worker, Mrs. Campbell, have collected 122 different sets of words and 450 tunes. And the words are almost all familiar ballads and songs that have been sung by our English peasantry. And the tunes possess the same musical peculiarities that do most of ours.¹

In 1907 Mr. Cecil J. Sharp wrote: "The subject of English folk-song has recently been very prominently before the public. Twenty years ago, however, it was only by a very few people that folk-songs were known to exist in this country; and even they, probably, were quite unprepared for the developments that have since taken place. At that time, and for several years afterwards, it was generally assumed that we had no folk-songs of our own, and that the English peasant was the only one of his class in all Europe who was unable to express himself in terms of dance and song. How, in the face of facts as we now know them, such an amazing misconception could have originated, obtained credence, and escaped disproof for so many years, is an enigma which we will not here attempt to explain. . . . Folk-songs, genuinely and demonstrably English, have already been gathered in their hundreds, and of a quality at least as remarkable as their number. The work of collection, too, on any comprehensive scale, has only just begun. The larger part of rural England is still virgin soil, while, of those districts that have already been visited, very few have, as yet, been explored with any degree of thoroughness."²

When I began collecting I wrote to a rector who was musical, to learn whether he had any song-men in his parish. He replied to me: "None whatever. Never was there a parish where was less music to be found." In spite of this deterrent opinion, I went there

¹ Campbell (O. D.) and Sharp (C. J.): *English Folk-songs from the Southern Appalachians*, New York, 1917.

² Sharp (C. J.): *English Folk-song: Some Conclusions*, Novello and Co., 1907.

and opened in it a most profitable mine. As already intimated, folk-songs are not to be collected from the farmers ; and what is more, they are unaware that their labourers possess any ballads and songs. One young farmer in Chagford, to whom I applied for directions to the cottage of a couple of old brothers-in-law who worked for him, and who, I had been told, possessed a treasure of song, burst out laughing, and said : " Stoneman and his brother-in-law, singers ! Nothing of the sort. Know naught." However, Mr. Bussell and I went to their cottage. A cauldron over the fire contained their dinner : a bit of fat bacon, potatoes, and carrots and turnips galore. Whilst that was cooking, the old fellows sang to us a dozen valuable ancient pieces with their ripe melodies.

There are two kinds of airs, those which have been composed by individual musicians, and which can be traced to them, and the folk melodies, which cannot be traced ; like Topsy, " they have growed." They are the expression of the minds, artistic sense, and feelings of the people, just as truly as are the songs of thrush, blackbird and nightingale. This is largely Mr. Sharp's doctrine. He says : " Once establish the fact that the folk-song has not been made by the one but evolved by the many, and its national character and its fitness to serve a national purpose follow as a natural consequence. Musicians would then no longer place 'Tom Bowling' and 'The Seeds of Love' in the same category, but perceive that they typify, respectively, two distinct species of music, that differ not in degree but in kind."

I have already mentioned how that so many of the folk-airs are in the Gregorian modes. Those of Parsons were so for the most part. I will quote Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, as he is a musician and I am not.

" English folk-tunes are cast in the Dorian, Phrygian, Mixolydian, Æolian and Ionian (major) modes and occasionally in the minor. Personally, I have never recovered an English folk-tune in the minor mode, and very few have been recorded by other collectors. Minor folk-airs, are no doubt, Æolian airs that have been modernized by the addition of a leading note.

" The majority of our English folk-tunes, say two-thirds, are in the major or Ionian mode. The remaining third is fairly evenly divided between the Mixolydian, Dorian and Æolian modes.

" With many folk-singers the proportion of modal songs is

much larger than one-third ; indeed, some of them sing almost exclusively in the modes. Only last winter, for instance, I sat one day from noon till four o'clock in the parlour of a primitive wayside inn on the great moors of Somerset. The company numbered on the average twelve or fourteen men, and song followed song in quick succession, but not a single major or minor tune was sung throughout the whole of the four hours.

"This partiality for the modes on the part of the English peasant-singer is a fact that is by no means generally known amongst English musicians."

It would be possible for me to continue accounts of the singers and song collecting almost interminably, for I was engaged on this work during from ten to fifteen years. I felt that no time was to be lost. The old fellows who had these songs were fast dying off, and their sons and grandsons despised the ballads and the tunes in the Gregorian modes, and sang only the last vulgar music-hall ditties.

The hunt after this expiring strain of music was very delightful, and what was of advantage to me was that it brought me into touch with a class of men hitherto quite apart from the influence of the parson ; and it afforded these men genuine delight to yield up their treasures of song that had been scouted and despised by the generation that could read and write. It was touching to note the affection and confidence we inspired when the ice was broken, and they discovered that we really valued what they had once so prized, but which the present and rising generation regarded with scorn.

An old tenant of mine, Mathew Baker, was possessed of one song, "The Trees they are so High." The air was most delicate and beautiful. Mr. Sheppard caught its spirit at once and set it admirably. Away from his setting, to an accompaniment correct but commonplace, it is like Pegasus harnessed to a hackney coach. In that case Pegasus suffers, with battered wings, galled shoulders and broken knees ; not the hackney coach. These songs were not composed for instrumental accompaniment, but a sympathetic accompaniment enhances their charm immensely.

After the publication of the first edition of *Songs of the West*, Mr. Sheppard and I made up a party of vocalists, with Miss Bussell as pianist, and we visited Plymouth, Exeter, Launceston,

Tavistock, Dartmouth, Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Totnes, Penzance and Redruth, besides certain smaller places, where we had gathered songs and where we desired to produce them "clothed and in their right mind."

We always had good attendance, but I do not think the results were what we anticipated. Mr. Sheppard and I especially aimed at stimulating the interest of those capable of continuing our work. But the collection of these songs with their melodies demands time, money and musical capacity. This last especially we could not reckon on. Musicians by profession were not interested. They had their published pieces by great composers, and they wanted nothing more. Not only so, but they regarded folk-music with contempt, because the performers did not know their notes, and also because they exhibited a melodious stream of national music, whereas they themselves had been reared on music that was German, Italian or colourless English, by composers who could no more create a living melody than they could create a flower of the field. Their minds were surcharged with reminiscences of melodies they had heard at concerts, or that they had met with and had played, from printed music ; so that when they attempted to compose an air, they produced a collection of scraps like the habit of a merry-andrew, without a strain of fresh idea in it. The only chance for a musician to be original is for him to spend many years of his life on an uninhabited island, or in the middle of a vast moor, whither no published music is imported. Then a source of originality will in all probability well up. Our modern composers are very much like our modern preachers. They derive their themes, and do not originate them. "Ein Talent bildet sich in der Stille," say the Germans.

When I was at Cambridge a man came to my rooms to sell me an apparatus he had contrived for making tunes. If I remember right, it was something like a ballot box, into which inscribed notes were cast, a handle was turned, and out came the notes in some sort of connexion. I suspect that apparatus is largely in vogue among such as write ballads and waltzes and romances for the musical publishers. When I hear these performed I feel much as I do when a preacher gives me a discourse, very proper, very orthodox, but void of a single sparkle of idea that has not been exploited a thousand times already.

What Dryden says of the faculty of appreciating true wit and poetry applies as well to the power of relishing good music. He remarks how that the rabble at a play prefer "the husk and rind of wit," prefer a quibble, a conceit, a vulgar *double entendre* to solid sense and elegant expression. "They are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds *per annum* in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. And those who curry favour with them, and are most admired by them, are as truly fine actors, artists and men of genius as mountebanks or the masters of the ceremonies in a bear garden. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their admirers improve their stock of sense they soon forget them."

Happily, at the present hour there are musicians of real freshness and merit among us who are diving into the old cisterns of Elizabethan and Stuart music, and of folk-music as well, for inspiration. The latter furnish them with a well-spring of purest melody, the former supply superb examples of harmony. Perhaps the first to lead the way of exploration was Sullivan. At the time when I was working on the folk-music of Devon and Cornwall, I spent days in the British Museum, examining the old published music there, as well as the printed garlands of words, to discover if possible the origin of the tunes and the ballads circulating among our people. One of the librarians told me: "Sullivan is often here, doing much the same as you. But he is searching for musical *ideas*, whereas you are in quest of relationships of melodies and words."

But Sullivan, though he picked up a certain number of ideas for modern use, did not go back far enough. The sources he went to were too late, Hanoverian, or of Queen Anne's date at the earliest. That was too recent. The finest period of English music was in the Tudor and Stuart reigns; and, alas! much of what was then produced was scattered and lost in the time of Puritan supremacy. Nevertheless a certain amount remains. And, as in architecture we have quitted Palladian design and have reverted to Gothic and early Renaissance, so it must be with regard to our music if it is to become national and precious.

To produce a melody, that has in it life, is a creative art. It may, however, be crude, and demand expansion, refinement and

development. It is the same with poetry. An idea is a falling star, but a star that is not necessarily quenched in its fall. The poetic idea may not always be perfect in form and emphatic in expression, and this must serve as my excuse for the manner in which I have dealt with some of the lyrics I have obtained from illiterate country folk. We must strive to catch the thought and to divest it of such vulgarisms as it has acquired in its passage through many minds and mouths. The stream of water is there, but choked with dead and decaying leaves and with weeds. Surely it is justifiable to clear the channel and let the limpid and original idea flow unobstructed. I was specially impressed with this idea when I was at South Zeal collecting traditional songs and music. From two old men I obtained "The Flowery Land of Canaan." Both set the words to the same melody, but the words did not agree, although the main thought was perceptible through sundry and strange accretions, through misconceptions and local insertions, due to forgetfulness of the original, and to clumsy repairs.

I took the leading idea, and recast the song as follows, preserving the uncouth and irregular rhyme :

" I'll sing you a little song, as we trudge the way along,
 Tho' the darkness on the daylight's gainin' ;
 The wind is in my face, and though flaggin' is my pace,
 Yet I'm walkin' to the flow'ry land of Canaan.

The darkness and the rain, in the narrow miry lane,
 Are a trouble. There's no profit in complainin',
 For the lane will be o'er past, and the sky no more o'er cast,
 When we come out in the flow'ry land of Canaan.

There's little Jim and Joe, and Baby Pol, I know,
 At the end their hands to me are strainin',
 Sayin', ' Never mind, old dad, tho' the way be foul and bad,
 All is smoothness in the flow'ry land of Canaan.'

So I will not look behind, but will face the beatin' wind,
 Never dream of here in darkness remainin',
 But will stagger wi' my pack full o' troubles on my back,
 To shake it off in the flow'ry land of Canaan.

So, mates, cheerily on,
 Jolly thro' the days that are wanin',
 Never mind the weather
 As we jog along together,
 Looking forward to the flow'ry land of Canaan."

CHAPTER XVI

GENOA AND ROME

1889

IN January, 1889, I was visiting at Guildford when I was suddenly attacked with influenza. Not wishing to be a cumbrance, I hastened to London and put up at Whittaker's Family Hotel, opposite the British Museum. On my recovery the doctor advised that I should spend the rest of the winter in Italy. Accordingly I started for that Land of Sunshine. On arriving at Lucerne, I found that all the waiters and servant-maids at the hotel were in various stages of the same complaint. The rocks were also in a weeping mood, but wept long icicles.

I fled to Como, where I hoped to meet with Italian warmth. But the fountain in the square was frozen and the runnels had become ice. In the hotel I was given a bedroom with a brick floor and a bed covered with a *duvet* 2 feet 6 inches wide ; and every time I turned in bed, it slid to the floor. In the *salle-à-manger* the stove was only lighted for breakfast and dinner. I went for a little walk by the lake and saw every shrub and young pine bearing ball-like webs of caterpillars, frowsy and unwholesome. I went to the cathedral. A priest droned out his Mass. But he was recovering from influenza, and his voice was broken by coughs. The server appeared to be principally interested in keeping his distance from the priest. After a couple of days I fled to Milan and ensconced myself in the Hotel San Michaeli, that had a German host. There I made sure I should find warmth, and there I all but fell down in worship before a German stove. I at once requested to be provided with a bedroom in which was a stove. I was shown into a room, but all the efforts of the waiter to light a fire proved ineffectual, and I had to sit and shiver and cough between the open window and door

while the smoke escaped. "It is the confounded jackdaws that have nested in the chimney!" exclaimed the *Kellner*. Up came the *padrone*. "Humph!" said he. "To-morrow or the day after I will get a chimney-sweeper, and then all will go right."

But I could not wait for the chimney-sweeper, and ascertaining from my Baedeker that at Genoa there was a Hotel Smith, and knowing that Genoa lay in a lap of hills, sheltered from north and east, and exposed to the sun, which orb so far I had not seen, I took my ticket for Genoa.

Before leaving Milan I wrote to Gatrill:

HOTEL S. MICHAELI, MILAN,

Feb. 9, 1889.

MY DEAR GATRILL,

I am off to-morrow to Genoa to hibernate in a Hotel Smith. Smith sounds English and comfortable. I rather doubt my going to Rome. I hear that the cold there is intolerable. The people are wearing their furs, and one is informed by the papers that riots are taking place; I presume so as to obtain a little warmth. *Il Secolo* says that the city is in a state of siege, windows and doors are being smashed and vehicles attacked, and there have been cases of passengers losing their umbrellas.

All the churches here have *green* altar-cloths, and the celebrating priest wore green vestments to-day. The shade of green is of the crudest.

I have been to-day through the Brera collection of antiquities. It is very poor; but amazing in this, that such a great place as Mediolanum had been, should have yielded so few relics of classic times.

Not a blade of green grass is to be seen about Como, or on the way to Milan. All the herbage is burnt up by the frost. This is rather surprising to English eyes accustomed to green fields all the year round. To-day there is a raw, biting wind, and snow lies about on the roofs, in the gardens and on the shady side of every wall. The great white marble cathedral seems to be the embodiment of winter, and all its thousand pinnacles are like reversed icicles.

The men here in winter wear their cloaks toga-fashion. These cloaks resemble the old-fashioned blue mantles with a fur collar

that were worn in England sixty or seventy years ago. But here they keep the opening down the right side ; they throw the lappet of the cloak over the shoulder, and strut the streets as though they were Plinys and Ciceros. A greatcoat is rarely seen, and a man who wears a cloak open down the front is set down as indisputably a German.

I went this afternoon into a little church, the name of which I cannot find out, where the nave was filled with chairs in circles, seated on which was a girls' school in their several classes, holding picture books in their hands, and presided over by sisters of mercy and elderly lay-women. My unwonted appearance attracted too much attention and I fled.

At S. Ambrogio I attended the catechizing of males. The subject of instruction in the one class I listened to was grace. This class was made up of bald-headed and grey-locked men. After half an hour of catechizing a bell was rung and a priest mounted into the pulpit and gave a short practical sermon on Divine Grace, which had been the topic dealt with in all the classes. Iron rods from which depended green curtains divided the classes into compartments. But for the sermon all the curtains were drawn back.

What is very interesting to witness in the cathedral is the oblation of bread and wine by old men and matrons, the latter in black and wearing white veils.

Originally both bread and wine were intended for consecration ; but with the introduction of the unleavened wafer, the loaves are merely blessed, and distributed as is the *pain bénit* in France.

No posters are allowed to disfigure the walls in a street ; and yet the street in which is my hotel is called *Vietota d'Affizione*.

HOTEL SMITH, GENOA,

Monday.

The climate here is quite another thing from that at Milan. There the Alps to the North are the great refrigerators. Here they have had no snow for four years. I am not sure that I have got into the right hotel. It is quite true that it bears the name of Smith, but the founder has been dead many years, and the hostelry is carried on by his descendants who can speak only a few words of broken English. And the conduct of the house is

somewhat muddling. I ordered a fire in my bedroom at 6 p.m. when I arrived, and now as I write this at 9 p.m. there are no signs of a fire having been laid. The wine is diluted with water and the *cuisine* is meagre.

The route through the mountains from Milan after passing Novi is very fine. One obtains wonderful peeps among the broken heights and up the valleys, of quiet bright little villages perched precisely where they ought to be for artistic purposes. No snowy peaks and glaciers visible. These are acceptable adjuncts in summer, but not over grateful to one's feelings in winter. Milan minster must be refreshing in its white in summer heat, in winter cold I prefer the red sandstone of Freiburg.

Tuesday Morning.

Such a delicious air to-day ! quite like summer.

I went out just now in my greatcoat, but had to come back and get rid of it, as I was unable to bear the heat. I am writing this in a room with the windows open. Coming from Milan here is like passing from Siberia to Kashmir.

I am charmed with the cathedral. It is built in the lovely Italian Gothic style ; Gothic is so flexible that it adapts itself to every clime and to every sort of material. It has zebra-like stripes of black and white marble ; but over all in the seventeenth century some barbarian clapped a bald white upper story, so that the building is like a lovely Italian girl wearing a military sun-cap, spoiling her beauty.

The high altar stands at the top of the choir-steps. Back to back with it is a second altar for the chapter and the seminarists, who occupy the choir ; so that for the people's Mass the priest faces east, whereas at the Chapter Mass he faces west.

Genoa teems with life, mainly nautical. There are no broad streets : all are very narrow and the houses high. I decidedly like the place and shall stay on a while. The only drawback is that there is no public walk and no way of getting into the country without a long trudge.

By the way, you never saw S. Eustorgio at Milan. The tomb or shrine of S. Peter Martyr is the most glorious thing after the cathedral in the whole place : there is also an exquisite white marble parcel gilt altar-piece. The church outside is most

uninteresting : the inside is Lombardic with old frescoes and much exquisite white marble Italian Gothic sculpture-tombs, altar-pieces, etc. I had not much time, so could not see all ; but it is very fascinating.

Yours truly,

S. BARING GOULD.

GENOA,

Feb. 17, 1889.

MY DEAR G.,

Here, as in France, the linings of the almuces worn by the clergy in choir vary according to the church to which they belong. In the church of S. Maria della Vergine here they are of white rabbit skin lined with carnation : at the cathedral of S. Lorenzo the lining is purple. In both churches the minor canons wear grey fur (Belgian hare ?). In the cathedral the canons' cassocks are carnation-coloured and of silk : the seminarists wear purple cloth cassocks with scarlet cuffs and collars.

The services at S. Lorenzo are dignified, but unmusical, that is, sung with merely the accompaniment of a small organ. About half the seminarists lead the singing which is Plain-song, without instruments or paid singers. There is nothing operatic either at Mass or Vespers. The seminarists occupy the structural choir.

It is very delightful to take a walk round the old walls of Genoa that crown the heights above the town and command glorious views. The towers are in ruins, with tufts of wall-flowers and stocks sprouting out between the stones : of course these are not in flower just now.

There are places in the Gulf of Genoa where well up streams of fresh water, so that vessels needing a supply can furnish themselves with any amount without coming to the shore. This is due to the rain that falls on the huge tract of limestone on the French and Italian Riviera. The rain drains down into vast subterranean reservoirs, finds its way by channels underground and under the sea, and bursts at the first outlet in great volume, which the sailors recognize by the colour of the water. How many sweet springs there are in the human soul, as well as in the great sea of humanity, welling up amidst much that is bitter and salt with tears !

I remain,

Yours truly,

S. BARING-GOULD.



JAMES GOULD
From an Oil Painting

MY DEAR G.,

Feb. 28, 1889.

I cannot quite understand their ways here. Septuagesima Sunday was observed with great pomp at the cathedral, with purple frontals and vestments. Tuesday was a high day with pontifical mass and white vestments. On Sexagesima Sunday the High Mass was quite mean and without even decent singing.

The Sunday Schools in Genoa are on their last legs. In the cathedral there are but two classes, composed of children under twelve years old, ten little girls in one class, eight boys in the other. The Sunday Schools are no better attended in the parish churches. The classes in the cathedral on Septuagesima Sunday were conducted by a seminarist and a canon. Last Sunday the girls' class was taught by a layman ; and, as no teacher turned up for the boys, they played for an hour, pinching each other, kicking one another's shins, and then straggled out of the church regardless of Vespers, that were being sung with incense fuming in the choir, at the back of the high altar. There is certainly slackness here, and a lack of zeal. I trust that the presence of the Waldensian heretics will be the means of prodding the clergy into activity.

Genoa itself is not a beautiful town, as far as buildings go. Its glory is in its surroundings. There is grand scenery when one gets out of the half-crater in which the place lies. But to get outside means a scramble of near 2000 feet, unless one takes the tram to San Pier d'Arena and the Campo Santo. Along the two valleys in which these lie is one continuous street five miles long. Beauty is found in keeping to the heights around, and there the views are superb.

The Campo Santo is crowded with monuments in Carrara marble, all execrable in taste, showing that Italian art, at all events as far as sculpture is concerned, is beneath contempt. There is one representing the departed husband with the widow standing by with a parasol over her head, all delicately cut out of the beautiful white stone. I do not think I saw one tolerable monument in the whole cemetery.

Ruskin complained of Italian modern painting as utterly debased. The music is not much better.

We have now cold weather but bright sun : the wind is from

apotheosis of the Popedom than a glorification of Christianity and its doctrine." "As to the beauty of the temple," wrote Mr. W. D. Howells, "I could not find it without or within."

I have been out to the villa of Livia at Tre Torre, in the atrium of which was found one of the very finest statues of Augustus. The palace has been excavated and reveals what is most delightful, the painting of the walls of the atrium representing a wood with a railing in front of it and flowers peeping through the bars, red anemones and narcissi. But what is most striking is the atmosphere of the painting, the delicate tints of the distant foliage as contrasted with the brighter hues of the trees near at hand.

I remain,

Yours truly,

S. BARING-GOULD.

One Wednesday morning I visited the Campo de' Fiori, a busy scene on that day, when it is crowded with peasants selling vegetables, also antiquities. I there bought at a very reasonable price a roll of lovely old Italian silk brocade, which I gave to my wife and she had made of it a gown for a dinner-party. This piazza was the scene of the most terrible *autos-da-fé* instituted by the Dominicans, in which Jews and Christian heretics were burnt alive.

I paid several visits to S. Peter's and came to dislike it more and more. The great church itself is like an opera house and makes on me no religious impression. Undoubtedly the portico, that is a later addition, spoils the effect from the East; but from a distance S. Peter's is without dignity. As to the interior: that of S. Paul's is religious, that of S. Peter's smacks of the world. But what else could have been expected of the Pope and cardinals at its inception.

The most striking object in S. Peter's is the ring of ever-burning lamps about the *Confession* of SS. Peter and Paul, where are supposed to lie their bodies. But this is probably not the case. In August, 1846, the Saracens forced their way into the Borgo quarter of the Vatican and rifled the Vatican Church, and an annalist tells us that they violated the tomb of S. Peter, and that, though they could not carry away the great bronze sarcophagus, they scattered abroad all its contents. "Painful indeed," wrote

Mrs. Hemans, "would be the admission, whilst we contemplate the superb Confessional, amidst its crown of ever-burning lamps, under the high altar, that not even the dust of the Apostle can be supposed to remain at this day entombed under that pyramid of splendours."

Probably the relics there adored are no more than substitutes. The Church of Rome could not afford to be without the tombs of the Apostles, which draw crowds of pilgrims from all quarters of Europe to spend their money in Rome, and pour it into the treasury of the Church ; and Pope and cardinals without scruple would replace the dispersed ashes with any bones they could find.

The Court of Rome has always allowed the lowest fraud and imposture in the working system of the Church, and has suffered reason and faith to be shocked. The Reformers, on the other hand, were in deadly earnest ; and none of the " Churches " they founded, Lutheran or Calvinist, were ever guilty of the falsehoods and frauds at which Rome connived. They, at all events, had clean hands. The human mind at the Renaissance was entering on a new stage in its history ; and that great movement which has been steadily advancing ever since began then.

I went naturally to see Pasquino, and brought a little book containing his witty sayings. Pasquino was a tailor who kept a shop at a corner of the Braschi Palace. He was noted for his caustic and satirical sayings. He does not seem himself to have come to harm through them. After his death the name was transferred to a mutilated statue opposite his shop, and the wags of the day affixed to it their witticisms on passing events, and on prominent personages. Another statue at the foot of the Capitol went by the name of Marforio, and the two were supposed to dispute with one another.

It was not safe to comment on the Popes and their misdeeds when Rome was under the rule of the Church.

One morning, when Sixtus V was Pope, Pasquino was found to have donned a very dirty shirt. Whereupon Marforio inquired the reason. Pasquino next morning bore the answer : " Because my washerwoman has been created a princess." The allusion was to Camilla, sister of Pope Sixtus, who had done washing before her brother was raised to the purple. Thereupon Sixtus V published a proclamation that, on his faith as Pope, he

would not only grant the writer his life, but also accord him two thousand pistoles. The author of the Pasquinade was fool enough to give himself up. Sixtus said to him : “ I will keep my promise. I give you your life and the assured sum, but I will have both your hands cut off and your tongue transfixed with a red hot iron, to prevent your writing or uttering similar insolences for the future.” And this sentence was executed.

On Alexander VI appeared the lines of Pasquino :

“ Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum.
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.”

When Julius II threw the keys of S. Peter into the Tiber, declaring that the sword of S. Paul was of more avail to him, the Pasquinade appeared :

“ Cum Petri nihil efficiant ad prælia claves,
Auxilio Pauli forsitan ensis erit.”

One of the last was affixed during the stay of the French in Rome, by Marforio :

“ I Francesi son tutti ladri.”

To which Pasquino answered :

“ Non tutti—Ma Buona parte.”

I often visited the museum of ancient sculpture in the Vatican. One of the quaintest objects therein is the Family Tree. Of such there are three or four specimens. In the period of the decline of the Republic and the beginning of the Imperial government the families of the Roman nobles and senatorial houses were so small as to cause alarm, and, by order of Augustus, Carrara marble trees with nests in the boughs were required to be erected in the palaces of those nobles whose families numbered over three children. In the nests are perched little children. I give a sketch of one of them. The *paterfamilias* had been twice married. By his first wife, who was dead, he had two children ; by the second, who was alive, he had three.

The occasion was as follows, according to Eckhard's *Roman History*. Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the conclusion of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the

young men of quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole Equestrian Order, and, having separated the married from the single, gave particular honours to the former, and told the bachelors "that their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he could find no name by which to designate them; not that of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly; nor that of Citizens, for the city might perish for all they cared; nor that of Romans, for their procedure was such as to extirpate the Roman name."

Interesting as well are bas-relief representations of various mechanical contrivances for hoisting the cargo into ships, and of elevators for building purposes. I was also struck with the bust of a Latin contadino in the classic period; it might have been modelled from a peasant of the present day.

I was walking one day with the tutor in the palace of Prince Borghese, and I asked him to tell me frankly what would be the result were the temporal power restored to the Pope, or, at least, if Rome itself were made over to him. "Revolution on the morrow," was his answer, "and unless the Holy Father managed to escape, he would be tarred and feathered. Romans are not so short of memory as to have forgotten the condition of affairs in the States of the Church till the Papal rule was abolished." I asked the same question of Baron Bentinck, and of him received, sorrowfully confessed, the same reply. I questioned on the same matter a German Catholic priest, long resident in the Eternal City. He admitted that the restoration was absolutely impossible.

One of the saddest pictures presented in the history of the Church is that of the condition of the States of the Church under Papal rule. It exhibited systematic and purposeful degradation of the people, intellectually, socially, politically and morally. To stultify his subjects appears to have been the aim of the successor of S. Peter.

What excuse can be made for the encouragement of gambling by the Popes, whose tiara and cross keys surmount the stalls for the sale of lottery tickets? What exculpation can be afforded for the sale of a monopoly to a barber in the Via Papale enabling him to set up over his door: *Qui si castrono li cantori della Cappelle Papali*? The Albano princes purchased the right to make pins,

and whosoever ventured to import papers of pins was punished by fines and a flogging.

Nothing could be more rotten to the core than the government of the States of the Church. The highest offices were filled by prelates ; but these prelates needed not to be in priest's orders. They were under no ecclesiastical disabilities, except only that they were forbidden to marry. The consequence was that they had mistresses, and some were known to maintain harems. In most of the great families there was a provision, called the *Prelatura*, set apart for the second son, whose destination was a well-paid office under the Pope. The cardinals were selected from the prelates, but were not necessarily priests. Consalvi was not, nor was Antonelli. Such men filled all offices only to mismanage them, and were not called to give an account of their stewardship.

When Pio Nono was restored by French bayonets, he promised an amnesty to the Republicans ; but a Papal promise is like pie-crust. He crowded the prisons with those who had risen against his misrule, and would have sent them by hundreds to the scaffold had not the French prevented the executions by providing those doomed to death with passports from the English resident, Mr. Freeborn.

In June, 1846, Mr. Whiteside wrote : " It is a painful reflexion how different the political rule of the Popes has been from what we might expect. The Pope, chosen from the College of the Cardinals, is generally a man advanced in life, supposed to possess learning and virtue, to be free from pride and adverse to profligate and corrupting pursuits. One might suppose such a sovereign, selected on the score of personal merits, peculiarly fitted to promote the happiness of his subjects.

" The reverse has unfortunately proved to be the fact. The dominions of the Papacy have been notoriously ill-governed ; the inhabitants are miserable. The vice of the system seems to consist in the personal character of the government. The sovereign being elective has no connexion with his predecessor, nor care for his successor ; nor can he guess who that successor may be. The whole administration changes with the Pope. A new set of ministers and officials comes into power, whose chief business it is to grasp all that is possible during the brief tenure of

political existence. Love of country or disinterested patriotism is not even pretended. Profound dissimulation and unbounded selfishness characterize the Papal Court. No man's real disposition becomes known till he has clutched his prize : then his true nature becomes manifest. A political government of this description is fraught with incalculable evils. The people's interests, liberties and happiness become the sport of scheming adventurers, hypocrites and bigots ; and if occasionally a statesman of capacity and honesty appears, he is beset with difficulties and ultimately overthrown. Such a political system could not be reformed ; it must be radically changed."

Sir Edward Dicey's *Rome in 1860* fully confirms the above.

Every Roman, except the few whose interest binds them to the Vatican, feels precisely as did Mr. Whiteside and Sir Edward Dicey. I have seen the pupils of the various ecclesiastical colleges at Rome, walking two and two, under the guidance of their priestly tutors in the street when the royal carriage drove by. Every Roman and foreigner raised his hat, save these cubs, who studiously ignored the King and the Queen, or else insultingly thrust out their tongues from their mouths at them.

One can understand a feeling of dissatisfaction entertained at the change of government and of hostility felt towards the House of Savoy, but these ill-conditioned youths chose to exhibit their anti-national sentiments before the eyes of the Roman people and feed their hostility against " the black army."

Under the new regime some great mistakes have been made, but not such as affect the welfare of the people. For the first time in history real efforts have been made to ameliorate their condition, to educate their minds, to give them a desire to work and to quicken their self-respect. A mighty change such as the regeneration of a degraded people cannot be achieved in a score of years. The result of centuries of debasement and stultification, deliberately and remorselessly pursued, cannot be obliterated in a couple of generations, but a beginning has been made, and the dawn is brightening. One can see it in the faces of the people. A new, honest, and free world is opened to them. At first they are dazed, as was the prisoner of the Bastille when he was brought into the sunshine and the fetters were struck off his feet, but in time there will be recovery, for there is much elasticity and

recuperative power in the Italian character. The basest of all is the Neapolitan, but even there some germs of a better life are showing.

The visitor to the English cemetery outside the gate of S. Paolo will doubtless be struck by the fact that the inscriptions on the monuments of the dead, before the fall of the Papacy, fail to express any Christian hope for the departed. This was due to the Papal censor, to whom the inscriptions had to be submitted before the monuments were erected. There could be no hope of salvation, and no prospect of Resurrection to Eternal Life for a Protestant, so argued the censor.

An English lady of some position died during the pontificate of Gregory, and her husband submitted the epitaph to the Papal censor. It expressed a hope through Christ for the departed. He drew his pen through it and forbade its reproduction. On the accession of Pius IX the bereaved husband made application to have the desired inscription added. The application was made to the *Liberal* Pope, and was presented by Archdeacon Beresford. The petition was refused. It was declared to be impossible to comply with a request that implied a hope, a possibility of acceptance by the Saviour, of one who had died out of communion with the Roman Church.

As to the religious condition of the people, I heard a good deal about it. Now that the Papal despotism was at an end, and the populace were not divided into the two classes of the spies and the spied upon, priests as well as laymen were not reluctant to express their opinions. All gave the result of their observations and experience with singular unanimity. The popular religion, according to them, is mere superstition, in no way conducing to morality, honesty, truth. The faith of the people consists of a jumble of ideas in which promiscuously are mixed S. Peter, some local saint, the Almighty and, above all, the Blessed Virgin. As Madre di Deo she is supreme, and if the Almighty refuses her requests, she will not give Him the breast. The priests make no attempts to raise the people morally and spiritually. They are content to get them to hear Mass on Sundays and Festivals, to fast in Lent, to go periodically to Confession, and to buy Masses for their dead parents. This, however, only applies to the States of the Church and to Naples. It seems to be the general opinion

that the further from Rome, the better is the quality of religion, and the more zealous and pious are the clergy. This is certainly true to the north. In Piedmont, Savoy and Tuscany there is a much purer and more moral Christianity taught and practised, and the parish priests on the whole are men of blameless lives, earnest and devout.

The observance and the attraction of the Holy Week services in Rome have been vastly overrated. The cardinals, bishops, clergy and laity take little interest in them. They are tedious, and consist more in the glorification of the Pope by undressing him, dressing him, kneeling to him and fanning him, than in the worship of Christ.

The Tenebræ service on Maundy Thursday is very tedious. It is rattled through as quickly as the choir can chant, and during the *Miserere* a couple of hundred of little mops are distributed to the priests and singers. The psalm ended, the mop-bearers march up in procession, two and two, to the High Altar, and wipe the bare slab with their mops.

The washing of the Apostles' feet is equally unedifying. Instead of there being twelve representatives, there are thirteen, due to a foolish legend relative to S. Gregory the Great. The Pope nominates two, the others receive their appointment from the various ambassadors. The sole requisite for these men is the possession of a flowing beard.

Formerly, on Good Friday, a huge illuminated cross was suspended from the dome in S. Peter's, but this was discontinued by Leo XII because of the rowdy element that filled the church, more intent on picking pockets than on attending to the service.

I have given with some fullness an account of my stay in Florence in the introductory chapter of my book *In Troubadour Land*, 1890.

On leaving Florence I went to Bologna, from which town I wrote the following letter to Gatrill :

ALBERGO TRÉ RE.,

March 21, 1889.

MY DEAR G.,

I have got as far as Bologna on my way home, and hope to be back in England on All Fool's Day. I am charmed with this city : such an interesting pile of churches clustered into one

lump is San Stephano—seven in all, of which one, SS. Peter and Paul is an early basilica, originally Byzantine, then enlarged in Lombard times to include the tomb of S. Vitalis. Adjoining is a Lombardic San Sepulcro, and two series of cloistered courts of the quaintest and most picturesque description, also an old crypt ; the other churches have been more or less modernised. The museum also is interesting with its Etruscan tombs and a very good collection of old musical instruments, theorbo, psaltery, lute, viol de gamba, sordine, etc., which I have been sketching this afternoon. The leaning towers here are very strange : one is 10 feet out of the perpendicular, but the other only 4 feet : they adjoin and lean in different directions. I got a little tired of Florence. The exterior of the Cathedral is lovely and the galleries are intensely interesting, but that is all. I like Bologna better by far, more to see in it, and more early work. I go on to-morrow to Chiasso, and on Saturday to Faïdo, where I think of spending a week. I am tired of towns and want to get into the country for Alpine flowers and hills. In Italy all roads are walled up on both sides, and you go through miles of walls before you get clear of the town. This is wearying.

Yours truly,

S. BARING-GOULD.

CHAPTER XVII

ROME REVISITED

1890

WHEN I had been at Rome previously I had worked at the Catacombs, and on this occasion I had made a resolve to study the portrait-busts of the Emperors, for I had in my head a scheme for writing a book on the Cæsars from Julius to Nero.

I left England on January 21, 1890, and made my way direct to Rome. If I had reckoned on seeing the Carnival with the horse-races in the Corso, I would have been disappointed. The Carnival at Rome at present is very different from what it was in the times of Papal misgovernment, and the Corso races have been abolished.

These races, by the way, had a remarkable origin. They were instituted by Pope Paul II in 1468, as he thought to combine outrage to the Jews with amusement to the Christians. He ordered that a procession should open the Carnival, led by a body of Jewish elders in shirt and doublet, followed by a cavalcade of Roman senators. Then these Jews were to race on foot along the Corso from the tomb of Domitian, by the Porta del Popolo, to the church of S. Marco in the Piazza di Venetia ; Jews, asses, buffaloes and horses running in a promiscuous crowd, helter-skelter, to the laughter and howls of the Italians lining the street, and pelting the runners, men and beasts, with opprobrious epithets. This degrading spectacle was witnessed by noble ladies and purple-robed cardinals, whilst the Pope himself looked on from his decorated balcony, applauding and shaking his sides with laughter. To add to the enjoyment, later Popes devised additional humiliations to which the Hebrews were to be subjected. They were ordered to run stark naked, save for a narrow loin-cloth, with a rope round their necks. Thus was it continued for

two hundred years, till in 1668, Clement IX, being impecunious, commuted the race of nude men into an annual payment to provide prizes for the horse-race, which had previously come from the Papal treasury. And now the last phase is a thing of the past. Neither beribboned horses nor naked Jews run in the Corso.

Panem et Circenses were provided by the Cæsars to keep the Roman populace in good humour, and the Popes docilely followed the policy of the Cæsars.

PENSION SOPRANZÉ,

VIA CAMPO MARZIO, 69, ROMA.

MY DEAR —,

Feb. 24, 1890.

I went to Freiburg to revisit Dr. Xavier Krauss, the great authority in Germany on the Catacombs and on Primitive Christian Archæology. On my previous visit he had furnished me with letters to the principal of the German College at Rome, Dr. Waal, rector of the Campo Santo College, and to other authorities interested in early ecclesiastical antiquities.

I went on to Lucerne, which I left at 9 a.m., and reached Rome at midday on the day ensuing. I stuck for three hours and a half at Milan, but as it was night, there was no inducement to go about the town, so I had supper and prolonged the feast as much as was possible. To-day, Sunday, the sirocco has been blowing with a hot, feverish breath, followed by a downpour of warm rain. I spent the day in the Capitoline Museum studying the heads of the Emperors and Empresses, and am never weary of looking at them.

I am in an Italian *pension*, at seven francs a day, tolerably comfortable. The basement consists of a cobbler's stall. One has to mount a flight of stone steps, dragging up one's luggage with none to assist, till the flat is reached, inhabited by the Signora Sopranzé and her guests. There one rings a bell, to which a waiter responds. I dropped in on a large and very promiscuous company, engaged in wiping their mouths after having partaken of the midday meal. I thought as I entered the *salle à manger* and saw about twenty persons, male and female, with their napkins to their faces, that they were endeavouring to conceal their countenances at the unexpected advent of a stranger, who might be a police officer.

ROME,

March 1, 1890.

MY DEAR GATRILL,

One day there is the sirocco hot from the African deserts, and next day all the roofs of Rome are white with snow, and people endeavouring to warm themselves at tiny stoves that carry their flues out through the window. As well seek to warm oneself over a tobacco-pipe!

I was yesterday in the catacomb of S. Hermes, which was lighted up, and Mass was sung there (through noses). It was the Saint's *feſta*. Mass ended, I went through the catacomb and de Rossi gave a lecture on its peculiarities, notes of which I took. Very little is known of S. Hermes or Ermete, as the Italians call him. Even the romancers have neglected to supply him with fabricated acts. His catacomb seems to have been formed originally in an abandoned sand-pit, the bottom of which served as the floor of the catacomb. There are remains of masonry in it, which probably belonged to an early church, dating from about the beginning of the second century—that was De Rossi's opinion.

I am giving an artist here a commission to copy the busts of the Imperial Cæſarean family that are not yet photographed.

Yours ever, S. B.-G.

PENSION SOPRANZÉ, ROMA,

March 15, 1890.

MY DEAR G——,

This is the queerest Noah's Ark of a *pension*, containing beasts clean and unclean. I cannot say that it is in the ideal condition portrayed by the prophet, where the wolf lies down with the lamb and the little child plays on the cockatrice's den, for there is no repose in the place. The inhabitants are good-humoured and very noisy, and there are no children in it. The guests consist in a leathery and skinny Australian damsel who has passed her grand climacteric, an English lady of good family and her companion, a sprinkling of Italian counts, a French abbé, a German monk, a Piedmontese marquis and his family, and a Jew with ferret-like eyes peering in all directions in quest of spoil. There are others that need no description, as

being eaters, talkers and nothing more. Signora Sopranzé is always on the brink of bankruptcy, and anon recovering from it, as the guests pay their bills. We know when that takes place, because at the ensuing meal, meringues are served up. The instant that the dish of these sweets is seen to enter the *salle*, the whisper runs down the table : " Who has paid his bill ? "

The main difficulty with our good hostess is that she has settled on her a Piedmontese marquis and his wife and two grown-up daughters. They have been here since the beginning of January and have not paid one lira. They came from Florence, where they had also lived in an impecunious condition at a *pension*, and had ruined the proprietor. Our kindly hostess was afraid to turn them out, lest, by so doing, she might offend the Roman nobility, and thus lose their recommendation. So the English guests in the *pension* have to pay in advance weekly. Sometimes Signora Sopranzé has not enough money in her purse to supply the dinner, unless helped. I would go elsewhere but that the company amuses me vastly.

The Marchesa is a big, uproarious woman with fine Italian dark eyes and hair ; she is ever on the shout ; and her daughters are equally vociferous and smoke cigarettes in the *salon*, flirting with a young South Italian marquis and a Neapolitan count. This latter, curiously enough, is a Conte Sabini.

In the evening they dance, or play cards, but none cares to take a pack with the Lombardy marchioness, as, if she loses, she cannot pay, and, if she wins, she exacts payment to the last *soldo*. The marquis has a heavy, depressed countenance, but with a flexibility in the muscles that shows he can put on an insinuating smile upon occasion. He is usually out of the *pension* during the day " on business," as the Marchioness tells us. On his return at meal-time she raises her eyebrows and puts on a questioning look that is answered by a slight shake of the head and a droop of the corners of his mouth. I have no doubt in my mind that he has been visiting sundry noble Roman families soliciting loans, and has met with refusals. Once I saw him approach the Jew, with the most urgent expression on his face. The Hebrew's quick eye noted this. At once he put his thumbs through the arm-holes of his waistcoat and extending his palms and fingers flapped them much as a fish works its fins. The

Marchese saw the action and backed, much as a subject would from the face of a king, with fallen jowl.

The French Abbé is plump and by no means ascetic. He had been a soldier and had visited Japan and Ceylon. What induced him to take Holy Orders is a puzzle to me. At table he tells stories, not always very delicate, whereat the young Italian counts and the two girls explode with laughter, and the Benedictine monk looks scandalized. I find that the Abbé has got into trouble with his Bishop, and that he has come to Rome to try to get the Bishop's sentence reversed by the Pope. He has some acquaintance with one of the cardinals and was invited to dine with His Eminence one evening. He returned to the *pension* in the cardinal's carriage, accompanied by His Eminence's brother, who, as the Abbé told me, throughout the drive had been endeavouring to worm facts out of him relative to himself and his deprivation.

"Now," said the Abbé to me, "I want you to give me your candid opinion. Do you think I had better return to France and patch up my difference with the Bishop, or should I remain here awhile? You see, the Pope is getting on in years and is very infirm. Who can say that my cardinal may not be elected as his successor? And then I am a made man."

"My dear friend," replied I, "from what I have seen of you, I feel convinced that you, with your poetic, conversational and anecdotal gifts, would be utterly thrown away upon the peasants in a remote village of Provence; whereas, in my opinion, you are cut out to shine in a brilliant circle in such a city as this."

"That is precisely my own opinion," shouted he, slapping my knee. "I shall stay in Rome."

Yesterday the Abbé told us that he had been crying all the morning, and when asked the reason of his sorrow, answered that he had had nothing to do and no one to go out for a walk with.

The young Benedictine monk has a face like an angel. He is in deacon's orders only. His name in religion is Notker. I asked him after which Notker he was named, Notker Labeo or Notker Balbulus? He stared and said: "What do you know about the Notkers?" "I know much, especially about Balbulus, for I have read the delightful life of him by Eckhardt. Why," I went on, "was it not he as he was watching the erection of a bridge over the chasm of the Martinstobel and saw the peril to which the workmen

were exposed, who composed the famous sequence *Media vita in morte sumus*? and do we not have it recited at every funeral in England?" (In the midst of life we are in death; of whom then may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord?) "Well!" exclaimed Brother Notker, "when I gave my name to the Professor of Ecclesiastical History here, who is examining me for priest's orders, he asked me where I had picked up such an outlandish name. The saying is quite true that is current beyond the Rhine: 'Ein Esel in Deutschland ist ein Professor in Rom.'" (An ass in Germany is a professor in Rome.)

We soon became intimate friends and went daily walks together. Not only so, but he insisted on my forestalling his examination from the text-books in history and theology, upon which he would be questioned by the examiners.

He purposed saying his first Mass at Subiaco, and wanted me to go there with him, after his ordination, and assist at it. This I would gladly do, but that I must get home early to work away at my *Lives of the Saints*.

He cannot abide the French Abbé, and when he sees the fellow dancing in the *salle* with his scapular flying behind him, he retires in haste to his own room and to his studies.

I am working diligently at the portraits of the Emperors. They deserve attentive study. I suspect that casts were taken of their faces. All the early Cæsarean family have the left eye not as near the nose as is the right eye. Had the portraits been idealized this would have not been so.

One of the loveliest and most engaging of all the faces is that of the youthful Caligula. Poor boy! he was stunted in his intellectual growth, and had no moral growth whatever. He was epileptic and probably scrofulous. There are indications of glandular swellings in the necks of several of the family.

PENSION SOPRANZÉ,

VIA CAMPO MARZIO, 69, ROMA,

April 15, 1890.

MY DEAR GATRILL,

There has been a fracas here. Poor Signora Sopranzé was no longer able to house and feed all the family of the Lombard marquis, so she announced that they must turn out. Whereupon

the Marchesa spilt a cup of scalding coffee over her foot, blistering it. And the tender-hearted Signora could not possibly show her out of the door in this condition, and the Marquis and the Signorinas could not tear themselves away from the suffering wife and madre, so a compromise has been reached. The Signora will give them leave to lodge beneath her roof, but will no longer feed any save the lamed duck. So now for breakfast and dinner the lawyer who is managing the affairs of the Marquis comes to the door of the *pension* and rings. Whereupon the Marquis and his two daughters sally forth with the solicitor to a *restaurazione* to be there fed at his expense.

An additional sensation connected with this family has cropped up. It appears that the Conte Sabini has for long been engaged to a cousin at Naples. Her family got wind of how he was carrying on with the two girls of the Marchesa here, and accordingly the brother of the intended came plump in upon us when we were at breakfast, and with much bluster called on the Conte to give him satisfaction. The Conte replied that he would talk the matter over when he had done his veal cutlet. Accordingly, having demolished this, all but the bone, he wiped his mouth, rose and retired to the *salon* with the intended bride's brother, where they arranged to fight a duel on the same evening with swords.

When the encounter occurred, the Conte received a scratch and shed ten drops of blood, and then promised to leave the *pension* and see no more of the two girls. He, moreover, confided to his intended brother-in-law, that he really did not care for either, as both were scrofulous, and neither of them more than passable in looks. But this has been a cruel blow to the Marchesa, who had calculated on marrying one of her daughters to the Conte, who is reported to be rich, and the lady has been pacifying her creditors with promises of payment "so soon as my daughter marries the Conte, which will be shortly." The lawyer is turning restive. The feeding of the family is costly, and where is he to look for a return, now that the chance with the Neapolitan Count is gone?

I have been interested this winter in following the excavations at the church of SS. John and Paul. The Clivus Scauri runs up rather steeply, and is a narrow lane. On the left side is a huge

wall, that of the church, which was built by Pope Adrian IV, the only English Pope there has been. It is served by the Passionist fathers. Now the Padre Germano, one of them, looking often and hard at this great windowless, blank wall, thought he perceived traces of blocked up windows in stories one above the other, very much as if the front had been that of a modern factory. Then the idea shot up in his head that here was actually the face of an ancient Roman house, unique, for no other exists entire in Rome or in Pompeii. Thereupon he obtained leave, and collected money to dig under the existing church, where appeared indications of a bricked-up doorway. He very soon discovered that he had unearthed the ground floor of an ancient Roman mansion. Through this, when the upper church was built, had been driven substructures to sustain the mass above ; but by circumventing these supports, by degrees the whole of the plan was revealed.

Now John and Paul had been chamberlains to Constantia, daughter of Constantine the Great. For some reason not very clear, they had incurred the anger of Julian the Apostate, who ordered their murder, to be executed secretly in the bath or cellar of their own house. This was done, but it leaked out that they had been put to death by Julian's order, and a wild legend grew up about their story, so wild and grotesque was it that doubts arose whether any such martyrs had actually existed. Their deaths took place in 362 ; the next year Julian himself died. For some reason he had been most unwilling that publicity should be given to their murder, or that they should be recognized as martyrs. Forty-eight years after, a basilica was erected over the place of martyrdom. All doubts, however, as to the occurrence have now been dispelled by this excavation. The fact of the house having belonged to Christians, and of its having been regarded as the scene of their martyrdom has been thoroughly proved. The paintings on the vault and walls of the chambers are of sacred subjects. In the cellar are amphoræ for wine marked with the Christian symbol. Also the very box of white marble has been found in which the bones of the martyrs lay till their removal to the upper church in the twelfth century. Hard by this still stands the Carrara marble three-cornered table with a bowl for a lamp to burn perpetually at

their tomb. And it was oil from this very lamp that Gregory the Great sent to Queen Theodolinda a century later, in response to her request for relics ; at the same time he reminded her that the worth of a relic depended more on the disposition of the recipient than on the intrinsic value of the object. This flask of oil is still preserved in the treasury at Monza, where Queen Theodolinda's gold hen and chicken are duly kept. By the way, what a satisfaction it was to popes and prelates to be able to make presents that cost them nothing. Now, one cannot give a wedding gift even to a servant girl or a farmer's daughter that costs less than a pound ; *then* a bit of tow dipped in lamp oil, or a scraping of a bone, or an Agnus Dei in wax not worth sixpence was gratefully received. But of course all depended on *where* the oil had been stored and to *whom* the bone belonged.

As in one place in the house there seemed to be a blister in the plaster, it was picked away and disclosed that the mason had put a little lead seal marked with the symbol of Christ against the wall, and then had passed a whitewash brush over it, so as to preserve it as a token that the work had been done by a Christian. When Adrian IV rebuilt the church, which had fallen into ruin, he crammed the house of John and Paul with earth and stones, and used it as a foundation for his superstructure. Till then, pilgrims had visited the old house and had scribbled their *graffiti* on the plaster, as high as they could reach. There had also been constructed for their convenience a staircase leading to a little window, the *fenestrella confessionis*, through which they could look down on the tomb below lighted by the lamp, and could also lower ribbons so as to touch the marble chest.

I made the acquaintance of Padre Germano, who was most kind, and delighted to find an Englishman enthusiastic in such researches. At the request of the English colony in Rome I gave an address to visitors, on the spot, and took them round, explaining everything.

A further discovery was the old marble altar at which the Holy Sacrifice had been offered from A.D. 363 to 1158. The conversion of the house to a church was due to Byzantius, the father of Pammachius, the correspondent of Jerome. Pammachius somewhat later built a basilica over the place of martyrdom

and interment, making the wall of the house with its two ranges of windows serve for one side of the church, and reserving the lower story as a sort of crypt. This was completed in 410.

Through the incursions of the Vandals and Goths in 410, 445 and 537 the basilica was ruined and fell into neglect. In fact, the first raid took place in the very year in which Pammachius had completed his church. But in Lent the stations continued to be made to the tombs of the martyrs, and the stations always commenced with that of SS. John and Paul, the only one within the walls of Rome. In 1158 a new and stately church was erected on the spot by Nicolas Brakespear (Adrian IV).

By good luck, the first of the Lenten stations took place while I was in Rome, and in this very church. The Cardinal of SS. Giovanni e Paolo said Mass at the venerable altar set up by Byzantius and Pammachius. I was present; all came provided with candles or lamps, as the whole structure is underground. In early times the bodies of SS. John and Paul were the only ones preserved within the walls of Rome, the rest being in the catacombs. In the Sacramentary of S. Leo, in the preface of SS. John and Paul, it is said, "Of Thy merciful providence Thou hast vouchsafed to crown not only the circuit of the city with the glorious passions of Thy martyrs, but also to hide in the very heart of the city itself the victorious tombs of S. John and S. Paul."

I may add that a bust of a young man in white marble has been discovered in the atrium of the house, but whether this be a portrait of one of the saints one cannot tell. What is certain is, that their white marble bath was found which they had used daily.

I remain,

Yours truly,

S. BARING-GOULD.

CHAPTER XVIII

DARTMOOR

1891

MARCH, 1891, was memorable for the blizzard. The weather had been exceptionally warm and May-like for a fortnight. It is a singular fact that in Germany I have known how that when a very mild and sunny March occurs, the trees, the shrubs, the bulbs, pay no attention to it whatever, and maintain their winter sleep undisturbed. This is not the case in England, at least I can speak for Devon. They at once begin to unfold their buds, and open their blossoms, only to be surprised and confounded by a return of wintry weather. They never acquire experience. It is much the same with peahens. After they have hatched their callow young, they lead them through wet grass, that drenches them, and the whole brood dies. Yet pea fowl have been domesticated since the early Crusades, eight hundred years ago.

Suddenly, on Monday, March 11, a terrific gale swooped down upon this part of Devon, laden to repletion with snow. All railway traffic was stopped, telegraphic communication ceased, the wires everywhere in this district were prostrated. A train at Meldon, south of Okehampton, on the L. & S.W.R., and another at South Brent, on the G.W.R. were snowed up. The force of the wind was terrible. It was a wild tornado-blast that carried everything before it. Houses were unroofed, trees, the growth of ages, were uprooted and made the sport of the wind. Snow-drifts from 15 feet to 20 feet deep choked the highways and lanes. The old road to Lcw Down was filled with snow to the tops of the hedges, the coombe between Sourton Tor and Lake Down was completely choked with snow. Between Brentor

View House on Lew Down and the stable, the snow was massed so that those in the dwelling for a day were employed in cutting through the drift so as to reach the coals that were stored there. At Lifton, as well as other places, parties were formed to carry food to outlying cottages, where the inhabitants were snowed in. The wind was from the north-east. For three or four days all main communications were stopped, no letters went out or arrived, and every village had to depend, in many cases every house, on its own resources. The passengers snowed up in the train at Meldon could not be rescued till the next day, and were found drowsy and stupefied by the cold. Some had not moved or spoken for eighteen hours, and were so torpid that they were unconscious that they were in the hands of helpers to life and activity. The wreckage of trees was prodigious. At Cotehele all the magnificent oaks were prostrated. Great havoc was wrought in the plantations made by my grandfather the year before his death, on the eastern range of the Lime Quarry Ramps. The great cedar west of the ball-room would have been completely broken down under the weight of snow lodged on the branches, had not men with poles been employed repeatedly to relieve it.

The *Tavistock Gazette* was issued on the Friday printed on crimson paper, such as is used generally for advertising placards, as the supply of white paper had run short, and none could be procured from Plymouth or Exeter, on account of the cessation of traffic.

The Rev. Dr. Bryant had been at Lamerton when the storm came on. Nothing daunted, he set off to walk to Brentor vicarage, but on reaching Heathfield he found the roads blocked with snow in which he sank to his waist. He was constrained to proceed on the tops of the hedges, till, reaching a cottage at the junction of several roads, he was so exhausted that he had to beg to be taken in for the night, and he slept on a chair before the fire.

Next day the air was still, and the sun shone brightly. He proceeded on his way, still stumbling along on the tops of hedges, till, coming to a gap where was a gate, he fell into a drift so deep that he sank above his head, and found it impossible to extricate himself. He had to remain buried in snow, shouting for aid,

till a farmer, who was out looking for his buried sheep, discovered his parson deep in the snow and managed to pull him out. In this case it was not the pastor who sought and rescued the lost sheep, but the sheep that found and rescued the lost pastor. It was not, however, till the evening that he was able to reach his home, and then only by toilsome travelling on the tops of hedges, and groping for the top-bar, through the snow when he came to a gate. He reached his parsonage famished and exhausted, with his garments torn to shreds by the thorns.

Some of the sheep on Dartmoor were not rescued for over a fortnight. Happily, by their breath they thawed the snow about them and made their way forward so as to obtain grass. There were cases of men who were lost on the moor and were not found till many weeks later, and then, of course, were dead.

The birds suffered severely ; many were starved, and lay about dead. The rooks for the nonce became birds of prey and attacked the sparrows, finches and thrushes on the wing, tore them to pieces and devoured them. Their own nests had been choked with snow, and very few young rooks were hatched out that year.

The spring and summer after the blizzard were exceptionally rainy. During the summer I was much engaged in excavating a most puzzling settlement on the slopes above Trewartha Marsh. This marsh occupied the bed of a lake, but miners had lowered the lip by which it decanted from the moor in the direction of Trebartha, and had streamed the basin. Not only was tin, but gold as well was found there, and the old squires of Trebartha were wont to present their daughters, when they married, with gold rings made of the precious metal from the "streamings."

Presumably the settlement had been occupied by miners, but it must have been at a very early date, judging from the pottery found. We did find one flint tool, but that may well have belonged to earlier settlers. We unearthed a good many hones. One curious feature was the number of baking-ovens built up of granite that remained. All the huts were oblong and we could discover no foundations or remains of chimneys, only hearths

on the floor. One long hut was divided into stalls by upright slabs of granite, and before each stall was a hearth stone. The colonists apparently had a stannary court, for one long hut had granite seats ranged down both the long sides, and at the head on one bench, on the left upon entering, was a presidential chair made of granite with granite slabs for arms. Most unfortunately we did not re-bury the remains after excavation, and a farmer carried off the presidential chair and most of the seats in the hall, wherewith to construct a pigsty.

We found no sigas anywhere of smelting.

An instance here of corruption of names. A little stream runs down the moor slope to feed the marsh. On the brow of the hill is a gate, which is a well-known place of meeting for the hounds for a hunt. The notice, when such an assembly is to take place, is that it will take place at Rushaford Gate. Now Mr. Rodd of Trebartha informed me that in deeds this is *Thrusleford*, i.e. the ford or way over the Thrustle, Dur-isl, the shallow water ; it is a Cornish name.

As the remains on the slopes of Trewartha were so interesting, and had not been noticed on the Ordnance Survey, I wrote to headquarters and requested their insertion. They sent down a man in November. I went with him on November 5 to Trewartha, and was engaged with him all day over the plans. The days in November are short, and we were many miles from any road and any houses. Nevertheless, I had been so often to the spot that I considered myself qualified to find my way back over the moors to Altarnun, where we were to put up at the little inn of Five Lanes. A watershed had to be passed, a backbone of moor with several elevations and depressions. In fact, the horizon to the north had much the appearance of a long Atlantic roller coming in, gathered into knots in places. But there was a point I had forgotten. In taking one's bearings it was necessary to see the five-horned head of Brown Willy to the north-west, and to make for that awhile, then bear away steadily in a more northerly direction. Naturally, with dusk, *dimmetts* is the local term, the distant prospect became no longer visible. At last, when we had completed our measurements, my companion closed his book, wound up his chain, and we started for our comfortable little inn, where we knew that a pair of roast ducks, stuffed with

onions, was awaiting us. We had been hard at work on the moor at an elevation of something over a thousand feet, since half-past eight, with only a small packet of sandwiches to sustain us, and we looked forward to those ducks.

"You are sure you know the way?" said my companion. "We took an hour and three-quarters reaching here this morning, and in an hour it will be pitch dark."

"In an hour we shall be off the moor and between hedges, with the smell of roast duck wafted down the lane into our noses, to meet us."

My companion was satisfied.

"I only made the remark," said he, "because I did not relish the notion of spending the night on the moor—and in November too. I suppose folks do lose their way sometimes."

"Rather so. Our host at Five Lanes told me of one last night, a native of the moors, who lives somewhere about this section. He went out to the Cheesewring to see some quarryman he knew, and came homewards at dusk—knowing every stone—lost his way, and wandered in a drizzling north-east rain all night, round and round in spirals, and did not reach his home till next day."

"And he knew every stone?"

"Yes, but there was a drizzling rain."

We had mounted a sufficient height to see Brown Willy, if visible, and so take our bearings. I halted and scanned the distance.

"Mr. Thomas," said I in a less confident tone than I had previously assumed, "can you see that five-horned beast, Brown Willy, in the distance against the sky? I am short-sighted."

My companion looked and shook his head.

"Never mind," said I, "Brown Willy is there, but he has drawn on his night-cap. He usually does so at sunset. We will steer our course as if he were visible. We cannot go wrong, I know every inch of the way."

"That is all very fine," said Mr. Thomas. "But it seems to me on this moor that one inch is precisely like every other inch—the same lichens, grasses, water, peat, granite, gravel."

"There are landmarks."

"Which draw on their night-caps when wanted."

"Trust me. We can't go wrong. I have been this way just two dozen times this summer."

"Exactly, but always by day."

I was annoyed.

"You simply *cannot* lose your way wholly on these moors," said I. "When you wish, you can always get off by following the course of a running stream."

"No doubt whatever about that," said my companion, "but as far as my observation has gone to-day, every running stream we have touched has been making as hard as it could in precisely the opposite direction to the roast ducks. Then, in the next place, we are above the region of running streams. We are on a moor where there are sloppy holes, but no streams at all. And, in the third place, that theory of yours of following running streams is uninviting. It means floundering through bogs, leaping confluent streams, tumbling down rocky slopes, where they brawl in cascades—dangerous to bones at night. No, I don't doubt that following running streams will land you somewhere, a maimed, starved wreck, but many, many miles from where you want to be ; from where are dry socks, ducks and bottled stout."

Thomas was hungry, and hunger makes some people querulous. Moreover, he was a Welshman. I was hungry also, but hunger made me incapable of sustaining the effort of controversy. So I let the argument lie.

Presently, to my unbounded surprise, I saw before me, cutting the sky-line, some rude granite upright stones, undoubtedly erected by the hands of men.

"Why, here is a prehistoric monument ! " I exclaimed.

"What of that ? You surely do not propose measuring and planning it now ? "

"No. But this is very extraordinary. I have never seen it before. It is a sacred circle."

"Sacred circle be hanged ! I thought you knew every inch of the way."

"Yes—but——" I said faintly, "we have lost our direction, I have no idea where we are."

Mr. Thomas was aghast. We had been walking for an hour, and it was all but black night. Had there been clouds in the sky, we could have seen nothing. Happily, the heavens were perfectly

clear, a halo of departed day filled the region where the sun had set, but that was not the region we were aiming at. My companion was, I believe, too uneasy at the unpleasant discovery to say a word. I stood still to consider. Such a circle of stones as this must have a name, and must be indicated in the large Ordnance. The unsatisfactory conviction came on me that we had got into another section altogether, of which I knew nothing. On one point I was certain ; we had borne away too much to the East.

"Well," said I, "there is nothing for it but to get along as best we may."

"Whither?"

"Towards the ducks."

"We have got there now, it seems," said Thomas testily, as he splashed into water.

There were tufts of coarse grass and reed, and we strode as best we could from one to another ; then came moss, thick as a sponge, and lanes of water, tracts which faintly reflected the steely sky, with scratches across the plate where a few long fibres of reed had rooted themselves.

"I say," exclaimed Mr. Thomas, "this is serious. How much is there of this?"

"I cannot tell. I have never been here before. Let us keep apart and keep moving. The moss will not sustain two of us."

"No, nor one of us, if he stands still for a moment to look around."

It was even so. It was absolutely necessary to be on the move. One skipped from treacherous watery places to what seemed solid, but was mere moss, felted together, and which would sustain the weight of a man for a moment, but no more. Whether there were another piece of moss or tuft of reed to leap to or not, it mattered nothing. Go forward we must, or sink.

"It is rolling under me like waves," shouted my companion.

"Yes—it is a quaking bog," I replied. "Keep right forward. I will try to the left and he who reaches firm ground must shout to the other."

We pushed on, but to go in a bee-line was not possible ; one must go where one could, where a chance lay of finding momentary support. Time passed. How long I cannot tell, it seemed

an hour, and there was not a token under foot of improvement. We were both exhausted, the effort to extract a foot when it sank was considerable, and the attention had to be on the strain the whole time. I had a long bamboo cane with me, a sort of alpenstock, that had been picked up on the beach at Bude and which Mr. Radford had given me. It availed nothing for probing the ground ahead, where all was watery and no bottom could be reached. The bog at night exhaled a death-like sickly odour. Not a sound could be heard. No bird was roused, not an insect hummed. It was night now ; not even a spark, not a Jack-o'-Lantern. We could no longer see each other, and had ceased to call to each other. Then all at once a fear came over me that we had got into Crowdy Marsh. I had seen quite enough of that. It is not composed of peat ; it is simply water which is slimy with decomposing vegetable matter. It is dangerous to man and fatal to beasts. Our host at Five Lanes had told us of the severe loss to one farmer that same year of five bullocks that had gone in one after another, and had disappeared. They had been tracked to the edge of the bog, and there they had gone down.

But surely we could not be in Crowdy ; to reach that we must have crossed the main road from Launceston to Bodmin.

All at once I uttered a cry of " Help me ! " and sank to my arm-pits. It was instantaneous. I was in water, not on moss ; and, in sinking all I could do was to catch at some particles of floating moss, slime, half-rotten reed and water-weed, and rake myself forward with strokes like those of a swimmer till I could lay hold of the sponge-like surface of moss that formed the skin over the quaking bog. This moss was a foot thick, very porous, but light, so that it floated till saturated with water. In my struggles, I drew much of this moss towards me, but, as I pressed on it it sank under my weight, became water-logged, and surrounded me, helping to suck me down. Against the wan sky I could see the moss as a mound black as ink, which wavered and rolled as I clung to and dragged at it.

Finding that my efforts were unavailing, and that by this means I could never extricate myself, I extended the bamboo I held horizontally, a hand at each extremity, and pressed this down on the surface of the moss. By this means I managed to heave myself up, and I had just enough power to throw my head and neck for-



AB (1)

C. Brown, 1916

HUT CIRCLES ON DARTMOOR

ward on the moss, with arms extended like a spider. I can describe the suction I had to contend against in no more real manner than by saying that I felt as if I were striving against a gigantic octopus that was endeavouring with boneless, fleshy arms to drag me under water. So great indeed was the suction that the leather gaiters that extended to the knee were torn off my legs. There in Red Mire Marsh they remain.

Having thus reached the surface, and spread myself upon it, I worked myself along till I arrived at a hassock of coarse grass or reed, and on that I planted myself to breathe. There could be no growth of reed or grass unless there were soil, so that I trusted I was nearing solid ground.

After awhile I was aware of the shouts of my companion, who was in the greatest alarm. He could neither see me, nor did he know in which direction to look for me. Whether I were alive or dead he could not tell. He himself was in danger, and never able for above a moment to remain in one position.

I had no breath to answer him, and for some minutes he had to endure an agony of apprehension.

At length, however, my breath returned. I was quivering in every muscle after the supreme strain of wrenching myself out of the mire. I called to Thomas to go forward, I would follow, but received no answer. I called again and again, but met with no response.

There was still a long tract of moss very similar in nature to that through part of which I had struggled, and I was fain to go through it in the same manner as before, writhing along like a lizard.

At length I came to firm land, exhausted, panting, my brow beaded with sweat, yet at the same time conscious of extreme cold from immersion. I called again and now received an answer, and soon came up with Thomas. The stench of the decomposing matter in my nostrils sickened me. However, a sense of relief and exhilaration came over me, and we made our way on till we struck a road, and finally reached our inn. I found my purse in my pocket sodden, my watch in my waistcoat pocket stopped.

I have ever entertained a repugnance to wobbly ground. I like to have firm soil under my feet, theologically, morally, socially—and financially.

I do not suppose that Red Mire can in ordinary times be dangerous, certainly not in daylight. It occupies a basin on the summit of a ridge, and therefore cannot be of any depth. However, I found moss on my left shoulder, so that I had sunk so far, and, as I had said, the suction tore the gaiters off my legs. Possibly enough I may have fancied Red Mire worse than it was ; but we were in the pitch darkness of a November night, and we were quite unconscious in which direction to steer to escape out of this Slough of Despond. Never did roast ducks receive a more hearty welcome.

At Christmas I received a letter from the Editor of the *Graphic* asking me to go to Teck, at once, and write an article thereon, as the Duke of Clarence was engaged to marry the Princess Mary of Teck. As the Duke died shortly afterwards, she married the Duke of York.

I started for Teck on December 27 ; and on my return to England went to the Fens of Ely, to work up the material for my novel of *Zita*.

CHAPTER XIX

LES EYZIES

1892

I DECIDED in the winter of 1892 to visit *Les Causses de Languedoc*. Taking the night train from London, I was in Paris at 6 a.m. the next morning. Crossing the Seine for my station to the south, and starting for Brive at 7.40 a.m., I reached this land of marvels in time for dinner that evening. The cost of a ticket from Paris to Périgueux or Brive was 25 francs. I made but a short stay at Brive on my first visit, and then by a branch line crossed into the valley of the Vézère, and was deposited at Les Eyzies, a long, straggling village built under overhanging hard chalk cliffs, with an interesting Merovingian church at one end, and a ruined castle at the other. The distance from the station to the very humble inn was somewhat trying. On reaching the cabaret, I found that it consisted of a *salle-à-manger* adjoining the kitchen. As the chimney in the former was persistent in smoking, I usually sat in the kitchen by the fire and superintended the cooking. The inn was run by a dear old woman, who possessed a husband who did nothing but smoke and sip wine, and a son, Gaston, whose sole function consisted in attending to the stable.

The Vézère flows for some three or four miles between overhanging cliffs of hard chalk that has been gnawed into by the weather, and the cottages are constructed partly against the rock and partly in it by excavation.

Since that first excursion I have made many more, and have recorded my acquaintance with the district in *The Deserts of Central France*, in *Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings*, and also in my novel *Noémi*.

It is no intention of mine again to describe the topics of interest

in the region. But I shall give a few instances of my experience among a specially pleasant and hospitable people.

My first cursory, and necessarily brief visit, revealed to me a region that teemed with interest, and that demanded exploration.

1. The country abounds in remains of primeval man of the age of the rhinoceros, the reindeer and the woolly elephant. This had been disclosed by Christy and Lartet, but in their time, as in that of my first visits, there had not been detected the rock-paintings which were to be found in the caves inhabited at a vastly remote period by our savage, yet artistically gifted ancestors.

2. The land abounds as well in megalithic monuments of the men of the Polished Stone and Early Bronze Period, hitherto principally studied in Brittany.

3. A speciality of the country is the rock dwelling and cave castle. The former the refuge of the peasantry during the miserable period of the Hundred Years' War, the latter the stronghold of the free companies that terrorized Aquitaine.

4. Another object of study are the domed churches, in a style borrowed from Byzantium.

At Brive I called on M. Massénat, a veteran digger in the Périgord caves, and he introduced me to the great deposits of the reindeer hunters at Les Eyzies. Conceive beds for some miles of relics of their feasts, to the depth of over 30 feet, dense with the remains of animals, the reindeer, the mammoth, the woolly elephant, antelopes, cave lions and hyænas, mixed up with flint scrapers and borers. There were also present bone arrows and spear heads, and pieces of ivory bearing rude yet skilful sketches on the bone. M. Massénat had been engaged here for thirty years, and there is enough of the deposit left for exhumation for many more.¹

At the depth of from 30 to 40 feet are the earliest relics found around hearths, which had been built when the glacial period had come to an end and the country was habitable. I extracted from one hearth a reindeer's lower jaw. The back tooth had been knocked out so that the marrow might be sucked. Above the remains of this race came those of the Flint Age. Above those again were the hearths and deposits of a more

¹ On my last visit to Les Eyzies I found that a road was being driven through these beds, for what object I could not conjecture. No proper supervision was given to the road-makers to secure any find.

civilized race that employed polished weapons, and that built the rude stone circles and dolmens that have excited the wonder of later ages. Above, once more, are the relics of the Bronze Age, then those of the men of the Iron Age, the Gauls, with an occasional Roman coin, and then mediæval scraps. Finally the *sous* dropped by the peasant men who live in these caves with merely a face of masonry to serve as a screen against wind and rain.

What a Book of Chronicles the earth is ! Beneath the soil is the record of Creation, written in indelible lines ; the soil itself gives the history of man, to be read with pick and shovel.

When I was last at Les Eyzies the remarkable wall-paintings of primitive man had been recently discovered. In the depths of the caves, by artificial light, man had made his first pictorial experiments with red, brown and yellow ochres as pigments. Before this discovery all that had been known of man's first essays in art had been his sculptures and scratchings on reindeer bones and the pelvis of slain beasts. What was now revealed was of supreme interest. One stood at the bifurcation of two distinct schools of art ; the Oriental, synthetical, adaptive, and the European, analytical, originative ; that of Prometheus on one side and of Epimetheus upon the other.

The school-boy who has spilled a drop of ink on his copy-book, and with his pen seeks to shape it into a black-beetle, a horse or a human head, by adding here and cancelling there, is Epimetheus. But the lad who with a bit of chalk sketches his schoolmaster on the blackboard, represents the school of art that in sculpture reached its acme in Athens, and in painting its highest development in the works of the great Italian and Flemish artists. The branch of art to which the adaptation of the blot extended found its most exquisite representation in Japan. Beginning with a dab of paint, the Oriental artist went on by trimming and moulding, by the addition of other blots to represent a spray of syringa, a branch of flowering cherry, a shoal of rainbow fish, or a posse of dragons and dæmons. The Epimethean artist could never reach the point attained by the Promethean. The latter had studied what he had observed ; the former had only thought of conforming his blot to whatsoever beautiful representation it would lend itself. The former was led by fancy, not by intelligence.

It must be noticed that in Nature there is no such a thing as an outline. The outline is as distinctly an artificial creation as is the hedge around a field. No one has ever seen an outline in Nature ; only masses, bulks, substances. Consequently the discovery of the outline by primeval man was a distinct effort of intellect, the exercise of analysis.

At Donaueschingen, in the park of Prince Fürstenberg burst out numerous springs of water. One can stride from such sources as flow east and go to form the Danube, to such as well up to feed the Rhine, flowing west. And here, at Les Eyzies, the visitor stands with one foot on the spring of Oriental art and the other on that of Art Occidental ; poor little trickles each, yet each having a determinate course, and capable of indefinite expansion.

Art is found in every early race, the Hottentot, the North American Indian, the New Zealander and the Hindu weaver and metal worker ; only the English builder in towns seems to be devoid of the faculty. The first attempts of the artist are to copy Nature. The matured artist learns to discriminate, to select, to discard certain features and to heighten certain other. Nature is so complex, one portion balancing another, that the artist can produce a harmonious whole on his canvas only by limiting the objects he depicts and bringing them into accord. He has to pack all within range of sight into a space of a few feet or inches.

I am like a grasshopper in literature, I leap from one leaf to another. I must quit the prehistoric for the present.

On a subsequent visit I was told by my friend De Bosredon of three old ladies in the department, the Demoiselles Perrault, or as they called themselves De Perrault. They were descended from Charles Perrault, the French writer who died in Paris, May 16, 1703. His great efforts were directed towards showing how vastly superior were the modern authors to those of antiquity, and he wrote a piece of buffoonery on "The Walls of Troy." In the poem *Le Siècle de Louis le Grand* he declared that—

" Les Regniers, les Maynards, les Gomboulds, les Melherbes,
 Les Godeaux, les Rancans, . . .
 Les galants Sarrazins, et les tendres Voitures,
 Les Molières naïfs, les Rotrous, les Tristans,
 Et cent autres encore, délices de leur temps,"

far excelled Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil and the rest of the classic authors.

It would have surprised Perrault beyond measure had he known that of all his writings that alone which would confer immortality on him would be his *Contes des Fées*, the first edition of which appeared in 1697. This speedily won for the author a fame that will never perish.

Does my reader know or possess the *Cabinet des Fées* in thirty-seven volumes, 1785-86? Perrault was the author of *Little Red Ridinghood*, *Puss in Boots*, *Cinderella*, *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*, etc. He set the fashion and was followed by the Countess d'Aulnoy, with *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Fair Maid with Golden Locks*, *The Blue Bird*, etc. Counts and countesses rivalled each other in their collections of fairy tales. These were not all original. Many, especially those of Perrault, were old French nursery tales rescued from oblivion.

How I have loved those thirty-seven volumes ! How I have read and reread them ; and could read them again had I not other matters to occupy my mind !

But to return to the Demoiselles. They were the last of the descendants of one of the sons or brothers of Charles Perrault. On their father's death his inheritance fell to the three sisters, and they divided it among them ; one retained the château ; the second the plate ; and the third as her share had the family portraits, chief in value among which was that of Charles Perrault. As to the family linen and the furniture, it was parted among the sisters.

It so fell out that annually one or other of the Mesdemoiselles Perrault proposed giving an entertainment to the neighbours on the anniversary of Charles Perrault's birth (Jan. 12). Thereupon Julie, the eldest, yielded her château to receive the guests, Charlotte contributed the ancestral porcelaine and plate, and Babette, the third, sent the portrait of the great author of *Peau d'Ane* and *Petit Poucet* to be hung up in the *salle-à-manger*, there to be solemnly toasted by the guests, standing, and clinking glasses all the way round the table, at which the dear old ladies would burst into tears and wipe the floods away with their white handkerchiefs.

What would I not have given to have been present and to have

contributed my words of admiration for the author whose tales had been the joy of my youth ! What a treat it would have been ! I could readily have received an invitation, but, alas ! to be in Périgord in mid-January was to me an impossibility.

And now I will venture to record some few of my personal reminiscences of Les Eyzies and of the banks of the Dordogne.

There was staying at the little inn at Les Eyzies, on one occasion when I was there, a young artist from Bordeaux, of the Impressionist school. That is to say, the school which represents the impressions received on the retina by individuals who are half-blind and do not wear glasses. A dab of pink served for a woman's face, a scramble of green for a tree. He had fallen in love with a girl of Les Eyzies, and was voluble in her praise ; but our dear old hostess was irresponsible. One rainy day he went by train to Périgueux to buy material for a gown as a present to his *fiancée*. During his absence, the landlady came into the little parlour, sat down and said to me : " I wish that you would advise M. Coquilicot (that was not actually his name), to get out of this engagement. Jeanetton is not one to make him a good wife. Did you hear what he said yesterday at dinner ? He declared that what he wanted was a domesticated comfortable wife with whom he could pass pleasant evenings at home. As to the Bordeaux girls, said he, they would be wanting to go to the theatre, or to balls, or to concerts, and I, who have been working hard all day, want quiet. So, said he, I have come into the country to find the wife I need. Now," continued my hostess, " Jeanetton is *not* the wife he wants and never will be. She is frivolous, cares only for amusement, is no housekeeper, and cannot mend her own stockings. Monsieur, *I* can't dissuade him from her. If I did, he would tell the girl, and she would raise a storm against me. You are a stranger, disinterested, and can do it."

That evening Coquilicot returned from Périgueux with a roll of some material under his arm—of what description I am unable to say. It was placed on the table ; the host, hostess, Noémi, the maid, and myself were summoned to comment upon it, as it was unrolled. Madame Bergoumeyron looked at me through the corners of her eyes and sighed ; the landlord nudged me, as much as to say, " You must put a stop to this sort of proceeding."

How much inclined every man and woman is to pass on an obligation that is irksome to another party.

Next day I crossed the Vézère by the ferry boat a little further up the river, and proceeded to examine the caves and the deposits along the right bank till I came to the next ferry, a good way down. The boatman at once broached the subject of M. Coquilicot and Mlle Jeanetton. "It will be the ruin of the poor young fellow's life," said he, "if he marries such a girl. Why, till he turned up this spring from Bordeaux she was on thick terms with a youth here. And he was not the first. Look at that swallow. Do you see how she darts from one side to another, snapping at flies; and if, when she has all but caught one, she sees another more plump, she drops the first for the other. That is like Jeanetton. It is your place to put in a word and stop the affair." I found at the post office that the postmistress was of the same opinion. "But she has done nothing wrong," said I, "her character is not smirched." "N-n-no," reluctantly. "But when she is married—*mon Dieu!*—it will prove an eye-opener for M. Coquilicot."

Well, finally, I did pick up courage to advise the artist to make inquiries and learn what he could about his *fiancée* before the irrevocable step was taken.

"Bah!" said he, "all the girls in Les Eyzies and in the neighbourhood within a circumference of eight leagues are mad with jealousy, and blurt out their spite in lies concerning her. The mothers are fiends, so furious are they that I have not selected one of their daughters. If they were not afraid of the consequences, they would rush out upon me like a swarm of hornets and sting me to death. Believe me, monsieur, it is but once in a blue moon that such a *parti* as myself stays at such an insignificant place as this and looks about him for a wife among the maidens of the commune. Jealousy, envy, spite, disappointment, animate them all. As to their opinions I spit upon them!"

As to the sequel, of that I was imperfectly informed. The couple were married, and then, when too late, M. Coquilicot discovered that he had not secured his ideal.

I will proceed now to mention another of my acquaintances, the ferryman at the upper end of the village, near the station, who

conveyed one across to La Laugierie, the great resort of geologists, and where most of the houses were excavated in the rock.

The boatman at the upper ferry had been in the army, had served in China, and had taken part in the pillage of the Winter Palace in Pekin. He had a little cabaret on the further side of the river but did a poor business with the cave dwellers, who were not numerous and were very poor. I went into his house to share a bottle of wine with him, whereupon he told me that of the spoils of the Pekin palace he had secured a gorgeous waistcoat, "which," said he, "I wear on high days and holidays when I go to church. Then I make my wife walk behind me."

"In that," said I, "you make an error in judgment."

"How so?"

"As you go up the lane and along the street, the people obtain but a partial glimpse of your finery, what they see most of is the back of your coat and the seat of your trousers. Now, were you to provide your wife with your little boy's penny trumpet, and bid her precede you, blow a blast, and proclaim that The Waistcoat was on its way to Mass, the people would line up on each side of the road so as to obtain a good and satisfying sight of your glories."

"There is something in what you say," observed the man meditatively. "I will give the matter full consideration."

"Do you go often to church?" I asked.

"Only when the waistcoat goes on great festivals. Beautiful and splendid things should not be made too common."

"One of our great poets said something of the same kind."

"Ah!" he observed. "Great minds often hit on the same ideas, independently of each other."

I asked Gaston, the son of my landlady, whether he ever went to church. "Never," he replied.

"A bad look-out for you," I remarked, "when you enter Heaven, where it is church-going every day and all day long."

"I'll take my chance," he replied. "When I get a new suit of clothes, and a fresh pair of boots, I am in a state of discomfort for a fortnight. But I accommodate myself to my pantaloons and boots, or else they accommodate themselves to me. It will be much the same, I take it, hereafter."

Alas! Gaston had caught a fever and was dead when last I

visited Les Eyzies. So he has gone to accommodate himself, or to be accommodated, in his new situation. I think the former will have to be the case, and not be got over in a fortnight.

I did not by any means confine myself to the Vézère valley, but widely explored the great elevated plateau about Gramat. I also wandered up and down the Dordogne and the Lot, and visited the numerous cliff castles to be found there.

I take but a single incident out of many occurrences, as illustrative of the Gascon character.

At Souillac one day a nice-looking girl, the daughter of our host, waited at table. She had very fair golden hair, large blue eyes and a clear and rosy complexion. She looked like a typical English girl: surely a trace of our domination over Aquitaine that we exercised for over a hundred years.

A bagman was one of the guests, and he sat by me. A dish of mushrooms was handed round. "How do you know," said the *commis voyageur*, "that these are not toadstools and poisonous?" "I have eaten some myself," the waitress replied, so as to allay his scruples. "Pass me the dish!" exclaimed the commercial traveller, "it will be so sweet for us to die together."

During the dinner I talked with the man, and chanced to mention Sarlat, as a place I had visited.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you stayed at Sarlat—surely at the Hôtel de la Madeleine?"

"Certainly I did."

"And you found the hostess a charming woman, and so sympathetic."

At once the young waitress interposed. Swinging herself round in face of the bagman, she said: "Just now, monsieur! you wanted to die with me, and now you are praising the beauty and belauding the sympathy of Madame la propriétaire de l'hôtel de la Madeleine à Sarlat."

"Mademoiselle," rejoined he, with great composure. "I am so constituted by Nature that to see, even to think of, a woman overpowers me. You, at the moment, were behind my back, so my mind reverted to Sarlat. Now that I see you in full face, I feel sure that, not to die with you, but to live with you, would be supreme felicity."

There was a bagman for you, and a true Gascon!

On account of the deficiency of water on the Causses, many farms have pools for the collection of rain-water, constructed on the same principle as the "Dew-ponds" upon our South Downs. Unhappily, owing to carelessness, the drainage of the cowsheds and stables is suffered to flow into and contaminate the reservoirs. The result may well be conceived—diphtheria and kindred disorders are common.

A peculiar fashion of suicide exists on the Causses. These elevated limestone plateaux are perforated with wells or *avens*, that descend to great depths. Water is scarce on the Causses; and if a woman desires to put a term to her existence, she throws herself down one of these ghastly wells. Men rarely commit such follies; women, hard tried and weary of life, often.

The reason for this is that the man, when discouraged by losses or exasperated by his wife's tongue, has the *cabaret* door always open, a seat by the fire and a bottle of wine at his hand, and companions ready into whose ears he can make his complaint. So he manages to get over his trouble, and comes reeling and singing home. But the woman has no such refuge. The husband is an incessant aggravation, the children a never-ceasing worry, and the wolf is generally at the door when the thoughtless man is carousing with his "jolly companions, every one." He has his hours of manual labour, and then his hours of relaxation; she has no rest, the calls on her are incessant, and the trials to her temper never cease. Weary of life, worried past endurance, she ends her misery by flinging herself down a pot-hole.

The French peasant when angry breaks forth into outrageous remarks against the Church, the clergy, and his wife because this last seeks comfort in the Confessional. But that plain wooden box with its crucifix is to her what the tavern with its drink-sodden table is to the man; a solace, a relief where she can pour out her heart, and sob into a sympathetic ear the tale of her woes. No creature on earth so depends on sympathy as the woman, and above all the French woman. But the Gallic *paysan* is generally too rough-hewn, though kindly natured, to understand and to be able to exercise the delicate and soothing power of true sympathy.

This recalls to my mind a German story. I give it in the original, as it would spoil in translation. A peasant came home "angeheitert," and his wife sighed, "Ich wünsch ich wär' im

Himmel ! ” He retorted, “ Und ich möcht’ wider ins Wirtshaus sein. ” “ Ach, ” she wailed, “ du wählst dir auch immer ’s Beste. ”

Travellers belong to three classes, distinguishable the one from the other the moment that they open their mouths. To the first belong such as set out in quest of a specific object. With such, everything else seen or experienced is subsidiary. If that object be the same as one’s own, it is quite likely that both could journey together in harmony, and with intercommunication of ideas and observations. I had that experience only once, and that for a brief period in Iceland, with Sir George Dasent. Of such persons one can say *On voyage pour se procurer les biens de l’esprit*.

To the second category belong those who travel for relaxation, to divert the current of their thoughts from domestic worries, from business cares, or for relief from the strain of an arduous life ; excellent reasons, but with such one has no community of interest. *On voyage pour se divertir*.

To the third class belong the empty heads, ever in quest of some novelty, who never learn anything, because they have no desire to learn. They absorb nothing save the frivolities and fatuities of life, and are ever restless, because nothing satisfies. The Danaïdes were continuously engaged in drawing water in sieves. The members of this class are Danaïdes, their minds are sieves retaining nothing save a few husks and some grains of dirt. Of such it may be said, “ *Ils voyagent pour tuer le temps !* ”

One advantage of a visit to the Causses of Languedoc, and the defiles of the Lot, the Dordogne and the Vézère is that they are out of the track of the tripper ; and if one desires to travel with an object, for the sake of acquiring knowledge, of making observations, or of digesting experiences and piecing together what has been noticed, one must journey alone.

CHAPTER XX

SQUAB-PIE

1894

A DAINTY, highly appreciated in Cornwall and West Devon by the yeoman, the farmer and the agricultural labourer, is squab-pie. This composite production consists of mutton, veal, bacon, apple, onion, pepper and salt, and a pilchard, the whole enriched and ripened with Devonshire or Cornish cream. These are the ingredients of the pie which, after having been put to bed under a covering of pastry, is baked in the oven.

A squab is properly a young pigeon, but I have myself never met with this delicacy among the contents of the famous western pie. Originally it doubtless formed the nucleus of the composition, but in process of time has been omitted and replaced by other ingredients—as for instance, in their season, newly fledged rooks that are still highly relished.

When I came to Lew on a visit from Mersea, to see what my masons and carpenters had achieved under the casual supervision of the agent, during my absence of several months, I ordered the cook to give us a squab-pie for dinner. This was accordingly composed, baked and placed on the table at dinner-time. I attacked it, and ate of it heartily ; my wife, sparingly ; the governess, not at all. The children assailed it, but, becoming ill, had precipitately to quit the room. A neighbour whom I had invited to partake of the delicacy contented himself with a look inside when the crust had been cut through, whereupon he precipitately withdrew his plate and proceeded to satisfy his appetite with vegetables after having thrust his chair as far from the pie as was practicable.

I have headed this chapter with the title “ Squab-pie,” because I purpose it to be a composite production.

On one of my visits to Switzerland I made the acquaintance of Paul Deschwanden and ordered of him an altar picture for Lew Church, representing the Adoration of the Magi, but it was not sent to me till 1871, and not set up in Lew Church till many years later.

The parents of Paul were small shopkeepers, owning a few acres, and it was from this little farm that they took their name, and wrote themselves *Von*, although never ennobled.

As a child Paul was delicate and occupied himself with a bit of chalk in drawing pictures on the floor of the sitting-room, to the great inconvenience of his mother and sisters who had to pick their way about it between portraits rudely sketched of themselves. "Paul," said his sister Maria Regina, "where am I to tread to get to the door? I cannot set my foot on Mother's figure and I don't like to trample on my own. What am I to do?" "There is our dog Fido, I have sketched; stamp on him, he will neither snap nor bark."

Seeing what was the bent of the boy's talent, the wise father sent him to an artist at Zug, as a pupil. But Paul found, on his arrival, that the painter was on his death-bed, and in eight days the artist was dead. Then he sought to go to Munich for study, but fell ill on the way, and had to return home. A second attempt was no more successful. Accordingly he had to teach himself; and so as to earn a little money he took portraits in crayon at a franc each, whence he acquired the nickname of the Fränkler, or "Young Tenpenny." A third attempt to go to Munich was more successful, but the climate there was too raw and damp for his chest, and he had to leave after two months.

His next venture was into Italy. Up to this time he had not made up his mind in which direction he should turn his powers, whether in painting portraits, landscapes or historical subjects. On reaching Milan, he stood, struck dumb before the white marble cathedral, and the thought came to him and overpowered him of what man could do, if he worked for the glory of God! Then and there, looking up at that marvellous west front bathed in Italian sunlight, surmounted by its spires and pinnacles all sustaining statues of angels, archangels, saints and martyrs, he resolved to devote his talents wholly to the service of God and of His Church.

The Swiss were a poor people, mainly peasants cultivating their little farms, and the only rich folk were the hotel-keepers who entertained tourists, English, American and German, and the hotel-keepers as a class were not disposed to give much to the Church. Accordingly, as he devoted himself to painting religious pictures only, he sold them *um einen Spottpreis*, as the Germans say. He never received more than a most modest sum for his paintings, and consequently died a comparatively poor man, leaving his savings to hospitals and orphanages.

The resolution he had formed condemned him to become only a second, or third-rate artist, for it debarred him from devoting time, study and pains to execute great works of art. There ensued such a demand for sacred pictures for the Swiss Churches, that in one year, 1870, he painted fifty-three; in 1871, that in which he did our altar-piece, he disposed of forty-nine. Such rapidity of execution, about a week over a large painting, was fatal to advancement in his art. He knew that well, and knew that it was one of the sacrifices he must make if he held to his resolution to do all for the glory of God, and not so as to make for himself a name as a first-class painter.

At Stans he has left a lasting memorial of himself. For the cemetery where his family had been laid from generation to generation, and where he himself now reposes, he painted a picture to adorn the graveyard chapel. It represents Moses on Mount Nebo, kneeling with outstretched arms towards the Promised Land, which he might see, and to which during forty years he had journeyed, but into which he was not suffered to enter. The scene is evening, and the setting sun is on the dying man's face. It was an expression of the longing of Paul's heart throughout his pilgrimage from the day that he stood before Milan Cathedral and devoted all his powers to the service of God. But, unlike Moses, he was destined to pass over and to enter into the land flowing with milk and honey.

In his last will, he characteristically commended his soul to God, "in Whom is supreme Beauty and perfect Love."

What Samuel Butler has said in his *Alps and Sanctuaries* of the poet is true also of the painter: "The poet is not known by knowledge alone—not by *gnosis* only—but also, and in greater



THE VIATICUM TO THE DYING

Painting by Ed. Tyck

part, by the *agape* which makes him wish to steal men's hearts, and prompts him so to apply his knowledge that he shall succeed." This applies to Deschwanden. His whole life was spent in appealing to the human heart to love God, and to draw nigh to Him ; he chose to know no more of the technicalities—the *gnosis*, of high art than sufficed for his purpose.

Another artist of whom I possess several paintings is Lavidière. When I visited Rheims on my wedding tour I was struck by a "Crucifixion" hung in the vestry. It showed the dying Saviour on the cross, in the light of the setting sun dipping under the western horizon among dark clouds dyed red. The sacristan told me that it was for sale ; it was painted by a local artist, named Lavidière. I purchased it, and it now hangs in Lew Church over the screen. At my request he painted a duplicate, which was much inferior to the original. This I gave to one of the Southwark churches.

The artist afterwards moved to Paris, where I visited him. He also painted for me a full-sized Entombment ; but this suffered through being hung against a damp wall. He did me a duplicate, which I gave to a church in the East End of London. He also painted for me an Ecce Homo, a landscape in the Bois de Boulogne, with in it two couchant white goats, and, as a present, a plucked fowl. Lavidière's great power was in painting flesh : and as a technical artist he stands far higher than Deschwanden.

Another foreign artist who has done work for me was Edouard Tyck, of Antwerp, of whom I have already made mention. He belonged to the new and rising school of Flemish artists. One of the best works of that school is the series of Stations of the Cross in Antwerp Cathedral. Tyck painted for me the Visit to the Dying, a friar carrying the Viaticum ; also a Flemish girl in the dress of the sixteenth century, leaving her house for the market.

Tyck came to visit me at East Mersea, and I took him to London and to Windsor. He was almost stunned by the ugliness of English street architecture as he looked at the house fronts about Russell Square. When he exclaimed at it I reminded him of the houses in the new part of Antwerp near the citadel. "It is true," said he, "the disease of the unsightly has manifested itself in my country, but in yours it has taken possession of the whole of your

towns, like leprosy that masters the whole man." I took him to S. Alban's Church, Holborn, and he was much pleased with the service, and the picturesqueness of the precentor at a lectern in the midst of the choir, with his rod and habited in a cloth of gold cope. He pulled out a pocket-book and made a sketch.

Whilst I was at Hurstpierpoint I made great friends with one Lawless, an Irishman, and a charming artist. He was much bitten with the new Flemish school, but objected to a defect, as he esteemed it, in the shading. I possess no complete work of his; only the head-piece and bust of a French peasant girl at the well with her *cruche*. I completed the painting as best I could. His last work exhibited in the Royal Academy represented a canal in a Belgian town, a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the dying, and men, women and children on the bank kneeling.

Another artist I have employed has been Luigi Ghedina of Cortina d'Ampezzo. He had studied in Venice. He painted for me and for Lord Iddesleigh my great-aunt Lady Northcote.

When we were at Cortina he did the portrait of my wife. This, however, proved unsatisfactory, as he had made her look upwards to heaven, attracted, may be, by her sweet and spiritual expression. But as it happened, her eyes were invariably cast modestly down. The portrait was so unnatural to me that I got Head to alter the direction of the eyes. Alas! that was a fatal blunder, for it threw all the muscles of the brow and cheek wrong. The painting is consigned to a dark corner, because the portrait, thus tampered with, proved a caricature.

In the course of my middle and later life I have had the happiness of being acquainted with two of the noblest men I could anywhere have met—Mr. Daniel Radford and Mr. W. J. Harris, of Halwill.

Mr. Radford was he who started me upon my labour of over ten years collecting the folk-melodies of Devon and Cornwall. His residence, when I first knew him, was the Bridge House, Lydford. Later he purchased Mount Tavy above Tavistock. He had begun life in a humble position, and with infirm health. He told me that he never knew a day without being in pain, yet by his integrity, assiduity and intelligence, he acquired a large fortune. One of the most simple yet beautiful memoirs I have ever read has been that which he wrote towards the close of his

days. I thoroughly appreciated the loftiness of his character and his stirring qualities. Further acquaintance caused me to value him ever more and more, and to love him. In fact I do not know of any man who, in my middle life, exercised a stronger influence over me.

The Radford family exhibits a notable instance of the mutability of family fortunes. It was anciently seated at Okeford, also at Cheynstone in Chawleigh, North Devon, and in the church are several monuments to the family. But the last there estated died in 1703. By a succession of misadventures it did not rise to activity and position again till it was lifted to its present honourable state by Mr. Daniel Radford.

A curious instance of sudden expansion and subsequent contraction in a family is instanced in my own. John Prince, Vicar of Berry Pomeroy in 1681, published his *Worthies of Devon* in 1701. In that he said of the Gould family : " Edward Gould of Combe (in Staverton) was as memorably blessed in his issue as most we have ever met with ; for of his six sons, five lived to be men of great estates, and left them to their posterity ; in which they still flourish in very creditable fashion. . . . If ill-will, in defiance to the truth, shall deny antiquity to this family, yet this cannot be denied, that, however it sate out later than some others, it hath grown faster and spread wider than those who started long before it."

Note this. The whole family has but one single male representative at the present date, 1920, and he is very aged and unmarried. The family is now continued through the female line, and does not exhibit much token of further shrinking, for I have ten grandsons, and five male cousins.

The second friend to whom I have referred was Mr. W. J. Harris, of Halwill. He had been a corn-merchant in London, who had amassed a fortune. He purchased Halwill manor and settled there. A more desolate and intractable piece of country can hardly be conceived ; all stiff clay, growing only rushes and coarse grass, and oozing with water from its many swamps. Cottages of cob were few, and the inhabitants ignorant and poor. Mr. Harris spent thousands of pounds in draining land that would not repay the outlay. Then he broke up the estate into small holdings, built cottages, unhappily as ugly as ugliness could well be, and

allotted portions of land to the occupants. He invited down a London socialist orator to see what he had done. But he got no approval from him. Said Mr. B——, waving his hand to a tract of desolate moor : “ This should be given up to the people. Why are there no sheep on it, only a few wandering geese ? ”

“ The people shall have it, when I have laid out three thousand pounds on it to drain away the water that breeds the parasite that cawds the sheep, and makes it impossible for them to feed on this moor without dying of disease.”

“ Ugh ! ” grunted the social reformer. “ When is the next train ? I want to get back to town.”

Mr. Harris has transformed Halwill into an active village with its inn, its railway station, its convalescent home which he founded and endowed, its church, restored at the cost of £1300, which he defrayed, its school and its reading-room.

Another of the good deeds done by Mr. Harris was extensive planting ; and now there are woods of pines and other deciduous trees, affording shelter and absorbing the moisture in the soil, where formerly were only stunted thorns and distorted ash.

I do not here subjoin a notice of my very intimate friend, Mr. Robert Burnard, whose son Laurence married my daughter Barbara, because an ample biography of him has been given in the *Transactions of the Devon Association* for 1920. Patient, thorough and skilful, he was a pioneer in the study of the pre-historic monuments of Dartmoor. Together we examined the hut circles of Broadom in 1894, went on to Grimspound, which we next thoroughly explored, and after that excavated many other of these primitive clusters of huts on all parts of Dartmoor. We also worked together at the camps ; both on the skirts of the moor, in Cornwall and in Wales. His was a charming personality, he was always in good humour and careful in all his work to be exact.

He died on December 13, 1919.

In my *Old Country Life* I have told the story of the last of the Herrings of Langstone, under the pseudonym of Grym of Grimstone. Ralph, the last of the male Herrings, I remember well ; and now, as the whole family is extinct, I can finish the tale, part of which has been told by me elsewhere. Ralph Herring would not forgive his daughter Rosalind because she would not make over

to him the three thousand pounds which was all that remained of her mother's property. He took as his bailiff, to live with him in Langstone, a fellow named Skewes, a broken mining-captain. Whether Ralph Herring had he been left alone would have relented towards his daughter cannot be said, for Skewes almost certainly used his influence to get the old man to make over everything to himself. After the funeral, the Rev. Dr. Bryant, Vicar of Brentor, went to Langstone, and saw Skewes, a lawyer from Gunnislake and the doctor, studying the will. Bryant insisted on its being read aloud to him. The men looked at each other and hesitated.

"Very well," said Bryant, "I shall put in a caveat against the proving of the will."

It was read out. Everything, house, land, furniture, and money in the house, was left to Skewes.

"There has been undue influence used here," said the Vicar. "Advantage has been taken of Mr. Herring when drunk. I shall be able to produce one of the witnesses who signed the will."

The three men looked at each other again and were silent.

Eventually, without the matter being brought into court, an arrangement was made whereby Skewes should keep the house and land, but pay Rosalind Herring an annuity during her life.

After this Skewes rapidly sank. The property did not prosper in his hands, nor did he upon his ill-gotten goods, and he was obliged to sell house and lands to Mr. F. Ward, of Burnville, who has rebuilt the house.

I have not as yet filled up my squab-pie and I will add one more constituent—the amusements of our forefathers.

In Sheepstor, adjoining the churchyard, is the old bull-ring. The stone peg and the ring are there to the present day. After divine service on Sunday afternoon, a bear, if it could be got, otherwise a bull, was baited there, and the youths of the parish sat on the churchyard wall and enjoyed the sport. All that is of the past, and in the bull-ring has been erected a shed for tea-drinking and the consumption of cake, cream and gossip.

Four miles from Lew is the village of Lifton. The inn there, the Arundell Arms, has been rebuilt, but behind it may be seen to this day the old cock pit, a circular edifice with a thatched roof. Inside there are places for the spectators, and a ring within

which the cocks were set to fight. It is now converted into a wood-store.

In the Middle Ages a tournament was the great attraction. Frequently the clash of arms proved fatal, as in the case of Henry II of France, who was killed in the joust by the Count of Montgomery. The last tournament ever engaged in England was at Lew, between my brother, my cousins and myself. We rode without saddles and with blunt spears, and the place of encounter was the cow-yard, where the soil was soft. I possess to this day the shield I bore in these jousts.

Wrestling matches were very popular when I was a boy. The champion was given a belt, and the tenant of our Poor House for many years possessed such a belt.

There was a difference between Cornish and Devonshire wrestling. The former forbore from kicking, whereas kicking, and that with shoes specially hardened for the purpose, was allowed to the Devonian. The combatants had their legs swathed in hay-bands (skillibegs). The great achievement of the wrestler was to "show the white horse." This consisted in elevating his antagonist over his shoulder and flinging him on the ground upon his back. Too often the result was fatal; the spine was either broken or so severely injured that paralysis ensued. We know from *As You Like It*, that, in the reign of Elizabeth, the results of a wrestling match were often fatal. Wrestling is now no more. Our present trials of strength consist in football or cricket matches.

There is, undoubtedly, a love in man of hunting and slaying animals. But to a large extent this is justifiable. The fox is an enemy we must war against. I had geese at Dalton till the foxes bit their throats and sucked their blood, whereupon I appealed to the Master of the Foxhounds to rid the neighbourhood of these pests.

I love to hear the hooting of the owls, but recently some have invaded my dove-cot and have killed all the young pigeons. Consequently I have requested the keeper to limit the number of owls, and to teach them, if they are capable of learning, to confine their attention to the field-mice.

One of the village legends was that seven parsons met under an ancient oak by the slate quarry to lay the ghost of the White

Lady of Lew. One of the party was, however, so drunk that he could not remember the right words. Accordingly all they were able to effect was to conjure her into the form of a white owl. This bird was wont to swing like a pendulum in front of Lew House nightly, till, in an evil hour, my brother shot it. The owl had its nest in the face of the lime quarry rock, and one year I obtained two of its owlets. I fed them with mice. They opened their beaks and swallowed the mice at a gulp, but occasionally left the tails projecting. I would then with a jerk of the hand pull up the mouse. I had always supposed that the eyes of birds were incapable of expression. This I had judged from parrots, that will utter the most comical and appropriate expressions with a stony look in their eyes, as if they did not enjoy their jokes. But with regard to these owlets, it was otherwise. When they felt the deglutated mice come up their throats, their brows and eyes assumed the appearance of notes of query.

The white owl does not hoot, but snores. When Mrs. Bussell was an occupant of the Cottage on the Ramps she spent nights in panic, hearing heavy snoring in the wood close by her window, and was persuaded that a tramp was sleeping there. More than once the Rev. Dr. Bussell, Mus.Doc., D.D., Vice-Master of Brasenose College, Oxford, was roused from his sleep by the apparition of his mother "in woollen" at his door, calling on him to leave his bed, and go forth, search the plantation and rout out the sleeping tramp, who was doubtless a prospective burglar.

There exists, I feel convinced, a pact between certain birds of prey and others that are harmless. I know a ledge of rock at Vitifer, on Dartmoor, where a raven nests annually, and hard by, on the same ledge, lives and nests a rock-dove; and never has the raven interfered with the young of its neighbour. It was much the same with the hawks and owls in our quarries at Lew. To the best of my belief, founded on observation, these birds of prey observed a *pax Domini* with such harmless feathered neighbours as sheltered themselves in the same cliffs.

The same look of surprise and puzzle-headedness that I observed in my owlets when the mice came up their throats, I have observed once in a fully matured owl, that had lost its bearings in the dawn, and was perched on a rail beside the line to

Tavistock. He remained there the whole day, immovable, but, like Rigaud, in *Little Dorrit*, whose moustache went up under his nose and whose nose came down over his moustache, when surprised; so did the corresponding portions of the owl's physiognomy undergo a change whenever a train passed by. His face expressed as fully as a broad flat face can, the query: "What in the name of Athenæ does this roaring and grinding, this puffing and screaming mean? If only I could see by day, I might ascertain for myself. But as I can't, I must wait and wonder till nightfall."

The brown owl is the hooter. Formerly in the gable of every farmer's barn an opening was left to invite this useful and harmless night-bird to take up its residence and to keep down the mice that ravaged the corn. This is the Madge-owl that Downright mentions in *Every Man in His Humour* when he says: "'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-Street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with Madge-howlet and catch mice first." And this was because Bobadil had called him "a scavenger." Of late I find that the owl-hole is fallen into neglect. The bird is somewhat capricious as to the nights on which it hoots. I have known several nights pass without a single call, and then ensues a succession of nights when he hoots vociferously. It is possible to maintain a conversation with these owls by imitating their hoots.

The reader may or may not recall the Three Men's Song, entitled "The Owl," that was performed before Henry VIII and is printed in *Deuteromelia*, published in 1609. It was sung to me by James Olver, the Launceston tanner, in 1889.

"Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree,
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night cometh, away flies she.
To-whit! To-who! says she, To-who!
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And brandy gave me my jolly red nose.

The lark in the morn ascendeth on high
And leaves the poor owl to sob and to sigh;
And all the day long, the owl is asleep,
While little birds blithely are singing, cheep! cheep!
To-whit! To-who! says she, To-who!
Cinnamon and ginger, etc.

There's many a brave bird boasteth awhile,
 And proves himself great, let Providence smile,
 Be hills and be vallies all covered with snow,
 The poor owl will shiver and mock with Ho ! ho !
 To-whit ! To-who ! says she, To-who !
 Cinnamon and ginger, etc."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's play *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1635, Old Merrythought trolls out snatches of songs, amongst others :

" Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
 And who gave thee this jolly red nose ?
 Cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,
 And they gave me this jolly red nose."

What connexion " Cinnamon and ginger " and the " jolly red nose " have to do with owls is not quite clear.

The song at the end of *Love's Labour Lost* will recur to recollection, with its burden :

" Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To who.
 To-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

At one time we had abundance of squirrels at Lew, but they have become scarce of late, owing to their being shot by the keeper. I regret their destruction, but it was necessary to keep down their number, as the squirrel has a taste for the rind of the leading shoot of a pine tree. In the wood opposite Lew House my father planted groups of pines, but I believe that there are not now of them half a dozen that have not been distorted by the squirrels nibbling off " the runners." There is a fine tune employed in the *Fashionable Lady*, 1730, entitled " Hunting the Squirrel," but I have not been able to recover the words.

I greatly regret the disappearance of the stoat, a pretty creature, light in colour, whose place in the economy of Nature was to keep down the rabbits. Since the Ground Game Act has allowed farmers to kill the rabbits on their land they have employed trappers systematically, and these latter, knowing that the stoat is after the coney as well as themselves, kill the poor beast whenever it gets into their traps.

I entertained a great affection for the jackdaws, audacious and clever birds. One in particular became very intimate with us at Lew House, and lost all shyness ; in fact, became somewhat too forward. In a word, the jackdaw is a vulgar bird, devoid of breeding. Give him an inch and he will take an ell.

One day my favourite jackdaw entered the best bedroom. On the dressing-table was my christening pincushion, large and ornamental, of white silk and lace, with my name and the date of my baptism inscribed on it by means of pin-heads. Jack deliberately extracted all the pins, strewed the floor with them and tore the lace. I forgave Jack.

We had a young lady staying at the house. He entered her window, during the breakfast hour, and carried off a diamond ring that inadvertently had been left on the table. Happily it was recovered from the gutter between the roofs. Again, I forgave Jack.

The next bit of mischief that he perpetrated was the getting hold of an inkstand and spilling the contents over the sheets and counterpane of a bed. This was carrying his fun a little too far. A few mornings after that, seeing the window of the room in which the governess slept open, he perched on the sill, and stood consulting what mischief he would next commit. But she, observant and suspicious, caught up the candlestick which stood by the bedside and flung it at the bird. It hit him on the head. I was in the room below, and, seeing candlestick and bird fall past the window, I darted out into the court, put my foot on the prostrate daw and proceeded to wring his neck. So that was the end of Poor Jack.

The crow also is an enemy that has to be fought. I had at one time nineteen peafowl ; I have now only three. I cannot rear the young. The crows possess a great partiality for young peafowl, and every year, so soon as the young have ripened into tasty morsels, the crows carry them off deliberately and without shame.

For " mice and rats and such small deer " I have no pity. They are mischievous and destructive creatures and must be exterminated.

When I was in Essex, the incumbent of Layer Marney, a converted Jew, advertised a pigeon-shooting match for the

benefit of his church that needed restoration. Happily the bishop heard of this outrageous proposal and put a stop to it. Pigeon-shooting is cruel sport. Sport, indeed ! Some men think that the best of sport consists in the torturing and slaying of innocent creatures.

It has always been a matter of interest to me at Lew to supervise the work of my masons, and it has been advantageous to me as cultivating patience, and preventing petulance.

The Devonshire man is an inveterate talker, and when he has something to say he downs his tools and cannot be induced to resume them till he has exhausted the subject.

The watches of these men have the peculiarity of construction, that they permit their owners to arrive half an hour late in the morning, and announce to them the time for leaving their work half an hour before my watch and all the clocks in the house declare that time of day. Another peculiarity of their watches is that they prolong the dinner-hour from noon to a quarter past one, or even half-past one. The masons have to be watched, for they are liable to commit blunders unless supervised. I was writing in my library one morning when I heard much thumping with a crow-bar. I went out to ascertain what was being broken up and discovered that my head mason was smashing up a granite doorway that had been ejected from its place by my grandfather and used for garden steps.

I have been informed by naval men that though Devonians make capital sailors they are dreaded for their loquacity. So do they make capital masons, capable of turning their hands to many descriptions of work, but you must not attempt to bridle their tongues.

The squab-pie is completed, and is ready to be covered up with the pastry.

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